



THE  
ENGLISHWOMAN'S  
DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

AN ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,

COMBINING

Practical Information, Instruction, and Amusement.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. IV.

EO 5268

LONDON:  
S. O. BEETON, 248, STRAND, W.C.



### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

*Cloth covers for binding Vols. I., II., and III. are now ready, price 1s. each, including the title-page, preface, index, and envelope for holding the Berlin patterns and pattern sheets, with directions for binding.*

*Covers for the present Volume (IV.) are also ready, price 1s. each.*

*Titles to Volumes I., II., and III., may be had separately, 1d. each.*

*Volumes I., II., III., and IV., handsomely bound in cloth, price 5s. each.*

#### TERMS FOR BINDING.

		<i>Town.</i>	<i>Country.</i>
<i>Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine. New Series.</i>			
6d. Monthly. . . . .	<i>Cloth.</i>	1 6	1 10*
" " " " " "	<i>Half calf.</i>	2 0	2 4*

\* For the above-mentioned prices, the books, when bound, are returned to country subscribers, carriage free.

*Country Subscribers must forward their Numbers by book-post (paid), with the ends of the packet left open, at the following rates:—Not exceeding  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb., 1d.; lb., 2d.; 1 lb., 4d. There being no 3d. rate, when the packet just exceeds  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., divide it into two—one under  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb., the other under  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. No letter or communication must be inclosed, otherwise the packet will be charged letter stage. All volumes ready for delivery within 12 days after receipt.*

LONDON: S. O. BEETON, 248, STRAND, W.C.

# INDEX.

	PAGE.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.	
	95, 191, 239, 283
BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.	
Bird of Paradise . . . . .	177
BOOK OF THE MONTH, THE.	
November—The Cloister and the	
Hearth . . . . .	42
December—The Young Stepmother	89
January—The City of the Saints,	
and Across the Rocky Mountains	
to California . . . . .	140
February—The Castleford Case .	185
March—The Lady of La Garaya .	234
April—Correspondence of Leigh	
Hunt . . . . .	276
COLD MEAT, AND FISH COOKERY.	
	47, 94, 190, 282
CONSTANCE CHORLEY.	
Chap. II. . . . .	18
III. . . . .	22
IV. . . . .	63
V. . . . .	70
VI. . . . .	97
VII. . . . .	99
VIII. . . . .	103
IX. . . . .	104
X. . . . .	145
XI. . . . .	147
XII. . . . .	152
XIII. . . . .	193
XIV. . . . .	199
XV. . . . .	241
XVI. . . . .	243
XIV. . . . .	247

	PAGE.
CONVERSAZIONE, THE.	
	48, 96, 144, 192, 240, 284
ENGLAND, DOMESTIC HISTORY OF.	
Charles I. . . . .	9, 57
Oliver Cromwell . . . . .	107
Charles II. . . . .	172, 202, 250
FASHIONS, THE.	
November . . . . .	44
December . . . . .	91
January . . . . .	142
February . . . . .	188
March . . . . .	236
April . . . . .	279
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Affectation . . . . .	264
Determination . . . . .	216
Easy Chair, The Story of an . .	155
Green Paper . . . . .	233
Greyhill: a Story of a Spirit . .	267
Hard Heart, A . . . . .	25
How Does it End? . . . . .	169
Patience . . . . .	121
Prince Consort, Death of the . .	136
Solid Pudding . . . . .	73
The German Prince and English	
Princess . . . . .	278
Tree of Knowledge, The, 26, 76, 112	
Women of Greece, The . . . . .	219
MUSIC OF THE MONTH.	
February . . . . .	187
March . . . . .	239

	PAGE.		PAGE.
<b>NOTES OF THE MONTH.</b>		<b>STUDIES IN BOTANY.</b>	
November . . . . .	38	II.—General View of the Vegetable Kingdom—The Stem . . .	34
December . . . . .	85	III.—The Root . . . . .	83
January . . . . .	137	IV.—The Leaf . . . . .	131
February . . . . .	181	V.—The Leaf (continued) . . .	226
March . . . . .	230		
April . . . . .	272		
<b>POETRY.</b>		<b>WAYFE SUMMERS.</b>	
Departing Year, The . . . . .	56	Chap. VII.—Exodus . . . . .	1
Dreamland . . . . .	263	VIII.—Day Breaks . . . . .	6
Gariibaldi . . . . .	41	IX.—Shadows . . . . .	49
Good Night . . . . .	176	X.—Realities . . . . .	51
Happy Winter . . . . .	130	XI.—Identity . . . . .	124
Lessons from Leaves . . . . .	17	XII.—Rest . . . . .	158
Song, for a Temperance Dinner to which Ladies were Invited . . .	120	XIII.—A Little Event . . . . .	166
Times Go by Turns . . . . .	181	XIV.—A New Face . . . . .	208
To an Infant Sleeping as it Awoke . .	157	XV.—Mr. and Mrs. Donhead . .	256





## CHAPTER VII.

### EXODUS.

Why did I feel no overpowering rush of nature—no subtle instinct prompting me to seek the embrace of the arms held out to receive me? Why did no responsive impulse thrill me as those great, sorrowful eyes looked so imploringly into mine? Every other emotion was absorbed in a wild surprise, not unmixed with fear, and I could only passively submit to the eager clasp with which she drew me to her side and placed my head upon her bosom. We sat thus till silence became oppressive, and sounds before inaudible came from distant streets, as I felt the throbbing of her heart upon my cheek.

"Why did you come here?" I asked at last; "do you know Mrs. Bradley?"

"Do you remember me, then?" she replied. "Do you remember sending a message to your mother?"

"Yes—and you bring me word to go to her—now, to-night—I will be ready in a minute."

I had sprung to my feet and struggled from her, for the whole weight of long-sustained misery was bearing on me heavily; an awakening power seemed to reveal to me for a moment what a mother's love should be, compared to the dreary life I led, where affection, even common interest, had bound me with no tie that could not be broken in an instant of new-fledged hope.

"I have walked twelve miles since noon to see you," she said, hurriedly, and with a purposeless motion of her hands, as though she would have wrung them together—"twelve miles, and would have come fifty, for one look at your face while you were asleep; and yet I dared not stay till I'd promised to hide myself from you. I came to see you; and, but for a mercy that I'm not worthy to receive, you'd have been burnt to death. To think—oh, to think—that I can only do you hurt, when I'd die to-night if my death could bless you!"

She bowed her head upon her hands, and strong sobs shook the window-frames against which she leaned. Still no light dawned upon me. I was amazed, frightened, filled with pity, above all, for the grief that seemed to tear her. Stealing gently to her side, I strove to take her clenched fingers from her hair.

"Who are you?" I said, desperately. "If you love me so well, thank you! thank you. But take me home now; if even my mother is poor I don't care. I've no one here to love me even as you seem to do. Let us go."

She rose suddenly, with a strange light upon her face, which I noticed even in that dim room, by the rays of a street lamp shining through the window; with a wild cry of joy and outstretched hands she was coming to me. I believed now that I knew who she was, and doubt and wonder held me spell-bound for an instant—only for an instant—for there suddenly reverberated through the silent house a peal upon the door which I knew full well. "My guardian!" I gasped, as the blood rushed back again to my face, and made me lean against the wall for support.

With a groan like that of sudden pain, the woman caught my hand, and while the old sad expression of her face came back, led me to the door.

"No hope and no right," she said to herself; then turning to me—"Your mother can't have you with her, child; she will love you, pray for you—wishes she might die for you, but you must not see her yet—not yet. You will try to love her—oh, say you will try to love her!" she repeated, as the first tears she had shed fell down upon her breast. "Go, now, and let in Mr. Willmott, but don't tell him of my being here—for your mother's sake don't! I shall go away now;" and, kissing me once upon the cheek, she pushed me gently out of the room.

It was indeed my guardian, who looked surprised when he found it was I who opened the door to him. I saw the policeman still standing suspiciously on the opposite side of the street, and, as Mr. Willmott took my hot hand in his smooth, cool one, I knew that the bull's-eye lantern was turned full upon my face.

"What is the matter, Wayfe?" said the old gentleman in a kindly tone; "you are not alone in this house, surely?" he continued, looking round, with some displeasure kindling in his eye; "let me sit down and talk to you."

I led the way into the kitchen, and, as I placed him a chair near the fire, the embers of which had burned low, I saw a shadow pass swiftly behind the dulled glass panes that lighted part of the stairs near the wainscot; every nerve was so highly strung that I heard the street-door softly open and close; and, knowing that she whom I had begun to believe was my own mother had gone forth, perhaps never to return, I sank into a low chair near the hearth, and covered my face with my hands, endeavouring to stifle the sobs that broke forth with a vehemence that seemed to tear my chest asunder.

I suppose Mr. Willmott never was excited; his was one of those placid—not cold—but self-contained and somewhat narrow natures, which are never violent in demonstration, are always prepared for action, frequently commonplace, but never injudicious. After regarding me for a moment with wonder and a great deal of concern, he rose, and, filling a tumbler with water, bade me drink; then, finding the coal-scuttle, carefully mended the fire, whose reviving blaze shone upon his polished head and snowy linen as though it recognised the chance of reflecting itself somewhere, and took the opportunity.

My first hysterical paroxysm over, he drew his chair beside me, and, taking my head upon his knee, smoothed the hair from my forehead.

"Tell me what is the matter, poor girl!" he said, in a caressing voice. "Who has ill-treated you, and why are you left in this gloomy house alone?"

The words of kindness fell so strangely on my ears that I could only answer by

taking his hand and kissing it; then, in a burst of tears, slid to the ground at his knee, and incoherently enough poured out my complaints. I believe that the sound of my own voice speaking so rapidly shamed me into greater calm, and prevented me from much exaggeration. I felt that he was listening attentively, and became vaguely conscious that vehemence was unseemly. I began in a loud and violent declamation unusual to me, and, shrinking from the tone of my own voice, ended in a whisper. He lifted me up presently, and, seating me in the chair, rose and paced the kitchen with uneasy and irregular strides.

"Shameful! shameful!" I heard him say presently. "But I'd better send Mrs. White for her; I can't trust myself to a scene with that hard-mouthed saint. Would you like to come and live at my house?" he said at last, turning suddenly, and looking me in the face.

"Yes," I said, "I should like it, but——"

He bent down, and looked at me still more closely.

"But what?"

"Forgive me, sir; I'm not as ungrateful as Mrs. Bradley says I am—I will gladly go away from here—but why does my own mother never come to me? Is she dead—or why did she send me away to this wretched place?"

I saw his lips close, and his eye lower, not angrily, but with a stern, hard impulse.

"I know nothing of her," he said at last; "I knew your father once, but he's abroad, I believe—I never hear from him."

"Who is he, and why have they disowned me?" I persisted. "Isn't it cruel never to see or care for their child? What have I done, or what can I do, to make them hate me so?"

Again he paced up and down, slowly this time; then, taking out his great gold watch, said it was late, and slowly put on his hat. I sprang up, and held out my hands to stay him. There must have been a forlorn, piteous look in my pale, scared face, for he took off his hat again, and dropped it on the ground, to take me with his arm—an arm which, as it clasped my shoulders, I felt was thin and trembling. Then stooping down, and kissing my forehead, he said—

"Wait until to-morrow, my poor child. Mrs. White, my housekeeper, shall come and fetch you away, and you will love her as though she were the mother whom you have never seen since you came under my charge."

"Will she tell me?" I cried—"will anybody ever tell me, what I have done, and why I've been given to you?"

"Some day she will. You say truly when you tell me that you have been given to me; but I expect you to be obedient, and to ask no more questions. Try to be happy and useful, and we will take care of you till you are older and stronger; then you will know that it is better to be as you are than to have—— Do I hear a knock at the door?" he added, suddenly disengaging his hand from mine, and picking up his hat.

It was the low, stifled rap of Mrs. Bradley herself, who knocked very softly, that she might afterwards have the satisfaction of saying that she had been kept waiting.

"Keep your own counsel, and wait till to-morrow," said my guardian, as I went to let them in.

"A pretty time you've kept me waitin'," said the lady, as she snatched the

caudle from my hand. "You've been asleep, I'll lay; look'es here at this musheroon top to the wick."

Almost instinctively I was about to touch her arm, and tell her that Mr. Willmott was standing in the kitchen—for, somehow, it was I who felt the shame of her highly-pitched, piercing voice, not she. I should have stopped her, but her husband, who was behind, suddenly became strongly illuminated; and in another moment the still watchful policeman stood upon the door-step.

"I don't know whether you're aware on it, mum," he said, impressively, "but there's been rum carryin's on here while you was out."

"What?" said Mrs. Bradley, leaning against the wall, and turning as yellow as the paint that covered it—"carryin's on, as you call 'em—who with?"

"Well, this young person an' another party, a female, 'as been a-settin' the ouse a-fire, an' other games. Perhaps you know'd of it, as it was meant playful," he continued, with bitter irony, and regarding me sternly, as though he would have said—"Now see whether I'm to be put off and made nothing of before the Beadle."

"Do you mean to tell me that you've been up-stairs pokin' and pryin'?" said Mrs. Bradley, turning fiercely upon me, and seizing me by the hair. "Down on your knees this minute, and tell me who you saw, and what you did there, you shameful, spyin', charity baggage."

"My dear," remonstrated her husband, "the street-door's open; let's get in, out of the public street. I suppose there's nobody in the house now, Mr. Officer?"

"Beggin' of your pardin, sir, there is another party—a elderly party—male—as I 'aven't seen come out yet; but I can't enter the primmises to take him, you see, becoss it's agin the law. If you see cause for it, an' turn him outside, we'll see what he's made on."

Mrs. Bradley, relaxing her grasp, glared round uneasily, and at length fixed her eye on me, as though I had been some venomous thing. She had good reason, doubtless; for I had a sense of security in my guardian's presence, and yet felt all that was savage in me rise up in rebellion against her.

"Take your hand out of my hair," I said, breathlessly, "or I'll bite it to the bone."

Even while I spoke I felt that I was casting away from myself all the hopes I had ever entertained of peace and holiness. The passion and hatred that consumed me was a veritable hell, upon the brink of which I seemed to totter, even while I could make no effort to subdue myself. Mrs. Bradley took her hand away and put me from her, and her husband asked the policeman to stand outside while he shut the door.

"Not under this roof shall she sleep," said my now-recovered mistress, "unless I have the key of her room; an', come what may, to-morrow Mr. Willmott shall know a piece of my mind. An' think yourself lucky," she added to me, "that I don't have you shut in the station-house. There you'll be some day; for, if ever gallus was wrote in the face of anybody, it is plain in yours."

Mr. Bradley, who had been nervously attempting to hush her wrath, now fairly put his hand before her mouth, and said something to her in a low tone.

"Who's in the house with you?" she said, in a smothered voice, and pointing up-stairs.

"Mr. Willmott," I replied, pointing in a similar way to the kitchen-door, through which he was coming at the moment.

It is wonderful with what persistent force a habit, and especially a hypocritical habit, will cling to people. Such was the strength of association with Mrs. Bradley, that, although she must have been suddenly aware that my guardian had overheard the whole conversation, her features puckered up into a grim caricature of her smug smile, while her hands mechanically rubbed together as though they had nothing whatever to do with the disturbance.

My guardian came slowly into the passage with his hat on, and buttoning his gloves.

"Come in here, Wayfe," he said. "Excuse me, Mr. Bradley; I hope you are well. Your wife wishes to tell me a piece of her mind; oblige me by informing her that I know it already—the *whole* of her mind—and that there's about as much of it as there is of her heart. Oblige me with the key of Wayfe's bed-chamber. I will be responsible for her until to-morrow, after which she will not remain with you. Go up-stairs, girl, and wait for me on the landing."

I went.

"You will be good enough to walk out with me presently, Mr. Bradley," I heard him say as I climbed the stairs. "I want a word or two with you in explanation of the visitor who came before me this evening."

Standing trembling on that wide landing, under the shadow of the "well," I felt that a crisis in my life had come, and welcomed it with an awful sense, not of foreboding, but of dread. I had had a terrible inward revelation of myself, and feared exceedingly. Mr. Willmott came up presently, with a candle in his hand.

"Go to bed for to-night, child," he said; "you have not done well to threaten, even though you were attacked; but I will say no more now. Here is the key; remember that I am responsible for you."

Giving me the candle, he followed to the garret-door and looked in, bewildered by the dim shadows of the great, silent room.

"Are you ever afraid to sleep here?" he said.

"I never slept anywhere else, sir; but I don't believe in things appearing to people, nor in skeletons; I don't like the rats in the walls."

"Shameful! shameful!" I heard him say again. "To-morrow you will come away with Mrs. White. Get up early and pack up your clothes—a box will be sent for them. Remember that I have promised for you. Are you hungry?" he inquired suddenly, as he turned to go.

"No, sir, I am only thirsty."

"Well, drink some water, and try to sleep. You will breakfast with Mr White to-morrow; so now good night."

I could not let him go without once more taking his hand and pressing it to my cheek. The touch of that kind hand, which had been held out to me in my distress, smote my heart as the rock Horeb was smitten of old, and tears flowed afresh. Even of the loss of her whom I had seen that night, and now believed to be the mother I had waited so long to know, I felt then what I did not read till long afterwards—

"Verschmerzen werd ich diesen Schlag, das weiss ich  
Denn was verschmertze nicht der Mensch."



The first hour of the night was spent upon my knees; and in my after-sleep I dared to hope for the acceptance of my broken prayers.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### D A Y B R E A K S.

THE sunlight fell broadly through the casement and across my bed before I woke. The weaver at the opposite window was at work already, and I closed my eyes again for the luxury of hearing the sharp whirr of his shuttle and the clatter of the loom while the influence of my long, and I believed dreamless sleep lasted.

I had already determined not to go down-stairs till I was sent for; and, after dressing myself in the best of the last new frocks, and taking care to brush my hair smooth, began to pack up such few clothes as were in a shattered box under my bedstead—for Mrs. Bradley had, for some time past, relinquished the care of my wardrobe, except on washing-days, when, to give her credit for such care of me as would not be directly injurious to my health, she always insisted on my doing duty at a large clothes-horse, where, before the kitchen fire, she herself superintended the “thorough airing of everything.”

A strange serenity reigned within me on this last morning of my life at Perram-street; not exultation, for I felt humbled at the recollection of the savage temper I had displayed the night before, but the influence of that long, quiet sleep seemed to be upon me still. Even the curiosity I felt as to the person and character of Mrs. White scarcely served to disturb this sense of calm; so that when I had completed my little bundle, which included the shilling paint-box and some scraps of paper, I sat down upon the edge of the bed, and waited.

I must have been sitting some time occupied with a retrospect of all my past life, and endeavouring to find some clue to the strange appearance of her whom I still believed to be my mother. The weaver had gone to breakfast, and now stood looking out of window at the canary, while he took huge bites from a gigantic slice of bread and butter, moistened with a sip, now and then, from a blue mug containing his pint of tea.

I was not hungry, but had reached that point when the body is quiet and the life of the pulse ebbs low. A tap at the door, which I jumped up to open, and my expected visitor stood before me. She had taken me gently by the hands before I had time to observe her appearance, except in the first hasty glance. Her voice, as she asked me how I was, and hoped I had slept, was singularly calm; there was gentleness in it too, but perfect quietude was what it at first expressed to me. This was my first impression—the second may be more difficult to define.

Has the reader never met persons who seemed to be at once identified with the name they bore? It is by no means a frequent experience, but yet there are some names which we, as it were, associate with certain characteristics; and when we meet anybody uniting these attributes to the name which we have heard, and so interpreted, there is a strange sense of completeness in our recognition of the stranger to whom our own arbitrary imaginings have already introduced us.

Mrs. White stood for a minute looking round her at the dingy whitewashed walls of the great lonesome room; and, although not without some slight shadow

of dismay upon her face at such a chamber being appropriated to a solitary child, I could see that she was little accustomed to let disagreeable impressions influence her either in looks or words. As she stood, however, I had some opportunity of forming her acquaintance. Most sincere acquaintances are so formed; the face speaks its own language to us before we either hear or wish to hear the voice.

It was a clear, soft, loving face upon which I looked now—traced, too, by a few firm lines and more sorrowful ones—a face once pretty and regular, with fresh, rosy cheeks and smiling eyes—but that must have been some twenty years before. The eyes were softened by time or thought, but smiling still; the rosy cheeks had paled—had *greyed*—but colour shone in them yet; the smooth hair had turned silver, except where some few soft brown threads relieved its shining bands. A quiet silk dress—brown, I think; a plain straw bonnet, soberly trimmed; gloves, collar, shawl, all fitting well, and an indescribable air of neatness without meanness—of plainness redeemed by taste—that was Mrs. White.

"Have you been up long, my dear?" she inquired, turning round and taking up the bundle, which I had placed on the bed.

"I don't know how long, ma'am," I answered; "I have not been down-stairs."

"No. I heard that you had not. Mrs. Bradley desired me to come up here for you. She is not quite in a good humour this morning; but we need not notice it, I think. There is a box down-stairs with your clothes in it. I have folded them."

"You have, ma'am?"

"Oh, yes; it's always best to avoid trouble; and perhaps Mrs. Bradley was very much annoyed. But we will go, if you are ready. I have ordered breakfast at ten o'clock, and the coach is waiting."

I was nervously apprehensive of a scene with Mrs. Bradley, and, as we went down-stairs, asked Mrs. White whether I had better go out without saying "Good-bye."

"My dear, you must endeavour not to part in anger," she said. "We have all such need to be forgiven, that when we imagine we have cause of offence with any one we may be sure our own part has not been without fault. I will go with you, and no doubt Mrs. Bradley wishes you well."

I stayed for a minute, to put on my cloak and bonnet, and then went into the kitchen.

"I think we need scarcely stay longer, Mrs. Bradley?" said my companion, pleasantly. "There is nothing more to take with us, I think? I have a note here from Mr. Willmott, which he instructed me to give you."

Mrs. Bradley stood at the fireplace, making coffee.

"Just stop where you are a minute, madam, if you please," she said, taking the pot off the fire, and looking darkly at Mrs. White over my head. "I'll take the liberty of lookin' over them things before they leave this house—there's them that's better known than trusted."

I was going to speak, but Mrs. White laid her hand upon my shoulder.

"If you really think so, Mrs. Bradley," she replied—"though I hope you only speak in this way because you are annoyed with Miss Wayfe—look over them, by all means."

"Miss Wayfe may have your good opinion, and welcome, if it's any use to her," retorted the mistress of the house, with a scornful emphasis that had no

effect on Mrs. White; "you'll be mighty fond of her for a fortnight, I'll lay;" and she strode past us into the passage, where there stood a new white deal box, containing such of my clothes as Mrs. White had folded, and the few I had brought down with me.

"You find nothing there which we should not have taken, I hope?" said my new friend, quietly re-arranging the box after she had tumbled out the contents.

"I'm not sayin' anything about you, marm," was the defiant answer; "she knows what I mean when I ask her how she dared to ransack my chaney closet, an' make away with my books?"

She pointed as she spoke to three or four volumes, the last of the treasure I had discovered in the window-seat, and which, in the excitement of the previous night, I had left upon the dresser.

"They are all there," I said, angrily. "I should never have taken them to read if you had not made me miserable." I felt the touch upon my shoulder again, and continued more quietly—"I will put them back in the closet, if you please."

"You dare to lay a hand on one of 'em," she cried, holding up her threatening finger.

I stood still.

"Wish Mrs. Bradley good-bye, my dear," said Mrs. White, pinning her shawl.

"Don't come anear me to say it, then," was the response. "There's some that can pretend to be that amiable that butter wouldn't melt in their mouth, but I aint one of 'em. Good mornin' to you, marm, an' I hope you'll like your new missis. Good-bye to both of you; and as to you"—still with her threatening finger—"mark my words: 'him that bein' often reproved hardeneth his neck shall come to judgment, and that suddenly.' If you'd read your Bible you'd have read *that* there."

"We all need to remember words of such awful warning," said Mrs. White, looking at her steadily, "and shall have read them to very little purpose unless they teach us to speak reverently of God's Word, and to apply it to ourselves. I would rather we parted differently; but you have some cause for being angry, no doubt."

Whether the "soft answer" which "turneth away wrath" occurred to Mrs. Bradley at that moment I have no means of knowing, but certainly as we turned to go her face drooped somewhat.

"It's no use askin' you to take some breakfast, I suppose?" she said, ungraciously.

"Thank you, no," said Mrs. White; "I have breakfast waiting, and we are late already."

The coachman carried the box out, and put it on the top of the fly. Mrs. Bradley followed us to the door.

"Good-bye!" said my companion, pleasantly.

"Good-bye!" I echoed, doubtfully.

"Good-bye! an' I hope it mayn't be as I said," said Mrs. Bradley, gloomily.

So we parted.

Sitting there by the side of that kind, quiet face, which regarded me with such an expression of gentleness and pity as I had imagined must belong to a

mother's love, I felt like one awakened from a weary, painful dream. Rather, I had been awakened by the events of the preceding night, and felt like the dreamer who, struggling into a half-consciousness, waits for dawn.

The sober grey of morning was breaking now upon my childish heart—peaceful, but not brilliant—full of a subdued hope which gives promise of safety, and fills the thoughts with thankfulness that the horrors of the night have passed, and we may turn and rest. As I leaned back in the coach I wept such tears as I had never known before, and, though we spoke no word, I felt my hand clasped closely, and, looking at my companion, saw her lips moving in silence.

## THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARLES I.

"My dear babe." Can I commence the domestic history of any period in a more piquant style than by the three words which James the father addressed to Charles the son when the latter left the parental palace in company with Steenie\* (Buckingham), on that half-romantic, but very righteous, journey to Spain, which, as all the world knows, was undertaken at the suggestion of Buckingham, who was desirous of an opportunity which might connect him with the prince, and, at the same time, overcome his aversion to himself. It was Buckingham who represented to Charles that persons of his exalted station were peculiarly unfortunate in their marriage, and commonly received into their arms a bride unknown to them, and to whom they were unknown—a wife who had been wooed by treatise alone, not attracted by sympathy; that, however accomplished the Infanta might be, she possibly might consider herself only a melancholy victim of state, who would contemplate with aversion the bidding adieu to her father's house and her native land, and the passing into a foreign country, and a new family; that it was in the prince's power to soften all these rigours, and lay such an obligation on her as would attach the most indifferent temper, and warm the coldest affections; that his journey to Madrid would be an unexpected gallantry, which would equal all the fictions of Spanish romance, suiting the amorous and enterprising character of that nation; and would introduce him to the princess under the agreeable character of a devoted lover and daring adventurer.

The mind of the young prince, replete with ardour, was inflamed by these generous ideas. State painters and diplomatists had not always been faithful to their mission, and application was made to the king for permission to undertake the journey. They chose the moment of his kindest and most jovial humour, and more by the earnestness which they expressed than by the force of their reasons they obtained a hasty and unguarded consent to the undertaking. But, even after this consent was given, the prince and his companion had no slight difficulty in commencing their journey; for James, fearful that he would render himself infamous to his people and ridiculous to posterity by permitting his son to undertake such an expedition, threw himself (after a consultation on the subject with Sir Francis Collington) on his bed, and cried, "I told you this before!" and, falling

---

\* Stenny, or Steenie, a name by which Buckingham was sometimes called, was the diminutive of St. Stephen, who is generally painted with a glory about his face, which Villiers's beauty was said to suggest.

into a new passion and new lamentations, complained that he was undone, and should lose baby Charles!

However, in spite of these remonstrances, they started at last, the two chevaliers, with their two attendants and Sir James Graham; and passing, disguised and undiscovered, through France, they even ventured into a court ball at Paris, where Charles saw the Princess Henrietta (whom he afterwards espoused), at that time in the bloom of youth and beauty. In eleven days after their departure from London they arrived at Madrid, and surprised everybody by a step so unusual among great princes. The Spanish monarch immediately paid Charles a visit, and by the most studious civilities showed the respect which he bore his royal guest. He gave him a golden key which opened all his apartments, that the prince might, without any introduction, have access to him at all hours. He took the left hand of him on every occasion, except in the apartments assigned to Charles, for there he said the prince was at home. Charles was introduced into the palace with the same pomp and ceremony that attend the kings of Spain on their coronation; the council received public orders to obey him as the king himself. Olivarez, too, though a grandee of Spain, having the right of being covered before his own king, would not put on his hat in the prince's presence. All the prisons of Spain were thrown open, and all the prisoners received their freedom, as if the event the most honourable and most fortunate had happened to the monarchy; and every sumptuary law with regard to apparel was suspended during Charles's residence in Spain. The Infanta, however, was only shown to her lover in public: the Spanish ideas of decency being so strict as not to allow of any further intercourse till the arrival of the dispensation from the Pope, who, hearing of the prince's arrival in Madrid, tacked some new clauses to that document, so that it became necessary to transmit the articles to London, that the king might ratify them.

While the new clauses were under discussion, Gregory XV., who granted the dispensation, died, and Urban VIII. was chosen in his place. Upon this event, the nuncio refused to deliver the dispensation till it should be renewed by his new master—a ratification which the pontiff took good care should be delayed, in the fond hope that, during the prince's residence in Spain, some expedient might be fallen upon to effect his conversion. The King of England, as well as the prince, became impatient, and, on the first hint, Charles obtained permission to depart. Philip graced his departure with all the circumstances of elaborate civility and respect that had attended his reception; he even erected a pillar on the spot where they took leave of each other. The Infanta dropped her assumed title of Princess of Wales, and received orders to stop her study of English; and so the story was suddenly concluded soon after the return of the prince to his native land—the Infanta observing, as they parted, “that, had the prince loved her, he would never have quitted her.”

We fear we shall have to turn to Charles's second love-making rather abruptly, for, except that the king was a great *virtuoso*, and delighted particularly in sculpture and painting, there will not be much domestic matter to relate of a time when men talked of the battles and sieges of the day with as much indifference as about horse-races and fox-hunting. Fortunately, the domestic history of Henrietta conveys a very fair picture of the customs of the day. The journey of that young queen from the French court, and her reception here, are most characteristic of the times in which she lived, and present a marked contrast to our present

notions of propriety. What, for instance, would be thought if the bride elect of our own Prince of Wales were to be detained at Amiens as Henrietta was delayed for sixteen days, to undergo penance for marrying Charles without the papal dispensation? \*

When Charles heard of the delay, he was waiting for her at Canterbury, and replied, that, if the princess did not instantly proceed, he should start alone for London. Henrietta doubtlessly sighed for the Pope and the penance, but she set off the very day she received this unwelcome intelligence. When the king arrived at Canterbury, although not at the moment prepared to receive him, Henrietta flew to meet him, and, with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, kneeling at his feet, kissed his hand, while the king, bending over her, wrapped her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unusual with persons of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion—"Sire! je suis venue en ce pays de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous."

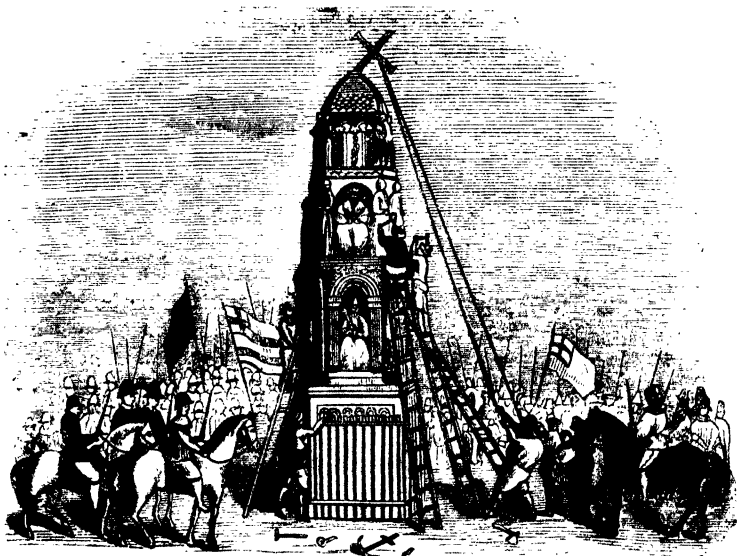
It had been rumoured that she was of a very short stature, but, reaching to the king's shoulder, his eyes were cast down to her feet, seemingly observing whether she used art to increase her height. Anticipating his thoughts, and playfully showing her feet, she declared she "stood upon her own feet, for thus high am I, and neither higher nor lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the court; the king, who had already dined, performing the office of her carver, and cut a pheasant and some venison. By the side of the queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her to be cautious that she set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But the queen ate very heartily, whatever her scruples or her after-pangs of conscience may have been; and her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, were so sweet and humble in these first days, at least, of her arrival, that Sir S. D'Ewes, in his journal, remarks that "he could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true religion."

Waller, in the profusion of poetical decoration, makes Henrietta so beautiful that her beauty would affect every lover "more than his private loves;" she was "the whole world's mistress." A portrait in crayons, still preserved at Hampton Court, sadly reduces all his poetry, for the miraculous was only in the fancy of the court poet. There may be some truth in what he says of the eyes of Henrietta—

"Such eyes as yours on Jove himself had thrown  
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own"—

for, in a MS. letter of the times, the writer describes the queen as "nimble and quick, black-eyed, brown-haired, and a brave lady." And even Sir Symonds D'Ewes, a cold and puritanic antiquary, notices with some warmth that, on her first arrival, the features of her face were much enlivened by her radiant and sparkling black eyes." She appears also to have possessed French vivacity, both in her manners and her conversation. Two characteristic anecdotes are related of this queen. As they are not generally known, we quote them, the more especially as they exhibit her character in a very strong light. On one occasion, when landing

at Burlington Bay, in Yorkshire, she lodged on the quay, the parliament's admiral barbarously pointed his cannon at the house, and, several shots reaching it, her favourite, Jermyn, requested her to fly. She reached in safety a cavern in the fields, when, suddenly recollecting that she had left a lap-dog asleep in its bed, she flew back, and, amidst the cannon-shot, returned with the favourite. The queen related this incident of the lap-dog to her friend, Madame Motterville, and the ladies all considered it a complete woman's victory. On another occasion, when the queen was at sea, they were in danger of being taken by a parliamentarian. Henrietta at once commanded the captain not to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and domestics.



DESTRUCTION OF PAUL'S CROSS.

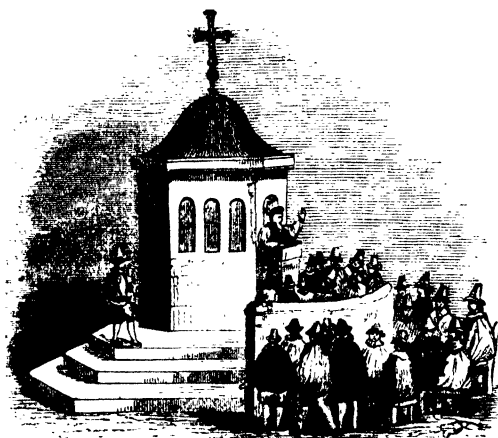
By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment composed of her own people; unfortunately, this household consisted at last of a small French colony of more than three hundred persons. These domestics of the queen were engaged in continual intrigues; they lent their names to hire houses in the suburbs of London, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were educated and prepared to be sent abroad to Catholic seminaries.

The domination of the priests soon grew to a fearful height, and an anecdote is told of a most indecorous race run between the Catholic priest and the king's chaplain in their anxiety to say grace before the king at his own table.

The king and the queen, dining together *in the presence* (*i. e.*, in ancient style, with music and all the court ceremonies), Mr. Hacket being then to say grace, the confessor would have prevented him, but that Hacket shoved him away; whereupon the confessor went to the queen's side, and was about to say grace

again, but that the king, pulling the dishes unto him again, and the carvers falling to their business, hindered. When dinner was done, the confessor thought, standing by the queen, to have been before Mr. Hacket, but Mr. Hacket again got the start. The confessor, nevertheless, begins his grace as loud as Mr. Hacket, with such a confusion that the king, in great passion, instantly rose from the table, and, taking the queen by the hand, retired into the bedchamber.

It is with the greatest difficulty that we can conceive it possible that such a scene of priestly indiscretion should have been suffered at the table of an English sovereign. But their power over Henrietta was still further exerted; for the priests "made Henrietta dabble in the dirt, in a foul morning, all the way from Somerset House to St. James's, her confessor the meantime riding along by her in his coach." Nor were they contented until they had reduced the unfortunate



PREACHING AT PAUL'S CROSS.

queen to the most humiliating state of monastic obedience; and if it were not for a print (a very rare one indeed) which commemorates this circumstance, we could scarcely credit this barefoot pilgrimage to Tyburn. However, it is a fact that there one morning she marched, and, under the gallows where so many Jesuits had been executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James, she knelt and prayed to them as martyrs and saints who had shed their blood in defence of the Catholic cause.

This French establishment was daily growing in expense and number. A MS. letter of the time states that it cost the king 240*l.* a day, and had increased from threescore persons to 440, besides children. But at last there came a memorable evening when the king suddenly appeared, and, summoning the French household, commanded them to take their instant departure. In doing this, Charles had to resist the warmest intreaties, and even the vehement anger, of the queen, who is said in her rage to have broken several panes of the window of the apartment to which the king carried her to confine her from them.

The consternation occasioned by this sudden command was tremendous. The servants flew to take possession of all the queen's wardrobe and jewels; it is even



stated that they did not leave her a change of apparel; while they invented bills, for which they pretended that they had engaged themselves on account of the queen, to the amount of 10,000*l*. Among these items was one of 400*l*. for *necessaries* for her majesty; an apothecary's bill for drugs of 800*l*.; and another of 150*l*. for "the bishop's unholy water," as a writer of the day expresses it. The young French bishop attempted, by all sorts of delays, to avoid this ignominious expulsion, and at last the king was forced to send his yeomen of the guards to turn them out from Somerset House. It appears that, to pay the debts and pensions, besides sending the French troops home free, cost 50,000*l*., and the forty carriages that formed the *élite* of the procession did not reach Dover until after four days' tedious travelling—from which it would seem that Charles was not so weak a slave to his queen as our writers echo from each other; and though, no doubt, her suggestions were always listened to, and sometimes approved, yet the fixed and systematic principles of the character and the government of this monarch must not be imputed to the intrigues of a mere lively and volatile woman; indeed, we must trace them to a higher source—to Charles's own inherited conception of regal rights.

As would be expected, this influence of the French court had a most powerful effect upon the conduct of the nation at large; and there can be little doubt that we have to thank foreigners, in some measure at least, for the destruction which then took place. The ecclesiastical buildings, indeed, met with very rough usage in these turbulent times, as may be seen from our engraving. Besides the havoc made by stripping the lead from the roofs of the cathedrals, and the brass plates from the tombs—which were applied to military use—the Puritans, in their vehement fury, destroyed everything which they chose to consider as a remnant of Popery. The painted glass in the windows of the churches, the statues of the saints on the outside, and even the monuments of the dead, were broken and defaced by these raging fanatics.

One of the most memorable places swept away about this time was Paul's Cross; and it was Charles I., on the 30th of May, 1630, who came in state to St. Paul's, and, after hearing first the service in the cathedral, took a seat prepared for him in the open air before the door to hear one of the very last sermons preached at that cross.

St. Paul's Cross stood on the north side of the church, a little to the east of the entrance of Cannon-alley; it was not originally used as a preaching station, though a pulpit was erected as early as the time of Stow. Popular preachers were invited to hold forth in this pulpit, which was simply an hexagonal piece of wood "covered with lead, elevated upon a flight of stone steps, and surmounted by a large cross"—the bishop being always the inviter. Many benefactors contributed to support these sermons, which were known by the title of "Paul's Cross Sermons." During rainy weather the poorer part of the audience retreated to a covered place, called "the shrouds," which are supposed to have abutted on the church wall.

In the time of James I., the lord mayor and aldermen ordered that every one who should preach there, "considering the journeys some of them might take from the universities, or elsewhere, should at his pleasure be freely entertained for seven days' space with sweet and convenient lodging, fire, candle, and other necessities; viz., from Thursday before their day of preaching to Thursday morning following."

This good custom continued for some time; and the Bishop of London or his chaplain, when he sent to any one to preach, did actually signify the place where he might repair at his coming up, and be freely entertained. In still earlier times a kind of inn seems to have been kept for the entertainment of the preachers at Paul's Cross, which went by the name of the *Shunamite's House*. It was at Paul's Cross that Martin Luther's books were publicly burned—where, in Mary's time, two attempts were made during sermon-time to assassinate the preachers—where Elizabeth attended to hear a thanksgiving sermon for the defeat of the Invincible Armada (on which occasion she rode in the first carriage ever seen in England)—and, as we have just stated, where King Charles sat in state to hear one of the very last discourses ever preached on the spot. The “willing instrument” of this destruction was Pennington, the then lord mayor; and, at the same time, I do not say by the same authority, all the rest of the crosses about London and Westminster were also swept away, among which may especially be mentioned the beautiful cross of Cheapside.

Charing as a village, and citizens taking their evening walk to the well at St. Clement's-inn, is now—thanks to many accurate drawings and interesting papers—pretty well recognised; but London fortified is, we believe, not so generally known; and we are sorry to say that it was fortified by the citizens to prevent the king making any sudden movement to obtain possession of it.

May, the parliamentary historian, says—“The gentlemen of the best quality, knights, and ladies, going out with drums beating, and spades and mattocks in their hands to assist in the work, put life into the drooping people.” So that, in a space of time that seems hardly credible, twelve miles of intrenchment were finished, encircling the entire capital, and studded at intervals throughout with bulwarks, hornworks, redoubts, and batteries.\*

A resistance of another kind was made by the poet Milton, then resident in London. His fortification was the following noble sonnet, written when the assault was intended to the city.

“Captain or colonel, or knight in arms,  
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,  
If deed of honour did thee ever please,  
Guard them, and him within protect from harms;  
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms  
That call fame on such gentle acts as these;  
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,  
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

---

\* We give a list explanatory of the plan of the fortification of London:—1. Gravel-lane—a bulwark. 2. Whitechapel-road—a hornwork. 3. New Brick-lane—a redoubt. 4. Hackney-road, Shoreditch—a redoubt. 5. Kingsland-road, Shoreditch—a redoubt. 6. Mount Mil—a battery and breastwork. 7. St. John-street—a battery and breastwork. 8. Islington Pound—a small redoubt. 9. New River, upper pond—a large fort, with bulwarks. 10. The hill east of Black Mary's Hole—a battery and breastwork. 11. Southampton House, now the British Museum—two batteries and a breastwork. 12. Near St. Giles's Pound—a redoubt. 13. Tyburn-road—a small fort. 14. Oxford-road, now Oxford-street, by Wardour-street—a large fort. 15. Oliver's Mount—a small bulwark. 16. Hyde Park Corner—a large fort. 17. Constitution Hill—a small redoubt and battery. 18. Chelsea Turnpike—a court of guard. 19. Tophill-fields—a battery and breastwork. 20. Vauxhall—a quadrant fort. 21. St. George's-fields—a fort. 22. Blackman-street—a large fort. 23. Kent-street—a redoubt.

"Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower ;  
 The great Emathian conqueror did spare  
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower  
 Went to the ground, and the repeated air  
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power  
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare."

The earliest museum or collection of curiosities was made in King Charles's days by one John Tradescant, the king's gardener, and the greatest part of it is preserved to this day in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. Tradescant of Lambeth



PLAN OF FORTIFIED LONDON.

was intimate with Elias Ashmole, the very man to collect all sorts of curiosities in natural history or the arts. It is true that both men had a faith beyond the faith of those who now collect such things ; and the philosopher's stone, griffins, and rocs that could truss elephants, were to them not fables but living realities. We wonder what has become of the griffin and the roc, or their representative fragments, that figured in the first museum ever opened in England.

Of Charles's love of the fine arts most of our readers are aware ; and the inventory of the goods, jewels, plate, &c., belonging to Charles I., and made after his execution, forms a magnificent folio of nearly a thousand pages. There were many drawers of coins, a model of the Temple of Jerusalem, a fountain of silver, for perfumed waters, artificially made to play of itself ; a chess-board, said to be Queen Elizabeth's, inlaid with gold, silver, and pearls ; a conjuring drum from Lapland, with an almanac cut on a piece of wood ; several sections in silver of a Turkish galley, a Venetian gondola, an Indian canoe, and a first-rate man-of-war ;

a Saxon king's mace used in war, with a ball full of spikes, and the handle covered with gold plates and enamelled; a gorget of massy gold, chased with the manner of a battle; a Roman shield of buff leather, covered with a plate of gold, finely chased with a Gorgon's head, set round the rim with rubies, emeralds, and turquoise stones; while the pictures taken from Whitehall, Windsor, Wimbledon, Greenwich, Hampton Court, &c., exhibit, in number, an unparalleled collection. All the pictures belonging to the king sold for considerably under their value; and in the case of portraits the prices were curiously fluctuating, according to the political bias of the persons they were intended to represent. The matchless cartoons of Raphael, called in the catalogue "The Acts of the Apostles," were only appraised at 300*l.*, and literally found no purchaser! The following full-lengths of celebrated personages were rated at these whimsical prices:—Queen Elizabeth in her parliament robes, valued 1*l.*; the Queen-Mother in mourning habits, valued 3*l.*; the King, when a youth in coats, valued 2*l.*; the picture of the Queen when a child sold for 5*s.*!

But let us pause awhile. The domestic history of the period is not alluring, for there is no armour against fate; and if we linger, we shall only stay to see

"Death lay his icy hands on kings;  
Sceptre and crown  
Came tumbling down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythes and spade."

M. S. R.

## LESSONS FROM LEAVES.

"Tongues in trees."—SHAKESPEARE.

Rustling on the ground,  
And scatter'd by the breeze,  
Are the leaves that robed in summer time  
Our noble forest trees;  
Their beauty is for ever gone,  
Their early grace is flown,  
And, wither'd and forgotten,  
They are fading here alone.

Gilded by the sunshine,  
Or jewell'd by the dew,  
Did they charm us with their gracefulness  
The blithesome summer through;  
And 'neath their living canopy  
The little birds would sing,  
And the butterfly would stay awhile  
To rest its tiny wing.

Joyous were our hearts,  
And happy oft were we,  
When we gazed at them admiringly  
Upon some lordly tree;  
And then some friendly summer breeze  
Would waft them to and fro,  
As if they felt our happiness,  
And long'd to tell us so.

Sometimes dark Sorrow cast  
Her gloomy veil around,  
And we felt as if we wish'd for death;  
Their rustling *then* would sound

Like some kind spirit's warning voice  
To bid us look above,  
And place our confidence in Him  
Who ever bears us love.

Now changing—dying, dying,  
Are the leaflets, one and all,  
And never more their shadows cool  
Will o'er us gently fall.  
Oh, can we see them lying low  
Without a single thought  
Of the lesson that their summer life—  
Their transient beauty—taught?

Did they not speak to men,  
Though their language was not known  
To all who heard the murr'ring sound  
And silvery rustling tone?  
Did they not bid us fly  
The fleeting joys of earth,  
Its vain and empty pleasures,  
For those of lasting worth?

And shall they speak in vain—  
These preachers, Nature-taught?  
Or shall we turn a list'ning ear,  
And profit as we ought?  
The next year's spring will bring with it  
Leaves fair as those that die—  
The spring-time of our life comes *once*,  
And then for aye doth fly.

ST. SWITHIN.

## CONSTANCE CHORLEY.

## IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

## II.

Yes, it had come—in a more awful aspect than even that in which her imagination had painted it. The fire had come!

The child—standing there with the full sense of her position, the flames before her, her father's guilt acknowledged, himself helpless and despairing, her little brother's cry ringing in her ears—felt, for an instant, her soul give way to the madness it had been so long struggling against. It was not in prayer she made that wild appeal for help to her dead mother—no, it was her soul rising within her, passionately resisting the cruel hand that had fallen so heavily—too heavily for her child's strength to bear. Then, as if that piercing cry had rent its way through heaven's gate, letting thence a breath of pure air issue, she felt a sudden calm playing like a cool breeze around her heated brow—it drove off the madness, and left her strong for thought and action.

“Duke! Duke! I'm coming!”

The boy's cries for help cease. He has heard her. The old man, as he leans on the bed, paralysed mind and body by the awful consequence of his crime, is suddenly startled to his senses and his feet by that loud, clear, ringing, childish shout—a shout that, in its shrill treble, rises high above the deafening roar like a challenge from a power mighty as the raging fire itself—sent by God into that small body to combat with and quell it. And the trembling man obeys that voice which calls him to take arms against himself; and soon he is running hither and thither at her word, and watching for every gesture of her hand as his destiny.

There is not even pain in her voice now. The almost cheerful tone is not forced. Relief in action has come to her as to all brave souls: fearful enough—but still relief. No longer has she to struggle with a nameless, creeping terror—no, she sees now a living enemy to grapple with, hand to hand, to whom she can give war-cry for war-cry.

From the end of the long landing where they are, the flames come leaping towards them, catching at the torn paper of the wall and the loose heaps of pamphlets. It is but the work of a few minutes to unroll a lot of damp, mouldy, carpet, throw it down, and crush the flames under it. Then they clear the landing, as far as it is safe to venture, from the books and rolls of paper, by throwing them out of the window into the little back-yard.

The breeze from the open window drives back the smoke and flame, and enables them to bear the stifling, pungent atmosphere, and to work; but it also feeds the fire. They see that, and they shut the window, but are compelled instantly to re-open it. They cannot live else: even with that help it is difficult to breathe. But through the thick, suffocating, yellow vapour, thus partially drawn aside, they perceive, between them and the child's door, a seething and crackling gulf of fire right through the flooring. Directly under that spot is the lumber-closet, and the miserable father knows the fire has been too well laid there to be soon quelled by their feeble efforts.

But some new current of air drives the smoke along on one side of the landing, and up the stairs to the attics. A door has been opened; Constance catches a glimpse of a little white figure standing in the opposite doorway, and the sight

stimulates her fast-failing strength, and rouses her from the almost irresistible pressure of despair that the first glimpse of that fiery gulf produced.

"We are coming, darling! keep back! we are coming!"

The father, though he never ceased working at her word or gesture, felt his own efforts weak beside hers. They had changed characters—he was the child, she the man. Hale and hearty though he was, he had never used himself to hard work; while Constance, whose strength had never been dissipated by luxury or idleness, had lifted his bales, and on dark winter mornings, when no one could see (for Mr. Chorley would not have liked that), had often taken down the heavy shutters of the shop. From her straight figure and upright walk the children of the town had nicknamed her "the poplar;" and to-night, as her lithe, agile body swayed from side to side, avoiding the smoke and flames as she worked, she seemed the very spirit of that desolate, murmuring tree, as it turns to lash the wind that frets it.

On they went—the child and the fire—now both for a moment sinking exhausted, and then, at the least sign of returning strength in each other, rushing again to the combat with redoubled force. One minute she drives it before her, smothering the flames as she goes with damp carpet; at times, even with her feet and hands, still striving to reach the side of the abyss, and shouting every minute to the trembling boy with a hopeful, ringing voice.

Another minute, and the fire bursts out afresh on either side, compelling the boy to retreat and shut the door against even his father and sister, and forcing Constance herself back irresistibly—nay, even licking her dress with tongues of flame. But, snatching up her skirt, and rumpling it suddenly with her fearless hands, she was able to retreat in safety—sick, breathless, and exhausted.

"Father, water! Quick! we must have water!"

He stirs not. A new horror has seized him.

"Father, make haste! What is it? You don't mean that——?"

"There isn't any! I let it off! Oh, Constance! what must we do?"

"Did you throw away the buckets I drew for the wash?"

"No! where are they?—in the yard?"

"Yes! Oh, make haste, father! make haste, or it will be too late!"

She saw him tremble at the double meaning of those words, "too late," and a thrill of pity for him went through her heart.

"Father!" she whispered, as his foot was on the stairs, and as she drew fresh life from the window, "let's work hard, and put everything right again, and no one shall ever know how it begun."

New hope and new terror (for, in the anguish and remorse produced by the sight of his son's danger, he had forgotten the possibility of his own discovery and punishment) quickened the father's feet, and he was back with the water before Constance thought he had unfastened the yard-door. But almost fatal had been the delay as it was. The heat, smoke, and noise increased. The boy's cries became fainter and hoarser from behind the door which he dared not open; and the old man grew more and more distracted and unfit to act as he saw the growing impossibility of removing the obstacle he had raised between him and his darling. He could do nothing but watch helplessly from the stairs how the fire rushed on and up, with a roar of exultation. But that roar is answered. Again that tiny, shrill voice rings through the house, dauntless as ever—

driving him back, and overpowering him; but he pulled away the books from the adjoining shelves, and he swept, with frenzied hands, everything that might readily burn from off the counter; and then, as he saw a new fire spring up where he had left some smouldering paper, and which had been fanned by a freshly-entering breeze, he again rushed upon it, and was thus engaged, stamping upon it with an almost insane frenzy, when, to his inexpressible relief, he heard voices calling out cheerily to him—

"All right, neighbour—here's help. Leave it to us now. Come out—come!"

"Thank God! thank God!" devoutly murmured the sincerely-thankful man.

"Oh, neighbours, save the property!—save the books! I have done my utmost. Water!—I am perishing with thirst! Give me some water!"

And while friendly hands fetched him a glass of the most delicious nectar that ever passed mortal lips, he had a vague consciousness of a great crowd of men—some with water-buckets—and of cries in the street, and of the rolling of the wheels of approaching fire-engines, and of his being led forth, with great interest and sympathy, into a neighbour's house, and of some one saying to him, "Pray be at ease, Mr. Chorley; there is really no danger. We shall soon put down the fire; you have nearly quelled it yourself!" and, above all, of the exclamations and interchanges of remarks—"The brave old gentleman!" "Did you see how he was struggling with the fire?" "Yes—yes." "He's insured, too!" All this he was conscious of, in a dreamy kind of way, and he was happy, for (and that was the only thought he could now dwell on) he was safe!—his character safe!—his crime unsuspected! Who knows? perhaps he was even to benefit by the calamity! That thought wonderfully increased his recovery.

Not once, while his own future was thus at stake, had he recollected Constance—the brave, heroic child whose fortitude had alone inspired him with the hope or the strength to save the boy or his own reputation. But now her image rushed back upon him, and he started with no feigned alarm—

"The girl! Constance! Where is she?"

Two or three faces were around him; they looked from one to another, and answered in a condoling manner, which, had it been Duke they were speaking of, would have driven the father mad; but, as it was only Constance, he took their words as they were meant—kindly—consoling.

"Don't be alarmed, Mr. Chorley. They've got the ladder up, but the window-sash was jammed fast, as though forced up in a great hurry by the poor thing, and there it stuck; but they have broken it away now. She can't help them—but I daresay she's only fainted. Take another glass of wine, neighbour, and don't fear, they'll manage it. That brave boy of yours is safe with them."

Mr. Daniel Chorley turned his head away and drank the wine, feeling as proud as if the praise of his "brave boy" were his own personal property.

### III.

When Constance found herself cut off from her father and brother by the fire—hemmed in and gazed on at every side by a fearful death—she felt all her sudden and preternatural strength forsake her, and became once more the helpless, frightened child. She stood a moment staring with wild eyes through the fire, to see if there was not a firm inch of the screen to rest her foot on if she dared to venture, but it curled up like paper, and fell bit from bit; and she turned sick

with the noisome smell of the burning blankets ; so she shut the door, and staggered back into the room. She clutched with desperate fingers at the slightly-open window ; but, though it moved a little higher up, that was all it would do ; it stuck fast there, and became only the more inextricably immovable from the frantic way in which the child strove to push it open wide enough for her to look out and see if she might leap down. Failing in the attempt on the window, she yielded utterly, and slid down upon the floor, not utterly senseless—better, far better, had she been so—but with just enough remaining consciousness to feel her fearful position to its fullest extent, without being able to battle against it.

The fire made great progress, and soon got into the chamber through the thin lath-and-plaster wall over the door ; a beam across the ceiling of old, tindery wood, reaching from the door to the window, began to be wrapped about, through its whole length, with thin, darting, intermittent flames.

Constance, as she lay there directly under it, was only vaguely aware of the crackling of the dry wood, and of a vivid, blinding light, which made her long for any kind of darkness, even that of death ; but she felt that she must die before the fire reached her. What with the aching of her limbs, the pain of her hands and feet, and the violent throbbing of her heart, she felt that to live and be at ease again was impossible. She must die, and the faintness that was creeping over her seemed like the approach of death—and she tried to pray. But her mind wandered—not to the fire—she was hardly aware of its presence—but far back into the past—as minds will wander at such times, as though seeking for the other end of life to join to this, that they may hold up the finished circle to look at.

Minutes became hours as she lay there, blind to the light, deaf to the noise, in that twilight of death that was gathering in her mind. What the night would be when it came, whether it had moon or stars, she questioned not, but watched the shadows lengthening, and was still.

Now it seemed to her that she stood at her mother's death-bed, straining her ears to catch the last words. How distinctly she heard them *now* ! She repeated them over to herself, as she had done many and many a time before. " Constance, when your life is bitter to you, child, and you long for death, think of the little helpless charge I leave you, and live for him as I have lived for you." The heart yearns to answer to that—" Mother, I will ! I will ! " and the child tries to move her limbs, but the sight of that burning beam paralyses her ; the monster she has striven with all the night has her in its power now, and stands over her with a flaming sword, hovering ready to drop on and crush her. She might escape that sword had she but strength to do and to will ; but her mind seems lost in some region between life and death, with not a sign to guide it back.

But now she bursts out into wild, hysteric laughter—what is it she sees ? A face—a human face ! Beautiful, O how beautiful, to the child, because it is human ! Once more all her senses rush back, just to let her pulses throb with life, to let her ears drink in the exquisite music of a human voice, to let her feel herself wrapped about by strong human arms—and there they leave her. And when again consciousness returned, it was in a dull, heavy way, and she fell into a quiet, calm sleep from thorough exhaustion.

When she awoke she was herself again, and could turn over in her mind all the events of the night up to the time when her father parted from her ; but beyond that all was a blank. She opened her eyes to see where it was she had been laid



down. And, without turning her head, she could tell, by the pattern of the paper on the wall, that she was in Mr. Fleck's parlour, and she knew she must have been carried there from the fire. She was going to give way to the sleep that was again stealing over her, when she suddenly thought of her father. Tears stole down her cheeks as she remembered that perhaps, while she lay in that sweet rest, he was hiding in some corner of the street, a prey to remorse and grief; and then the child sickened with terror at the new dread—"Perhaps they have found him out, and taken him to prison!"

She rose upon her aching arm, and looked round. There stood Mr. Daniel Chorley, the centre of an admiring group, relating eloquently the breaking out and the progress of the fire. He told of his alarm at the first discovery of the awful fact; of his efforts and danger while saving his children; and, as he drew towards the end, where his story grew more exciting, because it was more true, his cheeks glowed and his eyes flashed as he remembered that at this point, at least, he *was* the hero he described. Just then the agent of the insurance office, heated and alarmed, bustled in, and asked many rapid questions, and received earnest and enthusiastic replies; and he was so moved by the concurring testimonies, that he took off his hat and went to the old gentleman, and said—

"I must thank you, Mr. Chorley, in the name of the office, and before all present, for your courageous, admirable conduct."

And then there was a burst of applause, and people came up and shook the old gentleman by the hand, and said so many kind things to him, that he, who was at all times a susceptible man in anything concerning his own personal shame or glory, was quite overpowered with the sense of his nobleness, and he turned away with tears in his eyes.

He would not have turned that way at such a moment had he thought of meeting the glance that awaited him—a glance which, mournful and stern as the eyes of an accusing angel, stopped the course of those ignoble tears, and drove them back in shame to their base source.

The old gentleman's health had now to be drunk, and many more compliments were paid; but the child saw nothing more, heard nothing more, but turned her face to the wall, loathing life.

## A HARD HEART.

Too late to live, too soon to die!

Set down the bread and wine you bring;

But let me feel the poesy nigh:

You always call'd me foolish thing,

Because I slighted, in your thought,

That which was bread of life to you;

And now you see what I have got:

Perhaps you think I've got my due

I have; but not because I chose

The thing my soul declared the best

My sin was heeding minor shows

Of seeming and of interest,

A single eye's the only guide;  
 With that, the body's full of light:  
 The two-faced wisdom that I tried  
 Has led me here; and it is night.  
 Night. Dark, I think, without a star;  
 And though I know that there's a sun,  
 The knowledge seems so cold, so far,  
 So faint, that——what is done is done.



Beyond the grave I shall regain  
 The sense of warmth as well as light,  
 And feel the Love that's lord of pain  
 As well as hear his voice by night.  
 Well; if a whisper from my grave  
 Could rise, I think it should be this—  
 Let none but the sure-hearted brave  
 Choose a strange path, and hope for bliss.  
 But, Janet, bring the posy nigh,  
 And do not think to hear me say  
 The usual things before I die;  
 I can't: but you and Cis may pray.—R.

## THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SON-IN-LAW," ETC.

IN EIGHT PARTS.—II.

THAT evening, or rather that night, as soon as ever she sat alone in her room, Madame de Gardagne dived deep into the pockets of her gown—such pockets! they might have held her lap-dog, with plenty of space to spare. This time, however, there was nothing in the one into which she first dipped over and above her purse and her snuff-box, except a little, very little, roll of paper, which almost looked astonished to find itself in its lodging. With her old, dry hand, which seemed to shrivel up the delicate paper, she unrolled the billet, and deliberately put her spectacles across her nose to read it—an indignity which assuredly the poor viscount had not foreseen. After having deciphered the letter with a degree of attention which would not have discredited a young girl directly interested in such a document, the marchioness lapsed into a brown study, into which we must perforce follow her, in order to the due telling of our story.

Madame de Gardagne was one of those women whose cold, grave, and occasionally even bitter, manners are born, not of any natural austerity of character, but of some melancholy experience. Twice married, as she had been, she had twice drained to its dregs a bitter cup into which the honeymoon itself had scarcely shed a drop or two of sweetness. Her first husband—a nobleman of the old school, good at a fox-hunt, good at his glass, a little astray in his syntax at times, kind to women in general, including his wife—had terminated, at fifty years of age, one of those useless existences which leave the genealogist nothing to do but to inscribe a name and a couple of dates. Improving, for the worse, upon the faults of his predecessor, M. de Gardagne had gambled away his own fortune, when he died just in time to leave that of his wife untouched. When she became, for the second time, a widow, the poor wife had made up her mind that there was no happiness on earth for mortal woman, and that men—twice tested by her in her own person—were good for nothing.

But the tree of sorrow had borne wholesome fruit for this lady. Driven by the tearful instinct of the suffering heart to the consolations of religion on the one hand, she had, on the other, acquired, during her uneasy career, a dexterity in dealing with the hard facts of life which is often denied to happier women whose path is smooth and flower-strewn. Practical *savoir-faire* and strong devotional feeling were combined in her character. Without losing sight of her heavenly interests, she entered without hesitancy and with great practical judgment upon the task of educating the son of her first husband—her only child. On him she concentrated all her care, all her anxiety, all her hope. In the course of a few years, by a course of feminine economy such as many a man might be glad to take as a model, she had made good those breaches in the young heir's fortune which had been caused by his sire's extravagance. But the restoration of the pecuniary prospects of her son appeared to this good mother the least of the duties she owed him; her whole soul was now filled with a desire to make of him a man very different from the husbands whom Fate, in its anger, had given her. She scarcely slept till her plans in this regard were fairly afoot. She had always attributed the errors of her two husbands to the frivolous education which the young nobility

of France was in the habit of receiving in the days when they were young. The education of the young Maximus should be something very different! And it was very different. Anything more systematically rigorous in its spirit it would be difficult to conceive.

Educated in a secluded country place, up to the age of twenty, Maximus was sheltered from "the corruption of the age" both by his mother's wing and by the wing of an old priest, who was nearly as sour as he was learned. Unable to avoid sending the lad to college, she went up to Paris with him herself, and overlooked his career, while he kept his terms, with her own ever-present motherly eye. Every evening, when he left the academic hall, this spotless lamb retired to a sheep-fold, watched over by his mother, in a solitary street under the shadow of the very turrets of St. Sulpice. Maximus, when, at twenty-three years of age, he took his diploma, knew the names of the leading *cafés* and theatres—but he knew no more about them than their names. As to those other places to which young students are generally so eager to resort, he did not even know of their existence; so that no credit was due to him for avoiding them.

Thus far, then, the marchioness had succeeded in her scheme—had she succeeded too well? One thing is certain—in return for the devotedness of this watchful mother, whose love was strengthened by her earnestness as well as moderated by it, the son manifested towards her the deepest gratitude, the most implicit obedience, and a veneration worthy of the grey old times.

Having safely piloted her boy through the rocks and quicksands of that archipelago of Paris life in which so many young men make shipwreck, this indefatigable lady resolved to complete the good work by getting Maximus safely married. He would then be out of harm's way, she thought; but it must also be confessed that, now and then, looking at the utterly innocent life he had led, the mother felt a secret compassion for him—a sentiment altogether feminine, and which the austerities of her creed and her life had not been able to prevent. It would be only kind, as well as wise, to cut short this dreary probation, supported though it was by the probationer without a single murmur. Poor lad!—a garden without flowers had his cold, colourless life been until now. "Let us look," said the mother, "for some sweet young rose, whose chaste perfume and innocent beauty may give it warmth and light!" The search was made, and the choice fell on Mademoiselle de Beaupré, who had wealth as well as birth, and was, besides, remarkably beautiful—the latter a point to which mothers-in-law almost always attach considerable importance. Moreover, she had been brought up in country seclusion like Maximus; and Madame de Gardagne had a pious, provincial horror of Parisian girls. Maximus proved himself as good a boy in this little matrimonial matter as he had been in everything else; and, as the girl was really charming, he found his pleasure and his duty identical.

When a girl marries, she is freer than she was before; her new life is a sort of emancipation. Brought up like a girl, as Maximus had been, he was, in truth, entitled to the benefit of this provision; and, being just, his mother had determined not to refuse it to him, though it must be confessed that the result of a partial experiment was not encouraging. During the first few weeks of his married life, Madame de Gardagne put down her sceptre now and then, but the result was such that she was at length compelled to reconsider her plans. By an accident which, if this were a romance, would be called an invention of the author for the

sake of contrast, Madame de Luscourt had been brought up like a boy! Motherless from her cradle, the girl had always lived in the country with M. de Beaupré, and a certain tinge of virility had been communicated to her manners from being continually in this vigorous gentleman's society. Up to the time of her marriage, Flavia had shown but little taste for the ordinary pursuits of young ladies: she drew badly, did fancy needlework badly, and did not care for the piano. On the other hand, she rode like an Amazon, brought down a pigeon on the wing, and, wonderful to add, could actually fence well, having often played with the foils for amusement along with her father. In a word, she did nearly everything in this way which Maximus had been taught by his anxious mother *not* to do.

One of them being so shy and backward, the other so bold and free, the newly-married pair were both a little embarrassed in each other's society, and, in fact, studied each other with a good deal of curiosity. In his ante-nuptial dreams, Maximus had always fancied himself marrying a delicate angel of a woman, while Flavia had never conceived of a husband except with a sword at his side. Both husband and wife, therefore, were a little taken in. Maximus very soon accommodated himself to his share of the mistake, and took very enthusiastically to this charming young creature. She, however, was not so fast. Her husband's piety, steadiness, and veneration for his mother inspired her with an involuntary respect, it is true; but she could not help observing that he did not know how to get on horseback properly, and that his shyness very often degenerated into downright awkwardness; so that her feelings for her husband were nearer neighbours to esteem than to affection, and she now and then went near to find him ridiculous. It is always wearisome to be forced to admire another, and by-and-by one is driven to criticism for a refuge. It was not very long before Flavia began to conceive an undefinable antipathy for the virtues which, in the abstract, inspired her with so much veneration. The almost monkish rigidity of her husband's life was surely throwing blame, by implication, upon the genuine, though less austere, form of piety in which she had been trained. Every night the young husband knelt down in a corner of the bedroom, and said a very long prayer, like the son of Tobias in the Apocrypha. Now, Flavia's evening prayers were always short, and she could hardly fail to think her husband's tedious. On Sundays, Flavia always went to mass, and thought she had been "good" enough; but Maximus never missed vespers as well. And this harmless, not to say laudable, behaviour on his part grew up, by degrees, into a matter of grave vexation in the bosom of the young wife. "Upon my word," thought she, "I do not understand why he did not turn priest instead of marrying me."

Poets have always declared that women are a sort of visible angels—a creature midway between heaven and earth; and, not unnaturally, the fairer half of creation has swallowed the compliment. Consequently, a woman forgives her lover for any and every kind of superiority over herself but a superiority in the domain over which she holds herself exclusive sovereign. The most intolerant of female saints gets on better with a male sinner, whom she may—who knows?—convert, than with a male saint who preaches to her. She would rather give than take pattern. Now, Madame de Luscourt could not deny to her husband "the prize of virtue," but she did not at all enjoy having to award it every day and every hour of her life. Every *minutia* of his excessive goodness, what was it but a plume out of her wings—angel's wings? Yes, Maximus was too good; and the

discovery, instead of inspiring his wife with a spirit of generous emulation, inspired her with one of those intractable half-dislikes which, sooner or later, re-act upon conduct.

In spite of her frankness and extreme natural vivacity, the young wife strove hard to keep down this feeling; and, in the effort to do so, put on, in perfect good faith, an affectation of humility and deference to her husband, of which he, simple man, was entirely the dupe. Not so, however, Madame de Gardagne. You can never blind a mother's eyes or deceive her heart—at least, it is so said. She saw the little cloud that was creeping up the matrimonial sky; but, before she could take measures for dissipating it, a much more positive ground for apprehension appeared on the horizon.

### III.

It is a fact which must be admitted, however unwillingly, that there really do exist men who—whether in obedience to some original impulse of their natures, or to the impulses of a character gradually corrupted by persistent wrong-doing—play, in relation to women, the same part as the falcon and sparrow-hawk play in relation to the more timid kinds of birds. They are *men* of prey, as the others are birds of prey. M. le Vicomte de Choisy was one of these men of prey—always on the look-out for innocence to deprave or virtue to tear to ribbons. It was the fashion of the day to “hunt” married women rather than girls. All the time during which he had been a neighbour of M. de Beaupré he had been content to let Flavia alone; but as soon as ever the poor thing was married, she became, in his eyes, like a diamond just set and polished at a lapidary's. She had acquired a fresh value; and, though the conquest of her fidelity was a difficult task, he made up his mind to undertake it, because the qualities of the young wife, and the peculiar circumstances of the case, were precisely of the kind to pique his self-love. Now at forty years of age a man stands but a poor chance of pleasing a woman if he addresses himself primarily to her instincts. That great, beautiful door of the heart which is open to the young will not uncloset for him if he knocks at it directly. But then there are the millionfold avenues of access presented by feminine vanity, and these he can traverse pretty much at will, if he will only heed what the experience of a man of the world cannot fail to have told him. Leaving, then, to boys of twenty all manner of passionate extravagances, the count took up with a temperate, insinuating, gradual course of gallantry, which went to its mark by cross-roads and oblique cuts, but which really did go to it. It made way not so fast, perhaps, but it had the great merit of never *losing* ground. Unencumbered by any points of pride, just because he had not hung out any flag, he was free to accept, at first, any post, however subordinate, which might promise advancement. So he became, not unwillingly by any means, a sort of confidant and itinerary of Parisian wonders—a humble office, but one with resources in it, as no man knew better than he.

Little by little, notwithstanding the watchfulness of her mother-in-law and the puritanism of her husband, Madame de Luscourt had glided into an intimacy with this dangerous man—an intimacy limited, in the first instance, to the interchange of commonplaces, but daily and hourly conquering fresh territory, and pushing on from matters in which the head alone was concerned to matters in which the heart, too, might claim a share. The age of the viscount was so much in his favour, and so little open to suspicion in the eyes of simple people; he had

so much natural subtlety of intellect ; there was such a strain of tender dignity in his manners ; and, above all, he had studied women so perseveringly, that he was able to keep his footing upon a slippery platform where thousands of men would have fallen. So he bowed the ladies over the great city, lent his horses to M. de Beaupré to be hunted to death, gave him the run of his grounds till he had massacred all the pheasants, and made himself so civil and so useful, and all in such a quiet way, that he was at last duly installed as a "friend of the family."

Bringing to the siege which he had undertaken some knowledge of military matters, the count began by an attempt to undermine the three threatening fortresses which flanked the lady's position. With her mother-in-law he had short work, thanks to the natural tendency of a daughter-in-law to rebel at the other's authority. The husband was not yet blown up—far from it ; but the pointed manner in which the wife was always ready to recognise his merits was not the genuine thing—not the style and fashion of deep, tender, wifely love. As for the father, he hardly wanted undermining at all—he was one of those easy-going parents who think their obligation to a daughter at an end when they have married her off, saying to themselves—"Come, *that's* over ; now it's *his* affair to look after her !"

At the period of which we have been writing, M. de Choisy had so successfully executed his preliminary manœuvres that there was really no necessity for his uttering in form the avowal which, as a matter of policy, he kept back. His glances had been so little disguised, and his conduct received, in the mere fact that the lady tolerated it, a permissive justification so undeniable, that, in abstaining from using the word "love," the man appeared rather to be sacrificing a point of right than yielding to an interdiction. Taking measure, then, with wonderful coolness, of the ground he had already won, he took a pleasure in proceeding, step by step and slowly, like a traveller who pauses by the way to enjoy the landscape. This course of procedure he was now called upon to modify. Madame de Luscourt was about to leave Paris, and it was necessary to strike a decided blow. The result was the letter which Madame de Gardagne has just been reading.

#### IV.

Madame de Gardagne spent some time in studying the billet. When she had mastered its contents and made her reflections, she made a movement towards throwing it into the fire ; but, upon second thoughts, held it back, and took as much care of it as if she had been a girl of eighteen receiving her first love-letter. Her reflections ran somewhat in this order :—

"This is his first attempt. It is thwarted for him. But he will make another. Shall I be as successful in thwarting *that* ? Even if I am, may not my sagacity be at fault sooner or later ? The man is pitiless, persevering ! A little check like this will hardly stop him, for I have observed that obstacles and difficulties irritate, instead of discouraging, him. What *am* I to do, in order to avert the misfortune which hangs over my boy ? He is a man, pious and good as he is, and, if he finds out this heartless villain, there will be a duel—the very counterpart, perhaps, of that in which his father lost his life. If he dies, I shall die too, I am sure of it. M. de Beaupré has told me what a swordsman this Choisy is, and my Maximus has never had a foil in his hands. No ; he must know nothing about it : a struggle like this, between innocence and this incarnate fiend, is not

for his pure and noble heart to witness. I brought him up to be what he is, and I will fight this battle for him. Up to this point poor Flavia has only played the coquette; she is yet uncorrupted; we must crush the canker-worm before it has time to pass out of her head into her heart. Not a moment to lose! A few days hence it may be, alas, too late!"

To strengthen, then, in the bosom of her daughter-in-law the languishing sentiment of *duty* which had to do the work of conjugal loyalty; to fling off the viscount without awakening scandal; and to keep Maximus in the dark, for fear of some fatal catastrophe—these were the ends which the old lady set before herself. She cast about for help, and her thoughts readily turned to M. de Beaupré as a natural ally under the circumstances.

"Between you and me," said she one morning after breakfast, "what is your opinion of M. de Choisy?"

"Choisy?" said the jolly old sportsman—"Choisy? Oh, a first-rate fellow; they say he's proud and all that; but look at his horseflesh—and all at my service, whenever I want it. I like Choisy."

"But does his character inspire you with esteem?"

"Dear me, yes! I esteem him very much indeed. Of course I do; see how he lends me his horses. You should see his stable—a perfect horse-boudoir! His horses are a little small for me; but then I *am* such an out-sizer!"

"I am asking your opinion of his character, and not of his horses."

"Well he is a first-rater, I tell you. By-the-bye, I'm expecting a lovely bay mare from him this morning—short tail—never rode her before—ought to be here by this time, I think."

"Cannot you give me a serious, straightforward answer? My question is prompted by an anxiety which I think you should share with me. It is impossible you should not have guessed the meaning of all this man's assiduous attentions."

"Attentions? why, he's hardly ever here!" said Flavia's papa.

"When he has packed you off on his horse, or sent you to kill his partridges, of course he is sure of not meeting you here. But I tell you he comes here often—too often—and that his visits have already excited a good deal of comment. Flavia is so young and so pretty that the attentions of a man like Choisy will inevitably be ill-interpreted; and only yesterday evening, at Madame d'Agost's party, I had to listen to some rather unpleasant remarks."

"Spiteful old frumps! People envy him."

"Well, let them envy him for whatever they please, I don't want him envied for his conquests under our roof. In a word, his conduct seems to me to be of a character—I will not say to compromise, but certainly to embarrass, our Flavia, and that is reason enough for my anxiously desiring to ward off all mischief from these children of ours. To-morrow we start for the country, and you can do nothing at Madame de Selve's; but when we come back to town I shall expect you to make the count understand—do it as politely as you please—that his visits would be more agreeable if they were a little less frequent."

"How very nice! Why, I have just invited Choisy down with us, to spend a fortnight at my sister-in-law's."

"You have invited him! Then we will not go, that is all."

"Come, my dear marchioness," said Beaupré, good-naturedly, "don't get upon your high horse, you know. Why suspect Choisy of meaning ill, any more than a



score of other men who think Flavia very pretty? I do assure you he has nothing of the sort in his head, poor man! for I am in his confidence, and happen to know that he has other views. He is going to get married, for one thing. He is very gracious to Flavia, and so he is to all the girls he meets. And, between us, my dear lady, your son would not do badly for himself if he were to take pattern a little from Choisy; for, upon my word, the poor boy is not very winsome in his ways and his appearance. What a mortified old monk you have made of him! Flavia said to me yesterday——”

“Well, Flavia said——?”

“Oh, nothing—girl’s nonsense. But even if she did find Choisy more entertaining than my virtuous son-in-law, who could blame her? However, I will answer for her virtue with my own soul, and stuff and nonsense of this sort won’t make me shut my door on a friend I’ve known for twenty years.”

“Who has the finest horses in Paris!”

“Yes—of which here is a sample!”

And M. de Beaupré looked out of window with a loving eye at the beautiful steed that was being led up the avenue by a servant in the livery of the count. In hot haste he seized his riding-whip, cap, and gloves, and the old sportsman was gone.

“Permit me,” said he, bowing himself out. “My motto is, ‘Never keep a horse waiting.’ Don’t get crotchets of this kind into your head. At our age we must think of ourselves, and leave the young people to fight their own battles in their own way. I have handed over all my authority over Flavia to your son. Let him look to it. I have taken a great big oath never to interfere between my son-in-law and my daughter.”

“Selfish man!” said Madame de Gardagne when he was gone; “give him a good horse, and a good gun, and the run of a good preserve, and what does he care for anybody?”

Finding that she must look for no support from this quarter, the marchioness could not, for some little time, make up her mind what course to adopt. Having at length decided that, she passed into one of the sitting-rooms, where she expected to find her daughter-in-law. Madame de Luscourt was there, reading the paper, and rose from the lounging-chair and offered it to the old lady the moment she entered the room.

“Keep your seat, my dear,” said the marchioness, choosing another chair—“keep your seat. But how comes it that you keep in-doors such a beautiful afternoon as this? I thought you were out with Maximus.”

“Isn’t it Sunday?” replied Flavia, coldly; “no doubt Maximus is gone to vespers, and I’m only passing my day in the English fashion, except that, instead of reading the Bible, I read the newspaper. I know it’s very worldly and wicked of me, so when I heard the door open I hid it, for I was afraid it was my husband.”

“You make out Maximus worse than he is. I am sure he does not forbid you to read.”

“I beg your pardon,” said the young wife, drily; “yesterday I borrowed ‘*Lelia*’ at a circulating library; this morning he found it on my table, and sent it away.”

“Well, certainly, that’s something like an absolute monarch,” said the marchioness, trying hard to smile; “but if I were in your place I should try and see, in such a *coup-d’état*, rather a proof of attachment than an act of despotism. And after all, my dear, there are other books besides ‘*Lelia*.’ Do you

not perceive that in your husband's anxiety to keep your reading so very select he is showing you a mark of respect?"

"Oh, yes, I quite perceive—I understand—I appreciate it all. Oh, perfectly. I shall have to go back to the school library, and 'Contes à Ma Fille,' of course."

"I want to talk to you about our leaving Paris," said the marchioness, putting as much gentleness and good-humour into her words as her daughter-in-law put ill-humour into hers.

"I do not see why my opinion should be necessary upon a matter already decided upon," replied Flavia, icily enough.

"You mean that the journey is not to your taste?"

"Not to my taste? Oh, dear, yes! I'm so pleased about it. In March the country is delicious. Of course there are no leaves upon the trees yet, but then there is snow, to make up for that; and you can play at rural games—in the chimney-corner. I cannot conceive why anybody at all keeps Lent in Paris."

Since she had been made aware of the invitation which M. de Beaupré had given to the count, the marchioness had herself taken a strong dislike to the projected journey; and, notwithstanding her religion, she did not think it was straining her conscience too hard to conceal the true reason for the change in her own view, or to attribute to her son's own will and pleasure a change of plan which she saw would be agreeable to his wife.

"Really," said she, smiling, "you have fallen in love with the country rather inopportunately; how will you manage with Maximus, who wants to stay here for a while yet, and fancied it would please you?"

"Is it not my duty to obey?" answered Flavia, now smiling in her turn—for her ill-humour was completely dissipated by this unexpected crisis.

After having brought back some degree of serenity to the countenance of the young wife—a preparatory procedure, which, as a clever diplomatist, she knew better than to neglect—the marchioness found herself even more at a loss than she was when she began the conversation. But her hesitation was of short duration; for clever people make up their minds promptly, though with provisos for possible changes. Up to this time, in her conversations with her daughter-in-law, she had avoided all discussions in which the count might turn up as a topic—knowing, as she well did, that to speak about a person, even in order to speak ill of him, is to make him of importance; and that contradiction only irritates reprehensible feelings, never roots them up. But here was a case in which this wise old dame perceived a necessity for dropping her accustomed reserve about the man. She wanted to know if the serpent had really contrived to insinuate any of his poison into this young and tender heart.

"Well, then," she resumed, "that is a settled thing: we remain in Paris. Some time in the course of the summer we shall have an opportunity of paying your aunt a visit. It would have been quite a pity not to be here when Mademoiselle de Cheneceaux is going to be married. What a wedding it will be!"

"Oh, superb, by all accounts," said Flavia, with much animation—"at Madame d'Agost's, the other evening, people talked of little else."

"Yes; spring is the best time for marrying, I suppose, for I heard of a dozen other weddings yesterday," said Madame de Gardagne, speaking carelessly. "But I have forgotten them all but one—the marriage of our friend M. de Choisy; have you heard of it?"

## STUDIES IN BOTANY.

## II.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

Hath rear'd these venerable columns; thou  
 Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down  
 Upon the naked earth, and forthwith rose  
 All these fair ranks of trees.  
 \* \* \* That delicate forest flower  
 With scented breath, and look so like a smile,  
 Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,  
 An emanation of the indwelling Life,  
 A visible token of the upholding Love,  
 That are the soul of this wide universe."—BRYANT.

**ANIMALS, PLANTS, AND MINERALS.**—We have seen that all the compound organs of a plant are made up of various tissues formed by the combination of little cells of every conceivable shape. Before we direct our attention to the forms and functions of these organs, we will glance at the general characters by which plants may be discriminated. No absolute definition of a plant can be given in the present state of our knowledge. Minerals, being destitute of life and organisation, may be readily distinguished from plants; but there exists no line of demarcation between plants and animals. The higher members of the Vegetable Kingdom, such as the stately forest tree and the pretty flower nestled at its root, have many striking characteristics which indicate their true nature; but the lowest plants possess few qualities distinct from those belonging to the humblest creatures in the animal scale; indeed, it is impossible to say whether some of the most unpretending forms of life belong to the Vegetable or to the Animal Kingdom. In a general sense, however, plants may be distinguished from animals by the following characters:—

1. They obtain their nourishment from the inorganic world, while animals consume organic matter.

2. Plants are stationary, and absorb the substances by which they are nourished through their external surfaces. Animals, on the contrary, being gifted with sensation and power of voluntary motion, wander about in search of food, which they receive in internal cavities or special digestive organs.

3. Plants, by a process analogous to respiration, absorb carbonic acid gas, and eliminate oxygen; while animals absorb oxygen and breathe out carbonic acid.

4. The tissues of plants consist of the three elements, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen; while those of animals contain an additional element—namely, nitrogen.

These distinctive characters cannot always be depended on when we compare particular individuals, and must only be regarded as general marks of difference between the members of each organic kingdom.

**FORMS OF VEGETABLE LIFE.**—The humblest plant is connected with the highest by a gradation of beautiful or curious forms. The lowest links in this wondrous chain of being are separate cells of various shapes. The curious Red Snow plant, which consists of a single rounded cell, may be taken as the type of these humble organisms. A little higher in the scale, numerous cells are combined in a row to form the individual plant, and one of these component cells is often

found to include many others of very minute dimensions. These little cells developed within the larger ones are termed *spores*, and they are especially designed for reproducing the plant, just as the seeds of flowering plants are adapted for that purpose. The different kinds of Moulds found on cheese, preserves, paper, and other substances are examples of this form of vegetable life. In the plants above these we find the cells combined in various ways so as to form flattened leaf-like expansions as well as special organs for reproduction. These plants, which are illustrated by the Sea-weeds, have no distinct stems bearing leaves. Passing over various intermediate stages, we arrive at the Mosses, which have evident leaf-bearing stems, and which present us with the first trace of roots. The Mosses, and all the lower grades of plants, are mainly composed of parenchymatous cells; and, except in a few instances, neither wood-cells nor vessels can be detected in them. These, therefore, are frequently termed *Cellular plants*, in order to distinguish them from the higher organisms, which are generally furnished with both wood-cells and vessels, and are known as *Vascular plants*.

The lowest orders of Vascular plants are, like the true Mosses, comparatively insignificant in appearance; but the Ferns, which form the next link in the chain of vegetable life, sometimes grow to a great height, and rival the Palms in their majestic beauty. The Ferns are flowerless, and are reproduced by spores, instead of by true seeds. The flowering plants are those in which we have the highest and most perfect condition of vegetation, and it is to these our attention will be more particularly directed. The seed of a flowering plant contains within itself all the essential parts of the future organism in the form of an embryo; while the spore of a flowerless plant merely consists of a single cell, or of several cells united, and never exhibits any distinction of parts until it begins to develop in the ordinary process of vegetation. The *stem*, *root*, and *leaves*, which originally exist in a rudimentary state in the embryo, or are developed as soon as germination commences, are called the *fundamental organs* of the plant. They are also called *organs of vegetation* or *nutrition*, because they have for their object the development and nutrition of the plant to which they belong. The flower and its parts have assigned to them the office of reproducing the plant by the formation of seeds, and are hence termed *organs of reproduction*. The structure of the various organs will have to be carefully studied by actual observation, as different species of plants can sometimes only be discriminated by very minute marks of distinction. We will now commence our special examination of the organs of *nutrition*.

#### THE STEM.

**ITS DEVELOPMENT.**—Every true seed contains an *embryo* composed of the rudiments of stem, root, and leaves, the essential parts of the future plant. In the embryo of a common pea the undeveloped organs may be easily distinguished. The two fleshy lobes which form the body of the pea are the *cotyledons*, or *seed-leaves*, and between these lies a little bud, the upper part of which is the *plumule*, or rudimentary stem, and the lower part the radicle, or undeveloped root. The embryo is said to be *dicotyledonous* when it has two seed-leaves, and *monocotyledonous* when its plumule and radicle are sheathed in a single leaf. The spore or cell of a flowerless plant has no true embryo, and is therefore *acotyledonous*—destitute of cotyledons.

When the seed of a flowering plant germinates, the radicle grows downward,

while the plumule takes an opposite course, seeking light and air. At the same time the cotyledons expand, and form the first leafy organs. The descending portion of the central axis thus produced is called the *root*, and the ascending portion which bears the leaves and flowers, the *stem*. In the sprouting Oak, the descending axis divides into a number of slender branches or rootlets, and the single cotyledon forms a sheath inclosing the lower part of the stem. Although the stem has been termed the *ascending axis*, it often deviates from its upward course after it has reached the light, and will run along the ground, or even bury itself deep in the earth.



Germination  
the Oak.

**FORMS OF STEMS.**—Stems have usually considerable firmness and solidity, but sometimes they are too weak to support themselves. When they trail on the ground they are said to be *procumbent*; when they cling to other bodies by means of suckers, *climbing* or *scandent*; and when they twist in a spiral manner round their supports, *twining* or *voluble*.

The four principal kinds of stems are the *caulis*, the *trunk*, the *culm*, and the *stipe*.

The *caulis* is common to plants which are herbaceous, or die down annually, and examples of it may be seen in most garden and roadside plants.

The *trunk* is the woody and permanent stem which characterises the tree. It always springs from a dicotyledonous embryo. In the following lines Spenser indicates the peculiarities of several tree-stems:—

“Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,  
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,  
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,  
The builder oak, sole king of forests all;  
The aspen good for staves; the cypress, funeral.”

The *culm* may be seen in most grasses and sedges. It is usually a slender tube, having joints or partitions at the points where the leaves arise.



Stipe. Cocoa-nut Palm.

The *stipe* is a fibrous stem, straight and cylindrical, being almost as thick at the summit as at the base. This kind of stem may be observed in any of the palms, or tree-ferns; it is peculiar to acotyledonous plants.

From the nature of their stems plants have been grouped under the general heads of *Trees*, *Shrubs*, and *Herbs*. Those which form permanent woody stems are either trees or shrubs, and those with stems that die off, and are not persistent, belong to the herbaceous class. The term “tree” is applied to a plant having a distinct trunk, from which permanent branches arise.

In a shrub the branches spring from a very short trunk, or directly from



A Culm. The Oak

the ground. A low shrub, branched very much at the base, is a *bush*; and one of still smaller dimensions an *undershrub*.

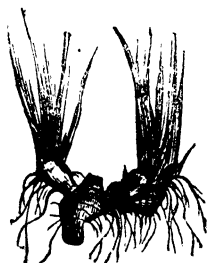
We have said that stems do not always grow upward after having passed the first stage of development. Some stems run along the surface of the earth; others burrow beneath it; and others, again, perish altogether at a very early period, leaving the nutrition of the plant to a subterranean branch. These peculiarities in the growth of stems give rise to a number of modifications, which we will now examine.

The *runner* is a slender prostrate branch, sent off from the base of the stem, and producing at its extremity roots and leaves, thus forming a new plant, which extends itself in a similar manner. The runner can be examined in the strawberry plant. The *offset* may be described as a short runner. It is seen in the Houseleek.

The *sucker* is a branch which springs from the stem below the surface of the earth, and which, after proceeding in a horizontal direction for a certain distance, turns upward, and ultimately forms an independent plant. The Rose, the Raspberry, and the Mint afford good examples of this form of stem.

The *Rootstock* is a thick, fleshy stem, lying on the surface of the earth, or partly beneath it, giving off roots from its lower side, and shooting forth leaves every spring. It is conspicuous in the Iris and Solomon's seal.

The *creeping stem* is commonly mistaken for a root. It is a slender branch which runs along beneath the surface of the earth, and sends out both roots and leaf-buds. Plants, such as the Couch-grass, which are provided with this kind of stem, give the husbandman an immense amount of trouble.



Rootstock of Iris.

The *Tuber* is another subterranean modification of the stem, though it bears but little resemblance to the original organ. It may be described as a stem arrested in its growth, and puffed out by large quantities of starch being deposited in its tissue. It has upon its surface a number of little buds, or eyes, which develop into new plants at the proper season. The common potato and Jerusalem artichoke are familiar examples of the tuber.

The *Bulb* is a shortened stem or branch, usually rounded, bearing on its surface a number of fleshy scales, which are modified leaves. These scales are generally thickened by the deposition of nutritive matters intended for the future use of the plant. The bulb is only found in monocotyledonous plants. In the Onion the scales are covered externally by thin membranous coats, or tunics—hence the bulb is said to be *tunicated*. These membranous coverings are not present in the bulb of the Lily, which is called *naked*, or *scaly*.



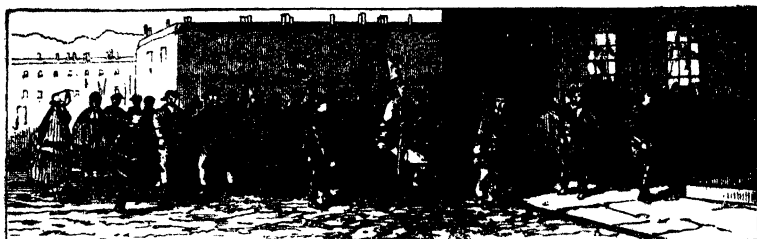
Bulb of Lily.

The *corm* is a solid underground stem, which does not spread by sending out shoots, but remains of a rounded form. It occurs in the Tulip, Crocus, and Gladiolus. It is distinguished from a root by producing annually small corms, or thickened branches. It differs from a bulb by being solid. These are the principal modifications of the stem, and, as they are constantly referred to in botanical works, the student should endeavour to remember them.

J. C. B.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

NOVEMBER.



If ever that description of the atmospheric idiosyncrasies of our native land which is put by a celebrated French novelist in the mouth of one of his heroes have the slightest claim to veracity—if ever our “right little tight little island” deserve to be stigmatised as “that villanous country where it is always cold, where the fine weather is fog, the fog rain, the rain a deluge; where the sun resembles the moon, and the moon is like a cream cheese”—it can only apply when

“The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,”

even when we commence our diaries for the eleventh month, and, as poor Tom Hood says, there exists

“No warmth, no cheerfulness, no health, no ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member;  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds,  
November!”

But, as some one advises, “Let the calomel be concealed beneath the jelly.” The proverb teaches that there is a silvery lining to every cloud; and what shall prevent us from finding the bright side—the *couleur de rose*—even in the thickest of the fogs which now enshroud our city, or forbid that the last days of the year should be as joyous as the first, or that happiness and respirators should reign together? What if our senses are no longer ravished by the song of nightingales and the violet’s grateful perfume? What if a prudent fear of rheumatism deters us from reposing on grassy slopes? What if the laws of Nature preclude the possibility of our basking in the sunshine, and force us to consign all goosamer garments to hibernial obscurity? Does not the song and our own experience prove that

“Every season brings its pleasures?”

Fireside joys are now in the ascendant, and round the glowing hearth, such as none but Britons possess, and for which all “like Britons” would fight, are gathered merry social parties, wherein no one sighs for the departed summer; but the ringing laugh and joyous song may be heard, to the eternal confusion of those foreigners who fancy that, because November is “dull and drear,” poor John Bull must therein be affected by an irresistible suicidal mania.\* But the dear old fellow knows better than that. He sighs not after “zephyrs,” “the azure vault,” and such-like atmospheric pleasures: he glories rather in

“A southerly wind and a cloudy sky”

when he dons his “pink,” top-boots, and leathers, and hastens to the meet; for he it observed that in the very weather which would affect a Frenchman with *ennui*, and make him feel as if he were “going to the dogs,” an Englishman follows the *hounds*, and succeeds in chasing away the blues and the fox together. Nor need our own fair readers give way to melancholy, although they may have nothing *Die Vernonish* in their natures, for November will not be so ungallant as to allow his thirty days to hang heavily upon their hands if they will only make the best use of the opportunities for enjoyment which he affords, and be resolved to see “good in everything.”

\* “Attempts to commit suicide generally occur in the months of June, July, and August, and rarely in November, according to the commonly accepted notion.”—*Wynter’s “Curiosities of Civilization.”*

It would be unnecessary for us to remind them that pleasant walks may yet be taken, and some expenditure in chilblain lotion be ward off thereby. It would be folly for us to attempt to enumerate the interesting books which offer themselves for perusal, or to say anything concerning the many useful articles which clever fingers may fabricate by the warm fireside. We must not go *ultra crepidam*, and we are sure that the ENGLISHWOMEN know more of this matter than we can aspire to do; so, as we perceive that this month presents us with what judges call "a heavy calendar," we will make no longer peroration, but at once proceed to unfold our budget of NOTES for November.

The flowers are withered, and we expatiate no more upon their many beauties; speak we then of the fadeless glories of the holy men which bloom everlastingly in the memory of the Church. It was a fine idea which caused the festival of *All Saints* to be appointed for the first of November. It comes not with the new-born year, ere the echo of the Christmas carol has died away, and whilst the star of the Epiphany yet shines above the horizon. It comes not in the joyous spring time, when the earth is entwining herself with garlands, and the glorious Easter Hymn swells from a thousand throats; not when we rejoice in the summer's brightness; not when we gather the luscious fruits of autumn, or watch the waving of the golden corn. No; but when the branches of the trees are bare, and the sky is blue no longer; when the year, growing old, shrouds his shattered beauties in thick fogs; when our hearts may well misgive us on account of the transient nature of all things here below; then our thoughts are directed to the never-ending joys of the better land; and, whilst we are exhorted to "run with patience the race that is set before us," bright examples of those who have entered into their rest are given unto us, and in the festival of "All Saints" we celebrate "the great cloud of witnesses" which compasses us about.

In Roman Catholic countries *Le Jour des Morts*, *All Souls' Day* (November 2nd), is commemorated by various ceremonies, special masses being then said for the repose of the dead, and the tombs of the departed being redecorated with flowers by their sorrowing survivors. Many affecting scenes have thus been witnessed by travellers; and, setting aside the fact that the observance springs from heterodox teaching, and that it is likely to foster erroneous psychological notions, the custom is worthy of some commendation, for there is no preacher like the grave, and an hour spent by the last sleeping-place of our loved ones serves to keep alive that remembrance of them which the busy world seems aiming to destroy.

Every small schoolboy knows when to look for "Guy Fawkes Day," and (Middle Class Examinations being in vogue) is not, we trust, totally ignorant of the history of the terrible conspiracy in which the original of his man of straw played so distinguished a part. A certain form of prayer is expunged from our Liturgy, and we are no longer permitted to offer up public thanksgivings "for the happy deliverance of King James I. and the Three Estates of England from the most traitorous and bloody-intended Massacre by Gunpowder," or "for the happy Arrival of his Majesty King William III." on the anniversary of the same day; but

"We know no reason why gunpowder treason  
Should ever be forgot;"

and, wherever the powers that be are not opposed to the display, we hope that "guys" may still be the order of the day, and that squibs and crackers may disturb the silence of the night. Some years ago the effigy of the late Czar of Russia frequently usurped Mr. Fawkes's chair; but the latter gentleman now enjoys his own again, though we still indulge in some thoughts of Muscovy on the 5th of November—a date indissolubly connected with the memory of Inkermann.

*St. Leonard*, or *Lionart* (November 6th), may be termed the Howard of the sixth century. He was converted to Christianity by St. Remigius, and was probably received into the Church at the same time as his royal master, Clovis, with whom he was in high favour, and who gave him permission to set all the prisoners at liberty who were confined in dungeons, which his charity prompted him to visit. His death took place in 559, and such was the regard in which he was held in this country that no less than 150 churches are called by his name.

The 9th of November commends itself to our notice as being the birthday of England's hope, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, who has in his youth done that which other princes have failed to perform in a lifetime—has won a place in the heart of every true and loyal Briton, and made royalty to be respected even by a dominant democracy. Long may he live! and, if we add



another wish, what further happiness can we ask for him than that the universal prayer may be granted—that God *will* save the Queen?

This is also a high day in the City, when all unite to honour the man who has attained the acme of municipal grandeur. O the painfully laudatory speeches which will be made! the fearful amount of comestibles which will be stowed away in aldermanic interiors—not only by those born within the sound of Bow bells, but by all the weighty, if not influential, members of every town council in the kingdom!

“May no ill dreams disturb their rest,  
No powers of darkness them molest!”

*Q. D.*—May mayors and the night-mare be long unacquainted!

It was about the year 316 that the good *St. Martin* (November 11th) first saw the light. His youthful days were chiefly spent at Pavia; and such was his zeal for acquiring religious knowledge, that he became a catechumen at the early age of ten, and whilst yet a boy entertained serious intentions of leading the life of a hermit. He was, however, compelled to enter the army, where his unsullied character made him conspicuous amongst his comrades; and his diffusive charity was so remarkable that the record of it is not lost even in the present day. When his years of service had expired, Martin followed the bent of his own wishes, and engaged in the study of theology; nor did he neglect the active exercise of the Christian graces, as, humanly speaking, his mother's conversion may be attributed to his influence; and his biographer tells us that, when he was made Bishop of Tours in 372, “he remained just what he was before, with the same humbleness of heart, the same meanness of dress, and with a fulness of authority and grace which responded to the dignity of a bishop without infringing on the rule and virtue of a monk.” *St. Martin* lived to the good old age of eighty-four, his last words breathing the assurance that he had not hoped in vain. In former times the advent of *Martinmas* was a signal for great culinary exertions on the part of model housewives, who then subjected large quantities of meat to the salting process, following Tusser's valuable advice—

“For Easter at Martlemas hang up a beefe,  
With that and the like yer grass beefe come in,  
Thy folke shall look cheereily when others look thin.”

In Germany it is upon *St. Martin's Day*, instead of upon that of *St. Michael*, that

“Folks are wont goose-feasts to keep.”

*St. Britius* or *Brice* (November 13th) was the pupil of that Bishop of Tours whose life we have faintly sketched in the foregoing brief remarks. When young, his evil ways were a cause of great anxiety to his saintly master; but fervent prayers and judicious discipline were not ineffectual, and Martin had the satisfaction of foreknowing that which actually came to pass—namely, that the good seed sown should not fail to bear fruit, and that Britius should worthily succeed him in the episcopate.

We must next say a few words about a worthy Welshman, *St. Machutus* or *Malo*, who occupies a niche in our calendar for the 16th of November. He lived in the reign of the celebrated King Arthur, but quitted his native land in troublous times, and took refuge in Brittany, where, fulfilling the mission of a faithful ambassador for Christ, he attained to the Bishopric of Aleth, and died, according to some authorities, A.D. 444. In memory of this respected prelate, the name of his diocese was afterwards changed to *St. Malo*.

*St. Hugh* (November 17th) was born in Burgundy, and, after having passed with credit through various ecclesiastical grades, was consecrated Bishop of Lincoln in 1181. He applied himself to the labour of rebuilding the minster from its very foundations, and spared no pains to raise an edifice which should be suited in every way for the sacred purpose for which it was intended. Hugh died in London in the year 1200, but his remains were carried to the fane of his adopted city—two kings, John of England and William of Scotland, not deeming it derogatory to aid in bearing his corpse to the gates of the noble cathedral.

The martyrdom of *St. Edmund* (November 20th) supplies us with a most interesting page of Saxon history. He was monarch of the East Angles, and was eminent for many of those qualities which shed a greater lustre on the names of kings than the glory gained by conquest or the power enjoyed through oppression. Had the events of his life, however, been suffered to slip into oblivion, the manner and circumstances of his death could not have escaped the notice even of the

most desultory reader. He fell a victim to the fury of Hinguar and Hubba, two young Danes, who, falsely accusing him of being the murderer of Lodbrog, their father, landed with a numerous army, captured the unfortunate Edmund near Thetford, in Norfolk, and wreaked their vengeance upon him by scourging him and tying him to a tree, that he might serve as a target, "until," says the chronicler, "his body was stuck as full of darts as a hedgehog's skin with spines." The martyr's remains were carefully interred in the town now known as Bury St. Edmund's. These events took place some years after the institution of the Heptarchy; for, although Egbert's fame seems to have eclipsed that of many other princes, he *had* royal and native contemporaries, and was by no means "monarch of all he surveyed."

It is said that *St. Cecilia* (November 22nd) was born at Rome of noble parents, and that she suffered martyrdom in the third century. Her proficiency on the organ was such that she "drew an angel down" to listen to her performance; and she has gained the distinction of being called "the patroness of Church music." Dryden, her great admirer, exalts her far above the mythical minstrel of the ancients, for says he—

"Orpheus could lead the savage race,  
And trees uprooted left their place,  
Sequacious of the lyre;  
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:  
When to her organ vocal breath was given,  
An angel heard, and straight appear'd,  
Mistaking earth for heaven."

*St. Clement* (November 23rd) is mentioned by St. Paul in his Epistle to the Philippians, c. iv., v. 3. He was made Bishop of Rome in A.D. 64; and his writings were so much esteemed that they were at one time received as canonical. On his festival, and on that of *St. Catherine* (November 25th), our forefathers were wont to indulge in magnificent processions; indeed, Strutt tells us of one in Queen Mary's reign which "consisted of sixty priests and clerks in their copes, attended by divers of the Inns of Court, who went next the priests, preceded by eighty banners and streamers, with the waits, or minstrels of the city, playing upon different instruments."

*St. Catherine*, who appears to have been a regular "blue," was born at Alexandria; and, having incurred the displeasure of the Emperor Maxentius, was condemned to suffer death by means of an ingeniously contrived wheel, edged with fearful spikes, which would have lacerated her body in a terrible manner had she not been miraculously preserved from this torture that she might fall a victim to the less cruel sword.

The patron saint of Scotland next (November 30) demands our notice. *St. Andrew* is generally supposed to have been Simon Peter's younger brother. He was one of John's disciples, and walked with him until the Baptist pointed out the true Messiah, whom he afterwards followed. He ministered in Scythia and the adjacent countries, and shared the usual fate of the faithful in those days by dying a violent death on what is called a "decussate" cross. An authority quoted by Nelson states that the martyr rejoiced, and said "that he had long expected and desired that happy hour; that the cross had been consecrated by bearing the body of Christ; that he came joyful and triumphing to it, that it might receive him as a disciple and follower of Him who once hung upon it, and be the means to carry him safe unto his Master, having been the instrument on which his Master did redeem him."

ST. SWITHIN.

## GARIBALDI.

DID you not hear it? Crept not that name by,  
A muttering earthquake, through your Roman  
air?

Her new Rienzi, lo, his shadow there,  
And the Sardinian victor's, gloom her sky,  
To her soul-fetterers, everlastingly,  
A terror and a horror everywhere. •  
Born all things greatly to endure, to dare,  
With antique greatness, ruin to defy,

Still held he on, still holds on he the same,  
Ever alike, in failure and success;  
Unchanged alike, though baseness brand his  
name,  
Or justice crown it. Italy, O bless  
Him, through all time, through whom thy  
free life came,  
Thy great free life of strength and blessed-  
ness!

W. C. BENNETT.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

BETWEEN the months of June and October, 1859, Mr. Charles Reade published, in "Once a Week," a story of the Middle Ages, called "A Good Fight." In doing so he deviated, as he now admits, "unnecessarily, from the historical outline of a true story," and, to make amends, he has devoted "a year's very hard labour" to the original chronicle, and to retelling the tale in a way more in accordance with his notions of what is due to it, from the points of view both of the artist and the moralist. In carrying this out, he has necessarily reproduced a great deal of the manners, ethics, and external features of the times in which lived Gerard and Margaret, the hero and heroine of the story; and that, of course, he has done in a vivid and interesting way. But it is a great pity that he did not tell the story truly in short compass, instead of spinning it out into four volumes, the larger portion of which, though entertaining, is discursive, and hangs on to the main narrative like an encumbrance. It was sufficient for his purpose that he understood the loves of Gerard and Margaret, and could paint *their* little story, in its essential features, with such light and colour as should make it intelligible and pleasing to "the meanest" modern "capacity." It was not essential that he should narrate over again whatever he found in the tedious old chronicle. For when the lesson, or the beauty, of a story is all we want, it is out of the question to go into every *cul-de-sac* of incident a life produces. Of course, the picture given of the times is very informing; but we would willingly spare three volumes out of the four which Mr. Charles Reade has now issued through Messrs. Trübner and Co., under the title of *The Cloister and the Hearth: a Tale of the Middle Ages*. The sweet tale of true love which is so unhappily spoiled in this novel was one to be run off, with a pen at once graceful and powerful, in about the compass of Fouqué's "Undine," or St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia."

Eli and Catherine his wife were stout trading folk living in Tergon in the middle of the fifteenth century. They had a numerous family, including Cornelis and Sybraudt—ne'er-do-wells, spoilt by their mother, and full of envy, malice, and all uncharitableness—little cripple Kate, the kind and good; and, above all, Gerard, the hero of the tale to be told. In Sevenbergen, not far from Tergon, lived old Peter Brandt, the physician, and his red-haired daughter, Margaret. Now Margaret was lovely; for her red hair was of that order which is accompanied with blue eyes (not of that which is accompanied with hazel or brown eyes), a type which we need hardly say to those who use their eyes in picture-galleries, and in reading poetry, has always been beautiful to artist and poet vision in the temperate zone. Gerard was destined for the Church, and wrote a beautiful hand—which was a great thing in those days. A prize was to be given at Rotterdam, by the Duke, for the best specimen (among other things) of handwriting, and Gerard determined to compete. He set off,

and on the way encountered Peter and Margaret. With Margaret he fell in love. She, in her turn, fell in love with him; and, after a little by-play of fortune, and being kept apart by accident just enough to tease them both a little, they find the way to each other's company, and come to a clear understanding, agreeable on both sides.

But the burgomaster of Tergon, Ghysbrecht van Swieten, kinsman of Peter and Margaret Brandt, a notorious miser, had happened to come up with the couple on the road to Rotterdam, as, along with old Peter, they were making love over a little soup. He had his reasons for not wishing Gerard and Margaret to be too closely acquainted—reasons founded on a piece of roguery which a sharp young man like him might very well chance, in time, to discover. And Gerard being destined for the Church, and fathers in those days having absolute power even over their sons, it was not difficult to cross the course of their true love by telling Eli that his boy was always up at Sevenbergen with "Peter Brandt's red-haired daughter." That good office is quickly done, and behold all things are in a concatenation accordingly.

When Margaret learned that Eli forbade the marriage, she, at first, refused to abet Gerard in rebellion, even for her sake. But "*le peu que sont les femmes!*" (as a little maid says in the course of the story)—when the dear girl was made aware that her enemies had not only interposed between her and her lover, but wantonly smashed a picture he had made of her, to their great scandal, in the character of Virgin Mary, "Then," said she, "if they have robbed you of my likeness I will give you the original." And forthwith the young couple were betrothed, by a priest, and before witnesses. About this there were, however, two unlucky circumstances; first, the Church did not recognise this as a complete marriage; secondly, by some mischance, Gerard kept the marriage-lives in his bosom, instead of leaving them with Margaret.

In the meanwhile, the enemy was not inactive; and Eli, using to the full his parental power, handed Gerard over to the burgomaster, to be put in prison, and reduced to submission by a diet of bread and water, along with close confinement. This move on the one side, and the betrothal on the other, cross each other, and Eli knows nothing of the latter. We need not say Gerard escapes, or how Margaret brings a rope-ladder by night, of course. Now, in availing himself of this, and making the descent from his tower, Gerard uses, to stand on, an old box which lay in the room. The box-lid bursts open, and a hundred parchments fall out—chiefly town records. But one, on which a name catches his eye, Gerard pockets, and keeps.

Naturally, a hue and cry was soon raised after the thief who had stolen the town records, and a hot chase ensued, the details of which would be long to tell. In the course of

it, Gerard took refuge in Margaret's house, and was hidden by her in her own room, under her own bedstead—she lying on it, as if asleep, for greater secrecy. The pursuers entered the room, but she baffled them, and they left. In the meanwhile, however, Gerard was half-smothered, and, when withdrawn from his hiding-place, had swooned. The embraces of Margaret restored him to life, and this fond couple had to spend the rest of the night together in their retreat.

But the chase begins anew. Gerard is going to Italy to study illumination, taking with him letters of introduction from Margaret von Eyck—going, in truth, to seek his fortune, with the idea of speedy return, to complete the marriage with Margaret, and make her happy. Margaret goes a little way with him, and when she knows the burgomaster's men, with bloodhounds, are after him, cuts her own arm, and smears herself with the blood. But he escapes, and she escapes, and so the lovers are parted.

On his way to Italy, and while he was there, many strange adventures befell Gerard, which, however, have little or nothing to do with the main story. He began to make money fast by his calligraphy, and was employed to copy the classics for the Pope himself. But an Italian princess makes love to him. He is true to Margaret, and, after a fierce struggle, the noble beauty conquers herself, and dismisses him, with money to take him back to his Dutch darling at home. But just then, after all his patience and fidelity, a letter reaches him. What that letter is we must see.

While he has been in Italy, Margaret has led, at home, an eventful life. Her father fell ill, and could not keep her. She found herself about to become a mother. The people found it out too, and flouted her. She got a living, first, by practising medicine, with her father's name for a blind—he being only a sleeping partner now, poor old paralytic!—then by calligraphy and illumination, which did not pay; then by taking in washing. Gerard sent her a long letter, telling her to go and read it to his relatives. Now his relatives, who knew nothing of the marriage-lines, and did know of Margaret's condition, scorned her as being "no good," besides hating her for coming, with her "red hair," between them and Gerard. Only Kate and old Catherine had their kindly doubts. When Margaret read the letter, all the relatives heard a passage in which Gerard lamented having taken the marriage-lines with him. Immediately Margaret was to be taken to the bosom of the family, and Gerard summoned home. Now, Cornelis and Sybrandt hated Gerard, wished him away, and had colluded with old Van Swieten to keep him there. Gerard's rich brother, Richart, sent a letter, with money, calling the lost sheep home again. The two wicked brothers had sent another, telling him Margaret was dead. Richart's letter was intercepted. The lying letter reached Gerard. Then he cursed God, and would fain die. "I have served Him," he said, in his frenzy, "a long while, and see my wages! Now I will give the Other a turn." And he did. And the princess whom he had refused saw him in

a gondola on the Tiber with a troop of Jezebels, and—hired a bravo to kill him. But the bravo coming up with him just as he was trying to drown *himself*, saved his life instead; and Gerard entered the Church, and took the vow of celibacy.

One day he happened to read the parchment he had brought from the old burgomaster's box, and by it he found that Van Swieten was keeping back moneys that belonged to Peter Brandt. He resolved to go to Holland and see justice done, and did so. But with this came the inevitable discovery that Margaret lived, and had borne him a child. And now the true struggle of their lives began. But the good fight was fought—and won. He became a village pastor, with his Margaret for administratrix of his charities. She soon died of the plague. He followed her, with a broken heart. The boy lived and throve, and his name was—ERASMUS.

That is, in brief, the story—as sweet a story of true love as ever was told. It must excite wonder in modern eyes, though Mr. Reade does not refer to it, that the previous vows of this fond pair were not held to override the subsequent vow of celibacy; but then—the Church, the Church, bethink you! These poor mediæval souls had their own way of looking at such matters, and it is too late to wonder. A moralist like Mr. John Stuart Mill would have made short work of the vow question; but this couple lived and loved, and did what they thought right; leaving behind them a "life-story" of immortal perfume, for the refreshment of poor souls in the nineteenth century; for we, too, have our troubles, and our own hard fights to fight, with other tyrannies than the Church. God grant they be good fights!

It would be the most tedious thing in the world to give ever so cursory an account of the subsidiary adventures of Gerard and Margaret. They are just of the character which is so familiar to readers of very old-fashioned stories, and depend for their interest upon bears, leopards, thieves, impostors, and so on. Now the hero of the story is in danger of being murdered at an inn whose landlord has an understanding with a clan of robbers. Now he is nearly entrapped and slain at a mill, where the millers are gentlemen of the same profession, and only escapes by blowing up the mill itself, with the villains inside it, though at the risk of his own life. To many of the worst, and a few of the best, features of the age in which the scene is laid, you are, of course, from time to time, introduced. Gerard comes across the "wheel," with the fragments, yet clinging to the horrid spokes, of a wretch who had been "broken" on it. He sees a woman drowned for theft. He has to sleep all night with the kine. He stays at a monastery, and finds the monks sad scamps. And thus, for hundreds of pages in and out, and up and down, to no purpose but that of telling you, here and there, a thing you had forgotten about mediæval peculiarities. The minor characters are well drawn; especially Denys, a soldier of the times, Gerard's travelling companion; and Catherine, Gerard's mother.

## THE FASHIONS.

embroidery are much used as TRIMMINGS for many articles of dress just now; and many dresses and mantles are embroidered or braided more or less richly. Woollen dresses, for example, are much worn embroidered in silk, or braided three inches and three-quarters above the hem of the dress.

In MANTLES, the coat shape is much worn, opening with a revers in front, and braided upon all the seams.

TALMAS, made of cloth, have also been introduced, slightly altered in shape, with large points, and braided.

The favourite material for these coat-shaped mantles is black corded silk, which are made with no trimming whatever, the edges being merely finished off with a thick cording.

We have seen, among the novelties in mantles, the *Almaviva*, which is composed of cloth or velvet, very large at the bottom, and narrowed by pleats up to the size of the throat, terminating with a collar ornamented with a lace trimming.

Another most elegant novelty, in black velvet, was ornamented with a double row of guipure, and was richly embroidered.

Another had but one row of lace, but was finished off on the shoulders by a lace pelerine, elegantly arranged; the pleats of the mantle being ornamented with medallions of lace and jet.

A large velvet mantle, trimmed with two rows of black guipure to form a round pelerine, had under each row of lace a piece of velvet embroidered in gold. Between the two rows of lace there was sufficient space left to allow of a band of velvet embroidered in gold to be visible.

Another had large pleats at the back, and a square pelerine trimmed with lace covered with jet beads. The sleeves were very large and square, with a turned-back cuff, trimmed to match the pelerine, and inside with a double ruche of silk, black and cerise.

The burnous is the most fashionable for mourning, made in the same material as the dress.

Fur is a favourite trimming for mantles, and is much used for Zouave jackets. We have seen some of grey cloth, with a border of chinchilla; one of maroon, bordered with black seal-skin, and black, edged with grey.

ZOUAVE JACKETS are very much in favour, made of black or coloured cashmere; we saw one of scarlet cashmere, bound with black, with a novel trimming of scarlet braid worked with jet and steel—a charmingly effective costume. We have seen several others, which we thought very pretty, in more quiet colours, faced with silk and ornamented with braid. Among them was one of grey, trimmed with maroon silk on the cross, surmounted with a little brown embroidery, fastened at the top with three embroidered buttons and three little cords; it was rounded at the sides, and rather pointed at the back; the sleeves were pointed,

and trimmed with brown buttons, and inside with a little white ruche; the front of the jacket was lined with white silk.

MORNING DRESSES are all made with the Zouave jacket, of the same material as the skirt: they are worn either with a chemisette of pleated muslin, or an embroidered cashmere waistcoat.

The most fashionable DRESSING-GOWNS are of the style of Louis the Fifteenth, the favourite colour being grey, in a variety of shades, and lined with bright colours to contrast nicely with the grey.

We particularly admired one of grey cashmere, lined with rose colour, with a round collar, and fastened at the waist with a broad sash. This elegant article formed a part of a marriage trousseau.

The bride's dress was made with four gaufered flounces, with a fifth and very narrow one at the top; the body was high, and trimmed round the throat with narrow Valenciennes, forming a frill down the front; the sash was long, and fastened with a rosette at the side.

One of the reception or visiting dresses was of apple-green silk, trimmed at the bottom with two rows of ribbon, made in a shell or horse-shoe pattern, with a large pleat between each shell, alternately green and white.

Another dress was of white broché silk, embroidered with large heath blossoms in grey and Magenta; the trimming was white and Magenta, in the same style as the last described.

A dress of myrtle-green was richly trimmed with lace, worked with jet upon the front of the body, and on the sleeves forming a revers.

A dress of blue silk had at the bottom of the skirt four flounces, alternately blue and white; the body was low, and the sleeves short, and trimmed with blue and white frills to match the flounces.

Another dress was of black silk, trimmed at the bottom with black lace, run on, in the Greek pattern, over violet silk; the body was high, and trimmed in the same manner as the skirt, to form a Swiss bodice, with the same trimming round the sleeves.

A more simple dress, entirely black, had two little flounces and a trimming of equal depth, in very large pleats; the bodice high, with a centre, and a round sleeve, with three small frills.

Another robe was of grey poplin, with one deep flounce, trimmed with rows of narrow cerise velvet, and the trimming forming a berthe to the body, and at the top and bottom of the sleeves.

We saw three pretty dresses suitable for a young lady.

The first was a walking dress, of grey silk, trimmed at the bottom with three little flounces, all edged with narrow black velvet at the bottom, and the top one headed with it. The dress was high to the throat, and trimmed with little frills, to form the Swiss bodice. The

sleeves were also trimmed with little frills, from the bottom to the bend of the elbow.

The second was an evening dress. The skirt was ornamented with a little ruche at the bottom, the bodice square, and trimmed with a ruche, and the sleeves demi-long, also trimmed with a ruche.

The third was an evening dress of white turlatane, with large blue beads; the skirt was ornamented with three puffings at the top of the hem; the bodice low, with a puffed berthe, and a sash of white ribbon, fastened in front with a bow and short ends, embroidered with blue beads.

Among the novelties of the season we have observed high bodies with very small, short sleeves at evening parties.

Embroidered CEINTURES—the Medici ceinture, that is, with a double point; and the ceinture à la Russe, divided into two points at the bottom, finished by small tassels—are considered necessary accessories to the present fashion.

A novelty of recent creation, by a Parisian *modiste* of high repute, is a combination of these ceintures with braces, with long ends, to which are attached little pockets. This little ornament is very graceful for a young girl, and may be arranged to suit any toilette.

The most fashionable trimming is of velvet and jet, mixed with lace. We have seen some very pretty designs in clusters of fruits and bunches of flowers, mixed with foliage. Fruits in chenille have an excellent effect upon the fronts of satin dresses. Ribbon is put on in the Greek pattern at the bottom of dresses and round mantles. Ribbon is also much used in appliqué upon cloth and velvet. Knots of cord, with balls and tassels, forming patterns in relief, are appearing; also bands of cut and ribbon velvet, and bands of fur, and silk and satin buttons, embroidered or circled with a different colour and material.

The Parisienne BONNETS of this season are open and long at the ears, terminating almost in a point; the fronts are rather less raised, but they are still much trimmed in the inside. The mixture of black and white is as frequent as hitherto, and always in good taste.

We have seen a bonnet of white drawn silk, bound with black velvet, the curtain with three little frills of white net, edged with black velvet. On the right side a plume of steel and black feathers; in the middle a rosette of white ribbon with black ends; in the inside of the bonnet a tuft of the same ribbon, and on the right side a small plume, like the one on the outside; a quilling of blonde all round forms the cap, with loops of black velvet.

Another bonnet was formed of spaces of black and white, separated with a chain-stitch in white silk; the black squares were of tulle, consequently transparent; the other of gauze, or crape lisse, which is not so clear; a trimming of black sarsnet is pointed on the front, pleated at the sides, and edged with a narrow white blonde. On the right side a tuft of black primroses, mixed with steel, and inside a tuft of the same flowers in black and white blonde.

Although black and white are so much the fashion, there are some bonnets made in very brilliant colours; among them, scarlet, Magenta, Solferino, and orange, which is now known as "Vésuve." For this colour there is a perfect rage at present. A lady of high repute in the fashionable world appeared at the Opera dressed entirely in this colour—to the no little surprise of those who were not initiated into the last innovation of *la mode*.

The fashionable HATS are the Tudor, the Garibaldi, and Diadem, which, during the summer, have been made in straw and crinoline, but have now appeared in felt and velvet, the difference of material being all the change that has been in them. Among the novelties we observed a hat which had rather a broad brim, turned up with velvet, with a bunch of blue and black feathers upon the right side.

The sailor hat is trimmed with lace and velvet and a black plume.

The Mignon, in velvet, for a little girl, is ornamented with white and blue feathers, one placed upon the edge and the other resting on the brim, with a quilling of ribbon round the head-piece. The same shape is worn for little boys, with the edge rather straighter, with a large feather upon the side and a heron's plume in front.

An elegant little CAR was made of white puffed tulle, having for the crown a little round of black lace, a velvet trimming fastened in the front, and brought round to the back, and fastened with a bow and long ends. Another piece of black lace is brought to a point in front, and forms a trimming at the back, beneath which is placed a white lace, which is continued all round; both under and above are little rosettes of narrow violet and white velvet.

Another, also of white puffed tulle, the crown formed of flat pleats lengthwise of the crown, the border of white puffings covered by a double row of black lace. Beneath the second row of tulle were two bows of Vésuve velvet, the one at the edge of the trimming; the other, just under it, was finished with two large white lappets and Vésuve velvet.

A HEADRESS more stylish and elegant is formed of a diadem of black velvet, worked with stars in steel and jet. At the right side a small black feather and a bunch of roses, and a long white feather reaching round the other part of the headdress.

A most *distingué* headdress was formed of Vésuve chrysanthemums, with clusters of black fruit. It was slightly raised in front, and terminated in a point at the back.

This fashionable colour is especially suited to brunettes. It will be much used this winter for bonnet trimmings.

Velvet flowers, and feathers will be the fashionable ornaments for bonnets. We have seen some magnificent flowers of different species and colours, but principally hedges-roses, in Magenta and Solferino, with steel hearts. We have also seen some very choice flowers in white, lilac, and green. A wreath

of these flowers, in lilac and white, for a ball headdress, is very charming.

We have seen a very rich *LAYETTE*, which accompanied a cradle, lined with blue silk; the curtains and quilt were also of blue silk, covered with embroidered net. The basket to match, trimmed with lace. The cradle had three blankets, a dozen sheets, and three pillows—one of magnificent cambric, embroidered with a delicate wreath and a festoon; the other with a frill of linen or muslin, edged with lace; and one of Valenciennes lace. The flannel squares for carrying the baby in were most elegant; and the robes, caps, and under-clothing were marvels of beauty. The cloak was of white cashmere, embroidered and braided. The hat, which was of the style of Henri III. (which is the best shape to carry an infant in, as the sides bend, and the cap is not easily destroyed), was of white felt, ornamented with a *ruce* and large feather.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

**1ST FIGURE ON THE LEFT SIDE.**—The bonnet is composed of white satin, trimmed with black velvet and black and white blonde, and a bunch of flowers on each side. The mantle, which is made in a shawl shape, is composed of velvet, and trimmed with black guipure. The top of the mantle is finished off by a guipure pelerine, which is fastened behind and on the shoulders by handsome gimp rosettes with three tassels. The large sleeve, which comes to a point at the bottom, is pleated at the top of the arm under a gimp rosette and tassel. The dress consists of one of the fashionable *broché* silks.

**2ND FIGURE.**—The turned-up hat is ornamented with a kind of fur trimming and a long drooping feather. The *paletôt* fits tightly to the figure, and may be made of velvet or a thick cloth. It is trimmed with fur, and is made open in the front with revers, the sleeves being large and also trimmed with fur. Two little pockets ornament the front of the *paletôt*, which are also finished off by a band of fur. There are three fancy gimp buttons on each side of the body, and the waist behind is also ornamented in the same manner with two gimp buttons. The dress may be made in silk or poplin.

**LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS.**—The little Tudor hat is trimmed with blue velvet and a blue feather tipped with white. The *pardessus* is made to fit the figure; it is trimmed with fur, and is made with a fur pelerine or cape. The dress, which is striped, is bound at the bottom with a piece of black velvet.

**3RD FIGURE.**—The bonnet is composed of velvet, and ornamented with a bunch of flowers on the top, and feathers on either side. The cloak is made with a shoulder-piece, into which the fulness is pleated; the sleeves are large, and the garment is trimmed with fur, whilst the pelerine is composed of this material. This cloak may also be made in velvet, and trimmed with chinohilla, or in corded silk, trimmed with velvet, and with a v

These cloaks are usually made so that they may be worn with or without the fur cape, according to the weather; and in this style are excessively convenient for the changeable English climate.

**4TH FIGURE.**—The velvet bonnet is ornamented with bands of satin cut on the cross-way, and roses and lace. The long jacket is made tightly fitting to the figure, in thick corded silk, and is trimmed with gimp. The back of the skirt is cut to form three large pleats behind, each of which is ornamented with a handsome gimp rosette and tassels. Bright blue poplin dress, made with quite a plain skirt.

#### MEDALLION PATTERN IN BERLIN WOOL-WORK.

THE materials required to work this pattern of course depend entirely on the purpose to which it is applied. It is suitable for many purposes, and may be executed in single or double Berlin wool. Chairs, sofa-pillows, bags, footstools, &c., and many other useful articles, may all be made from this pattern by inserting stripes of velvet or cloth between the work. If intended for a sofa-cushion it should be worked on Penelope canvass No. 40 in single Berlin wool, and three strips of the work will be found quite sufficient for the purpose with two strips of velvet between.

The roses in the centre pattern should be worked in five shades of grey, including white, which latter should be done in silk, and the leaves of the spray in rather dark brown. The outlines of the medallions should all be executed in a very bright gold-coloured flosselle, as also the pattern in the centre of the medallion. The grounding of the medallions and scrolls is alternately blue, French green, scarlet, and white, which may be done in flosselle. The whole of the pattern is grounded in a claret colour of the darkest possible shade, or black; but we would recommend the former, as looking much richer and more effective—a black grounding having generally a dusty appearance far from pretty.

It is unnecessary to enter into further details, as all the colours are so clearly given; we will only add that the work may be filled in with white silk or beads, by altering the colours of the grounding of the medallions. Made up with stripes of a rich coloured velvet, the effect is much more striking with a light ground than with a dark one.

This design would be exceedingly effective for the border of window-curtains, grounded in a colour to contrast nicely with the material. A very pretty carriage-bag may also be made by inserting pieces of cloth instead of velvet between the work.

The price of materials sufficient for a sofa-pillow is 4s. 6d.; with velvet to insert, and cords and tassels, 11s.; which may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson. She can also forward materials for bags, chairs, or footstools, or any other article for which this pretty stripe is suitable. We may as well mention that this style of work, in medallions, is much more fashionable than a running scroll.

## COLD MEAT AND FISH COOKERY.

We believe the following recipes in cold meat, game, and fish cookery, from Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management," will be very acceptable to our readers, more especially at this season, when cold dishes are for the most part unpalatable. Where economy is a matter of importance, it will be useful to know how the remains of the cold joint may re-appear in almost the form of a luxury, and cold fish, which has been looked upon as next to useless, may, at a trifling cost, and with a very little trouble, constitute a most agreeable *réchauffé*.

## BAKED FILLETS OF TURBOT.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold turbot, lobster sauce left from the preceding day, egg, and bread-crumbs, cayenne and salt to taste, minced parsley, nutmeg, lemon-juice.

*Mode.*—After having cleared the fish from all skin and bone, divide it into square pieces of an equal size; brush them over with an egg, sprinkle with bread-crumbs mixed with a little minced parsley and seasoning. Lay the fillets in a baking-dish with sufficient butter to baste with. Bake for  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour, and do not forget to keep them well moistened with the butter. Put a little lemon-juice and grated nutmeg to the cold lobster sauce; make it hot and pour over the fish, which must be well drained from the butter. Garnish with parsley and cut lemon.

*Time,* altogether  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

*Seasonable,* at any time.

*NOTE.*—Cold turbot thus warmed in the remains of lobster sauce will be found much nicer than putting the fish again in water.

## PORK CUTLETS.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast loin of pork, 1 oz. of butter, 2 onions, 1 dessert-spoonful of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of gravy, pepper and salt to taste, 1 teaspoonful of vinegar and mustard.

*Mode.*—Cut the pork into nice-sized cutlets, trim off most of the fat, and chop the onions. Put the butter into a stewpan, lay in the cutlets and chopped onions, and fry a light brown, then add the remaining ingredients, simmer gently for 5 or 7 minutes, and serve.

*Time,* 5 to 7 minutes.

*Average cost,* exclusive of the meat, 4d.

*Seasonable,* from October to March.

## BEEF FRITTERS.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast beef, pepper and salt to taste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water, 2 oz. of butter, the whites of 2 eggs.

*Mode.*—Mix very smoothly, and by degrees, the flour with the above proportion of water; stir in 2 oz. of butter, which must be melted, but not oiled, and just before it is to be used add the whites of 2 well-whisked eggs. Should the batter be too thick, more water must be

added. Pare down the cold beef into thin shreds, season with pepper and salt, and mix it with the batter. Drop a small quantity at a time into a pan of boiling lard, and fry from 7 to 10 minutes, according to the size. When done on one side, turn and brown them on the other. Let them dry for a minute or two before the fire, and serve on a folded napkin. A small quantity of finely-minced onions, mixed with the batter, is an improvement.

*Time,* from 7 to 10 minutes.

*Average cost,* exclusive of the meat, 6d.

*Seasonable,* at any time.

## HARICOT MUTTON.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold neck or loin of mutton, 2 oz. of butter, 3 onions, 1 dessert-spoonful of flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of good gravy, pepper and salt to taste, 2 tablespoonfuls of port wine, 1 tablespoonful of mushroom ketchup, 2 carrots, 2 turnips, 1 head of celery.

*Mode.*—Cut the cold mutton into moderate-sized chops, and take off the fat; slice the onions, and fry them with the chops, in a little butter, of a nice brown colour; stir in the flour, add the gravy, and let it stew gently nearly an hour. In the meantime boil the vegetables until nearly tender, slice them, and add them to the mutton about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour before it is to be served. Season with pepper and salt, add the ketchup and port wine, give one boil, and serve.

*Time,* 1 hour.

*Average cost,* exclusive of the cold meat, 9d.

*Seasonable,* at any time.

## HASHED GAME.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold game, 1 onion stuck with 3 cloves, a few whole peppers, a strip of lemon-peel, salt to taste, thickening of butter and flour, 1 glass of port wine, 1 tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 1 tablespoonful of ketchup, 1 pint of water or weak stock.

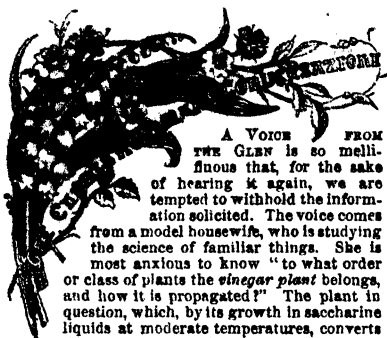
*Mode.*—Cut the remains of cold game into joints, reserve the best pieces, and the inferior ones and trimmings, put into a stewpan, with the onion, pepper, lemon-peel, salt, and water or weak stock; stew these for about an hour, and strain the gravy, thicken it with butter and flour; add the wine, lemon-juice, and ketchup; lay in the pieces of game, and let them gradually warm through by the side of the fire; do not allow them to boil, or the game will be hard. When on the point of simmering, serve, and garnish the dish with scraps of toasted bread.

*Time,* altogether  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

*Seasonable,* from August to March.

*NOTE.*—Any kind of game may be hashed by the above recipe, and the flavour may be varied by adding flavoured vinegars, curry powder, &c.; but we cannot recommend these latter ingredients, as a dish of game should really have a gamey taste; and if too many sauces, essences, &c., are added to the gravy, they quite overpower and destroy the flavour the dish should possess.





A VOICE FROM THE GLEN is so mellifluous that, for the sake of hearing it again, we are tempted to withhold the information solicited. The voice comes from a model housewife, who is studying the science of familiar things. She is most anxious to know "to what order or class of plants the *vinegar plant* belongs, and how it is propagated?" The plant in question, which, by its growth in saccharine liquids at moderate temperatures, converts them into vinegar, is a fungus. As to its species some difference of opinion exists, but most botanists regard it as a rudimentary form of *Penicillium Glaucum*, a fungus which, when fully developed, appears as a kind of mould. It is closely allied to the yeast plant, which, by its vegetation at a high temperature, causes fermentation in bread and beer. The plant in growing gives out many little plant-like buds, and each of these will increase until it reaches the size of the parent. In reply to the second question, "Whether the vinegar produced by means of this plant is fit to use for pickling?" we can assure our fair correspondent that we have examined samples of snar vinegar which were in every respect equal to that obtained from wine. To produce really good vinegar by the aid of the fungus, the temperature of the fermenting liquid must be carefully regulated. The vinegar plant merely converts the sugar into acetic acid—just as the yeast plant changes saccharine matter into alcohol. We lay stress upon this fact, because many people believe that the vinegar is really given out by the plant, and insist that it cannot be as good as the vinegar made in the ordinary way.

"POOR PUSS."—Your case is a sad one. To have "nothing to wear" is bad enough, "nothing to eat" worse, but to have "nothing to do" is indeed lamentable. Shall we send you Florence Nightingale's address, or Mrs. George Dawson's, or Lady Shaftesbury's? or perhaps Miss Burdett Coutts would accept off-hand the services of one who "yearns for some congenial employment for mind and hand." You are anxious not to "dissipate your energies," and you are right, very right, in that desire. Whether on lover, husband, friend, or society (as a gentle guide if the midst) concentrate all your affection; then the sweet breath of gratitude will carry your name down the stream of futurity far in proportion to your labours—when they are sagaciously chosen—being intensified. Lay your case before "Harriet Martineau, Westmoreland," and she will advise you what to do, if anybody can.

ALEXANDRINA would know who is to be the happy bride of the Prince of Wales? We are so glad to say we know—at least we think we do—for "The Queen" has told us all about it—that is our "Queen"—who, speaking on something very like authority, and in her own peculiar mode of imparting information, told us, on the 12th of October, in a contribution entitled "The Prince of Wales and the Eligible Princesses of Europe," that "Princess Alexandra Caroline Mary Charlotte Louisa Julia, eldest daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark" is the chosen one. May all blessings attend her!

ROSS PRACH.—Yea, all in good time; we are making selections from scores of contributions for our next "Christmas Annual," which will be very beautiful, and as full of fun as ever. The burlesque in the last one is certainly a most meritorious composition, but we have another on the stocks equally good. If ROSS PRACH could send us a few perfectly

original conundrums, we should be much obliged to her. Conundrums are rarely good unless they are made *con amore*, therefore we unhesitatingly ask you and your friends to concur, for the "Christmas Annual," a few scores of those pretty things called conundrums. The "Christmas Annual" and Key will be bound together, and will be charged but 1s. this year.

KATE MAY.—When you ask us to set your doubts at rest by telling you what is "the right kind of education for women," you pay us a very high compliment, and gallantry compels us, without dogmatizing, to make a pertinent reply to a question so courteously put. The "Book of Household Management," which we have just completed, is a proof of the patient, nay, laborious attention that we have given to the welfare of the English housewife; and further, the subject-matter of this Magazine is also prepared for her. What Mrs. Beeton's "Book of Household Management" does not treat upon in things of domestic utility, it is submitted, will be found here, in addition to the literature for amusing the leisure hour. We think it might be laid down as a very simple and universal rule, to be observed by the trainers of our young English womanhood, that they should first strive to learn the *natural* abilities of each girl under their care; and next, having discovered them, bring the ordinary nursing powers of education to bear upon the development of those special qualifications. The practice of most schools is to ignore special abilities, except when their cultivation enables the schoolmaster materially to add to his exchequer through the fees called "extras." Almost any girl may be made a good plain needlewoman, a good plain cook, and an ordinary scholar; and, be it observed, the finer her organization the more certain is she to excel in these things; but, if she show unmistakable ability for music, poetry, or drawing, it would be false—nay cruel—economy to hold such faculties in abeyance, for the sake of cramming her with everything that can be taught about the kitchen, the laundry, or the wardrobe. Nevertheless, it must be insisted on that we should be a happier people throughout the length and breadth of the land if we were so to plan it, that, after the age of twelve (when the rudiments of the three R's—reading, riting, and rithmetic—were mastered), every girl were taught *how* to make, mend, wash, and cook, and, it may be added, the simplest and most common-sense rules for defining the value of money.

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Vols. I., II., and III. of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE (New Series) are now ready, price 6s. each, post free. The Title-page to each volume, with Preface, Index, Envelope for holding Berlin patterns and pattern sheets, and directions for binding, are also ready, price 1d. each; post free, 2d. Covers for binding each volume, price 1s.

"THE QUEEN," an ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL AND REVIEW.—6d. Weekly. The Publisher of "The Queen" begs to inform the public that a Photograph of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort will be issued with "The Queen" on Saturday, November 2.

Besides the special 8-page "Exhibition" Supplements and the Coloured Fashion-Plates which will be published with "The Queen," there are in preparation beautifully-coloured Patterns of Fancy Work, including—1. A Round Hand-Screen in Raised Beadwork. 2. A Medallion Border in Woolwork. 3. A Large Banner-Screen in Beadwork and Filoselle. 4. Camellia—(Paper Flower-making). 5. Poppy.—(Ditto).

\* \* \* Part I. of "The Queen," containing Nos. 1 to 4, September 11th to September 28th, stitched in wrapper, price 2s. 6d. All the back numbers of "The Queen" are now in print, and can be had of any Bookseller, or post free for six stamps from the Publisher, 249, Strand, London, W.C.



## CHAPTER IX.

### SHADOWS.

YES, the morning had dawned, and the sordid events in my former life at Mrs. Bradley's seemed to have been removed a long way into the past. Mrs. Bradley herself, standing gloomily at the door, became only a prominent figure to be remembered amongst the miseries of my childish experience. Everything relating to that time became, during our short ride, almost unnaturally vague, as though it had indeed been a dream requiring some effort to recall. I was very near thinking that one of my old, strange fancies had come to be true, and that I had waked to find the past all unreal—the true life of morning brighter and pleasanter than I had ever deemed it could be.

The spell lasted; for my companion had begun to occupy herself with a little pocket-book, in which she was evidently making some calculation, and left me to my own imaginings. The look of the broad, bright streets through which we passed increased the distance separating me from all that had gone before; even the parting of a few minutes ago had floated away into a strange remoteness. I had left the shadows of the old house in Perram-street behind me; but they still lay there, and I knew that that ugly dream would come back to me with more familiar force when the day wore on, and the first joy of waking had subsided. Strangely enough, the notes of an early barrel-organ, which was being played in one of the quietest streets, effected this at once, and I found myself living over again the dreary Sundays to which I had been accustomed.

No idea of rest ever associated itself with those dull Sabbaths, although the houses in Perram-street gave but few signs of life, and passengers seldom took that neighbourhood in the line of their walks. Some few beggars, or vendors of water-cresses and dried fish, would raise their voices early in the morning, in the hope of seeing a stray face at some half-curtained window; but they found as little encouragement as they deserved, and wailed hopelessly.

Breakfast—rather later than usual—being over, Mrs. Bradley would prepare the dinner, and, unless it was sent to the bakehouse—in which case her husband, without his coat and in a clean shirt, carried it thither himself—I was left at home to see that

the fire kept burning, and to put the potatoes into the saucepan at the proper time. I never remember having spent these mornings in reading more than a few verses from the Bible. Frequently nervous restlessness took possession of me, and I roamed from room to room, peeping from the windows, or sat moodily by the fire, turning the joint, which hung by a skein of worsted from the rack.

In the evening, or on mornings when Mrs. Bradley stayed at home, I was taken to a chapel in the neighbourhood, where I sat very far back in the free seats, which were benches of slippery hardness, situated beneath a capacious gallery, and mostly occupied by old men and women in a pauper dress, or by young children who fell huddled together in hot, feverish sleep before the sermon, of which I could scarcely ever hear more than a few emphatic sentences, partaking so much of Mrs. Bradley's style of oratory that I was made only the more miserable by them. Two peculiarities occur to me in connexion with this place of worship. The enormous carved, wooden pulpit, in which the preacher stood as though he were a serious doll in a great ornamental oak box, was surmounted by a huge cupola, suspended by a rod from the ceiling, and looking like a gigantic timber-built umbrella. I was always speculating upon the consequences that would ensue if this should come down suddenly and shut up the pulpit as with a lid.

The method of conducting the singing haunts me as distinctly. The clerk—a little man, who was often more ambitious in the matter of tunes than his musical ability or the compass of his voice warranted—would commence the hymn briskly enough; and he being followed by the congregation, all would have gone on smoothly, but for his unfortunate propensity for *fugues*. Too frequently the assembly, waiting for the signal to take up their separate parts, would all come in at the wrong place, and dire confusion would overtake them at the second verse; seeing which, perhaps foreseeing it, somebody in the gallery, who had, I suppose, plenty of well-known tunes in reserve, would suddenly become blithely conscious of what was expected from him, and lead off the second verse as though nothing particular had happened. I well remember that, on one occasion, he also was inadequate to the completion of the hymn, and a bass voice, in the body of the chapel, took up the singing, and ended the performance somewhat drearily.

The sermons were, doubtless, impressive, as I heartily believe the preachers were sincere. But, besides being conscious of a hot, dreamy hum, caused by the sun in summer, and a pipe stove, near which I sat, in winter, the people round me frequently expressed their feelings by audible ejaculations—a practice which never failed to startle me and make me feel uncomfortable, as being concerned in an unseemly interruption.

When Mrs. Bradley had company to tea on Sundays, I was frequently able to steal up-stairs, and, in company with an old picture Bible, and the few interesting missionary tracts which were admitted as proper reading, spend the afternoon more pleasantly—indeed, I must acknowledge that, on more than one occasion, I copied the pictures of New Zealand chiefs and man-eating savages which illustrated these works.

Of any more than a merely casual notice by some visitor, who was probably repelled from any further advances by my listless face, and Mrs. Bradley's unfavourable regard for me, I remember but few instances. Sometimes, when Mr. Bradley took me with him to chapel, I could discover that he wished for some means of making my lot more happy; but he knew no way, and would not have

dared to exercise the power had he possessed it. There was certainly no interest manifested in my childish perplexities—no attempt to make these dreary Sundays pleasant. Bodily inactivity—the condemnation of any employments, save such as would have been but a hypocritically concealed penance to those who exacted them—these were the conditions of the day that should be an oasis to which the traveller, through a long week's journey, should look forward for repose and strength.

I pause here for a moment to address the reader personally.

I feel that all these more or less minute recollections of what, in my forlorn state, were, perhaps, the fretful irregularities of a nervous child's thoughts, may be strange, tedious, perhaps insignificant. If you think so, rejoice that you have been blessed with an experience in which such fancies were never called into being; or accept, with a contented heart, that more quiescent brain—I will not say that more impenetrable nature—in which they find no place.

To some—perhaps to one in a hundred—of my many dear readers some part of this history will come with such awakening sympathy as may be produced by a little cadence, which, even in a very homely tune, suggests the thought that neither joy nor grief is ours alone—that answering chords in others thrill to the same touch of pleasure or of sadness.

Again. Have I once more to record that my hand has stayed in writing of those "religious observances" with which I conclude this chapter of shadows? I should be loth, indeed, to excite the suspicion that sacred things are irreverently treated; but it is an awful truth, that as the "gift," and the "altar," and the "temple" may be made objects of worship in every sect, how much soever they may profess to disregard traditions of men, or to abolish from their practice all merely formal rituals—nay, that their very plainness and coldness may be but another form of self-worship—so it is true that the Divine commands, when misread by a selfish or a sordid soul, may be made to enslave with that very bondage from which they are designed to set us free. The age in which we live is beset with all opposite evils, amongst which indifferentism is the most deadly; it is in greater danger of that levellism of utter apathy, which is the most killing form of selfishness, than of any strong expression of opinion, however heterodox. An age it is wherein there are, doubtless, some great thinkers, but, at the same time, a woeful number of little Christians—an age for which old sophisms, and worn-out fallacies of misbelief, are re-dressed to suit modern palates, which, after all, do not detect their real flavour—a "giant age" truly, but physically so—the scientific and mechanical body in some danger of outgrowing the brain, and itself becoming prematurely feeble.

## CHAPTER X.

### REALITIES.

THE house before which we stopped was in one of the broad streets in the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury, and presented a contrast to the dwellings on either side of it, inasmuch as the door-steps were of dazzling whiteness, the windows bright in the beams of the morning sun, and the knocker so brilliant that the bumps in the head of the lion which adorned it shone with phrenological benevolence. The neighbourhood itself bore these unmistakeable evidences of decay which always seem to belong to a quarter that has once been fashionable. There

are many such in London—places which seem to have been shouldered out of the way by more pretentious localities—arrogant new-comers who, full of self-assertion, assume claims to architectural display, and entirely disown their old-fashioned neighbours. Then the forlorn streets become dingy—are deserted by their former occupants—are let out as offices for architects and estate agents—for charitable societies—for wine companies—are taken at comparatively cheap rents by people of mysterious callings, not unconnected with the lending of money on good security—often remain untenanted, except by charwomen, or the families of policemen, who live in the kitchens, and are vaguely uncommunicative to inquirers, lest they should have notice to quit. Season after season adds its accumulated dinginess to these tenements. The windows go blind with summer dust—the areas become sloppy with winter mud—rust eats away the ironwork of the railings—the paint peels off the doors—and the stone steps become receptacles for such stray leaves and scraps of paper as accumulate in their corners, and are soddened by autumnal rains.

“This is our home,” said Mrs. White, as the coachman pulled up, “and I hope that we shall have some happy days together.”

The shadows vanished, and, as a fresh-coloured young woman in a neat cap took my box of the driver—who was dismissed before he could sully the clean stones of the hall—I followed my new friend.

“Bring breakfast to my own room, Susan,” she said. “I suppose Mr. Willmott is at home?”

“He is with a gentleman in the dining-room, ma’am, and wishes to see the young lady after breakfast,” replied the girl, who could not keep her pleasant brown eyes off my face.

There were two rooms opening on the hall, and a broad staircase with a massy oak baluster led to the upper floors. Oak wainscoting occupied half the wall; the upper part was papered in a more modern fashion.

“We will look at the drawing-room and library after breakfast,” said Mrs. White, as we went up the second flight.

When I saw my own bedroom my satisfaction was perfect. It was a little, cosy place adjoining Mrs. White’s own chamber, and communicating with it by a door. I am glad to say that there were no white dimity curtains to the bed. I was unconscious then of the reason for the greater pleasure afforded me by the lively chintz furniture, but I know now that it seemed less cold and formal. It is certainly a mistake to keep up white furniture in any but sultry weather, and even then the material should be light and gauzy, suggestive of cool breezes, of not too oppressive shade. Better a bare French bedstead, with its neatly painted head and footboard, than the ghastly hangings, opaquely snowy, which glow with no welcome, and invite only to a chill repose.

A single tent-like curtain relieved the thick, downy counterpane of my little bed; the walls of the room of no particular pattern, but of a sea-weedy nature, pinky upon a cream-coloured ground; a little chest of walnut drawers, on which stood a swing looking-glass; a washstand and two chairs of painted rush, but cushioned, completed the inventory of the furniture. I had but a minute to observe it, for I had no sooner laved my face and hands than Susan tapped at the door, and took me in to breakfast.

Mrs. White’s room was the very abode of comfort, with its dark oak panelling

meeting the sea-green paper ; its wide grate, and high, brass-topped fender ; its ample closets, one on each side the fireplace. The chairs were all easy, and I noticed with delight that a low-seated one was placed for me near the curtained window, where a little table stood beside a broad stand covered with books. The clear strong coffee brought appetite back to me, and the new white rolls spread with honey sufficed to satisfy it, although my new friend had herself cooked some eggs in a tiny bright saucepan, and urged me to eat.

No other conversation passed between us until I looked up from my plate, and, seeing the kind, grave face opposite regarding me with tender encouragement, burst into tears.

"Come, come," she said, kindly. "We are to live together for some time, you know ; and, although this is rather a dull house, you will have a great deal to learn, and I hope you will love me when we are better acquainted."

"I know I shall always love you," I replied ; "for nobody has ever loved me before ; at least——" and here I stopped suddenly, for I remembered that pale face with the dishevelled hair, those large, eager, blue eyes which looked into mine last night ;—"at least, only one person. I suppose my mother must, don't you, ma'am ?"

"I hope so, dear child—but I never knew her, and I think you have no recollection of her either."

"Why was I taken away from her, Mrs. White ?"

"That will be for me to tell you by-and-by, dear. I believe it was intended for your good."

"Do you really think it could be good to take her child away ?"

"No," replied Mrs. White, gravely, and with earnest seriousness in her look. "I cannot deceive you by saying that I think so, Wayfe ; but it may seem less unnatural when it is all explained. Mr. Willmott does not look at it in the same way as I do, perhaps ; and though it is hard, and seems cruel, it may be a benefit to you. You have a Father who has loved you all your life long, dear, and He can help you to bear everything that seems hard and lonely in your life."

I looked up quickly, not catching her meaning till I saw it in her face, then I rose and went over to her, and her arms were round me in an instant as I lay my head upon her shoulder.

"Have you ever had a daughter, Mrs. White ?" I asked presently, for I felt that such love as she showed me was only natural to one who had been a mother, and had, at the same time, been softened by some great sorrow.

"No, child," she answered—"not a daughter ; but I have a son, who has been separated from me for four long years. He is coming home now, and I may see him yet before the spring."

There was a quiet, chastened look upon her face which prevented my asking any more questions then ; and, indeed, a bell ringing sharply below, she put me gently from her, and bade me dry my eyes, as Mr. Willmott would want to see me presently. As she went out of the room I moved towards the window, and, without knowing why, pulled aside the curtain and looked into the street, where I noticed that forlorn look in the neighbouring houses which I have already mentioned. Few passengers were abroad, for a light, drizzling rain had begun to fall ; and I was about to return to the more cheerful aspect of the fire and the books upon the stand, when I heard the street-door close, and saw a man go down the

steps and cross the road. He was speaking rapidly to himself as he strode along, and using such gestures as seemed to indicate no pleasant thoughts—clenching his hand, and shaking it as though in passion.

Where had I seen some one like him before? and why did I shrink with an undefined dread as he turned, after reaching the opposite pavement?

Pausing a moment to glance hastily at the house, he must have seen my face at the corner of the window; for, fixing his gaze upon me with evident surprise, he made a step forward, as though with the intention of returning, and then, with a laugh which looked more like a sneer, seemed to put off some foolish impulse, and walked quickly away.

I knew the sinister look in his face, but could not at first remember where. I had seen too few people to make it difficult to recall, however. The scowl of those heavy eyes had last lighted on me in the old square where I had first met her whom I had now learned to believe was my mother.

Mrs. White coming in, however, told me that Mr. Willmott waited to see me, and under her guidance I descended to the dining-room, a rather gloomy apartment, with a great chandelier tied up in a canvass bag suspended from the ceiling, an object which, as I had never seen one in similar circumstances, at once riveted my attention, and caused me to go in awkwardly enough. Mr. Willmott was standing with his back to the mantelpiece, but there was no fire in the grate, and the air felt damp and heavy. He looked pale and even stern, I thought, but beckoned me towards him and took my hand in his, which felt cold, and trembled as it touched me.

I knew, by some means of which I was not conscious, that his visitor had been the man who left the house only a few minutes before. The traces of some painful occurrence were visible in his usually unruffled face, his white neckcloth was creased and loosely tied, his whole manner that of one who had been enfeebled by some effort which called forth all his firmness of purpose, and left him physically depressed by the gloom of some probable calamity.

He drew me to him gently, however, and, not without an effort, smiled as he sat down and pointed Mrs. White to a chair.

"Well, and do you think you will like to live here with us?" he asked pleasantly.

"If you will let me, sir," I said. "I know I shall be happy."

"I hope so, child, and remember that you are to be quite under Mrs. White's directions. You can have none better, I am sure. You will come and see me in the drawing-room sometimes when I dine alone, and after dinner when I have company; but first you must make up your mind to work hard at your books. Do you like music?"

"Some sorts of music, sir."

"What do you mean by *some sorts*? Not the psalms out of Mrs. Bradley's hymn-book, eh?"

"No, sir."

"Mind what you say. Look at Mrs. White—she shakes her head at you. Mrs. White is fond of hymns."

"I don't think Wayfe will dislike the hymns you speak of," said my new friend, smiling; "she has never heard them."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not; but I meant to ask her if she would like to learn to play."

"I'll try; but I shall never play well, sir."

"Why not? Are you too stupid?"

"No; but I could never bear my own clumsy mistakes when the tune wouldn't come out properly."

"Well, well, at all events I have written to a gentleman to teach you; you will also learn drawing. Ha! I see you brighten at that. You like to use your pencil, then?"

"Yes, sir; but I have never had a good one."

"What do you think of sending her for three or four hours a-day to Mrs. Winthrop's?" he asked, turning to Mrs. White. "I believe that she is a good scholar and an apt teacher. You know her, do you not?"

"I met her once at Mr. Goodward's, and I believe she is all you say, as well as a charming companion, sir."

"She attends Mr. Goodward's church, then? That's a recommendation, for I'll allow that he's as near the mark of what I think Christianity ought to be as anybody in our circle of acquaintance."

"May I inquire, sir, what is your standard of Christianity?"

"If you imagine I'm to be drawn into a theological discussion, Mrs. White, you are very much mistaken. You think me a heathen because I'm unamiable and worldly, which is shocking in an old man, I know; but I may have some sort of belief hidden within me, madam. I believe in the truth of *your* religion because it destroys selfishness; and Mr. Goodward is your pastor and master—therefore I respect him. Wayfe shall go to Mrs. Winthrop's, and learn enough to enable her to be a governess. Her moral training will fall to your lot, Mrs. White. Let us begin by being frank and open. Tell her to-day something of her parentage, and then try to make her see that, if I am selfish, I may lay some claim to a little regard."

This was said with a sort of sarcastic self-depreciation, but with no unpleasant tone or expression.

"You see I know perfectly well what you think of me, Mrs. White, and I think you would like to convert me."

"I should, sir. You are sceptical even of yourself and your own motives. Whether I think you have always acted for the best or not does not alter the fact that, having accepted the charge, you are willing to minister to it generously. You have been moulded in a sceptical school, Mr. Willmott, and the disciples of the philosophy in which you have been taught gain very little in exchange for their belief. If they are unhappy they can pretend to laugh, if they are disappointed they may have the satisfaction of a sneer. But you, at least, were never a decided convert to their dogmas, sir—you know that they were too impure for you."

I sat there, only half comprehending Mrs. White's meaning, and was scarcely surprised to see the soft bloom upon her cheek come and go as she spoke so earnestly. Indeed, I expected that Mr. Willmott might presently order us out of the room.

"I think you are half right, ma'am," he said presently, with the worn, old look coming into his face again. "But I can't thank you for your sermon just now, especially as you have forgotten that I have had no breakfast, and that my toast and chocolate are growing cold in the library—cold as your Christian charity, madam—and you the housekeeper too!"



I saw tears rise to Mrs. White's eyes as she immediately got up and said—

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Willmott; I will prepare a fresh cup for you directly."

"Nonsense," replied the old gentleman, as we went out of the room together. "I shall be out to dinner to-day, and not home till late this evening. Let Wayfe come down and have some fruit to-morrow, then she will know more about me."

This was my guardian at home, then. I couldn't understand his character, for it seemed contradictory to me. I had met with no such example of bitterness and levity, of coldness and familiarity, combined in one person before.

"Don't cry, dear Mrs. White," I said, as we went up-stairs; "I don't think Mr. Willmott was very cross."

"Cross, my dear? no, he is very seldom cross. I only cry because I see in him a man perverted from what would have been eminently good to a life which does not satisfy him."

"You speak plainly to him, ma'am, and I suppose he understands you."

My companion turned and looked at me with a sudden reflective light in her eyes.

"Too plainly, I fear," she said, sadly; "he has no one else near to remind him, and—oh, he must be shocked!—perhaps, after all, it would be better to be silent, for his is just the mind to see the impropriety of his housekeeper dictating to him on such subjects. Lord, lighten our darkness, lighten our darkness, O Lord!"

This was said more to herself than to me, as we returned to the room, where the bright embers of the fire still glowed, and the straggling rays of the sun penetrated through the morning mist, and shone upon the little table by the window.

## THE DEPARTING YEAR.

THE year is dying! and, when fairly dead,  
 Strew some unfading flowers upon its bier;  
 Though in its flight came transient hours of dread,  
 And days that beam'd not always bright and clear;  
 Yet hath the light it leaves us haply shed  
 A brightening hope upon the coming year,  
 To which we look, as when not distant far  
 We watch the rising of some glorious star.

The year is dying! but another's dawn  
 Will break, ere long, upon the realm of time;  
 Bright be its advent! fair and calm its morn!  
 Its noon and eve be cloudless as its prime!  
 May peace, and joy, and plenty's garnish'd horn  
 Pour forth their blessings in our genial clime,  
 And trust in heaven, and love to man appear  
 More bright, more glorious, in each passing year!

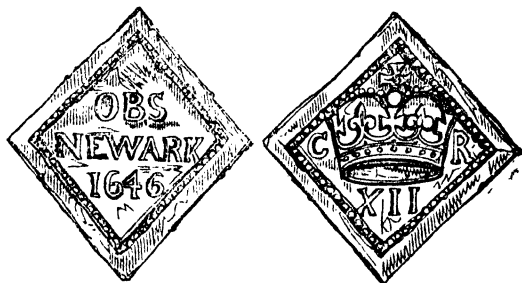
JAMES BIRD.

## THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARLES I.

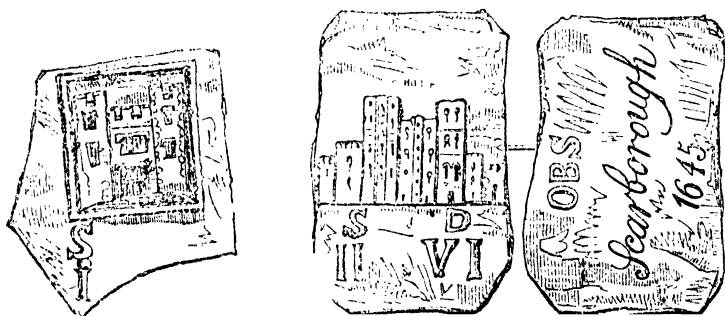
GALLEY-HALFPENCE, smoke farthings, angels, pin-money, fiddlers' money Scarborough half-crowns, Newark shillings, Beeston Castle and Colchester shillings, Oxford crowns, siege-pieces, and the queen's pledges! what a jingling of coin, good, bad, and indifferent, and how woefully we have neglected telling you about the coinage of our country!

However, the history of the money of this period tells so eloquently of King



NEWARK SHILLING.

Charles's career, that perhaps, after all, this neglect of ours will not prove so fatal as at first sight might be imagined; moreover, the massing together of information on any given subject is always advisable; so we shall commence by noticing galley-halfpence, which were a coin of Genoa, brought in by the galley-men, or men that came up in the galleys with wine and merchandise. This money was broader than the English halfpenny, but not so thick, and was probably base metal,



BEESTON CASTLE SHILLING.

SCARBOROUGH

for a statute (13 Henry IV., cap. vi.) was passed in Henry the Fourth's reign, "considering the great deceit as well of the said galley-halfpence, as other foreign money." These galleys unloaded at the east end of Lower Thames-street, thence called Galley Quay; where, in the seventeenth century, were struck tradesmen's tokens, therefore called Galley Quay halfpence. Pin-money had its origin from a very ancient tax in France for providing the queen with pins; whence the term "pin-money" hath been undoubtedly applied by us to that provision for married

women with which the husband is not to interfere. An illustration and an account of angels was given in one of the papers relating to Good Queen Bess; but we were not then aware—so we tell you now—that the gold used for coining these coins was of a finer kind than crown gold. The angel was worth about ten shillings, and it appears, from the following epigram, was a lawyer's fee:—

"UPON ANNE'S MARRIAGE WITH A LAWYER.

"Anne is an angel—what if so she be?

What is an angel but a lawyer's fee?"—*Wits' Recreations.*

Smoke farthings are much less known than angels, or, indeed, any other of the coins to which we have been referring; and it is curious to find that a tax was once paid upon a fire in England. These smoke farthings were levied by the clergy upon every person who kept a fire. The March money was a similar tax, but was paid to the king: it was first levied in 1653, and its last collection was in 1690.

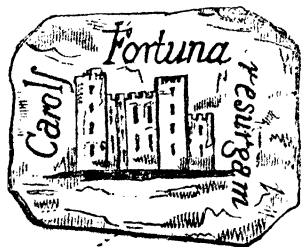
During the seventeenth century, a very frequent phrase in the mouth of many was, "A fit of mirth for a groat;" which denotes that coin to have been the usual requital to the fiddlers or minstrels of that period. This, it appears, was the origin of a groat being called fiddlers' money.

Hudibras, in his description of the squire, says—

"His wit was sent him for a token,  
But in the carriage crack'd and broken,  
Like commendation ninepence, crook'd  
With—'To and from my love'—it look'd."

This ninepence was a common coin prior to the year 1696, when all the money that was not milled was called in, and this particular one kept in thenceforth. The custom of bending a coin till it became crooked, and usable as a lover's token, survived, however, almost down to our own time, as the prolific numbers of deformed pieces everywhere seen in circulation but a few years ago sufficiently show. But a worse matter than that of bending coins must be noticed—we allude to the coinage that came from different mints, such as the Oxford crown, the York half-crown, and others which were circulated by the unfortunate king as he flew from place to place, where his lost grandeur became as apparent in the

deterioration of his money as by anything else that befell him. His affairs at last grew so desperate, that his siege-pieces—as they were denominated—can hardly be called coins at all. One sort consisted of mere bits of silver plate, with a castle rudely stamped on them. We give some of these curious coins, one of which is supposed to have been struck at Scarborough, and the others at Newark, Beeston, and Colchester—four cities which were all besieged, and suffered severely, during these lamentable times.



COLCHESTER SHILLING.

It will easily be imagined how great and how real the difficulty must have been for the king to raise any money at all; and one mode adopted by the queen (narrated by Miss Strickland in her "Lives of the Queens of England") for raising supplies does much honour to her ingenuity.

"At this period Queen Henrietta had recourse to the painful expedient of soliciting personal loans for the service of her royal husband, not only from the female nobility of England, but from private families whom she had reason to believe well affected to the cause of loyalty. To such as supplied her with these aids she was accustomed to testify her gratitude by the gift of a ring, or some other trinket, from her own cabinet; but when the increasing exigencies of the king's affairs compelled her to sell or pawn in Holland the whole of her plate and most of her jewels for his use, she adopted an ingenious device, by which she was enabled, at a small expense, to continue her gifts to her friends, and in a form that rendered these more precious to the recipient parties, because they had immediate reference to herself.

"Whilst in Holland she had a great many rings, lockets, and bracelet-clasps made with her cipher—the letters H. M. R., Henrietta Maria Regina—in very delicate flagrees of gold, curiously entwined in a monogram, laid on a ground of crimson velvet, covered with thick crystal, cut like a table diamond, and set in gold. These were called "the queen's pledges," and were presented by her to any person who had lent her money, or rendered her any particular service, with an understanding that, if presented to her Majesty at any future time, when Fortune smiled on the royal cause, it would command either repayment of the money advanced or some favour from the queen that would amount to an ample equivalent. Many of these interesting testimonials are in existence, and, in families where the tradition has been forgotten, have been regarded as amulets which were to secure good fortune to the wearer. One of these royal pledges, a small bracelet-clasp, has been an heirloom in the family of the author of this life of Henrietta, and there is a ring, with the same device, in the possession of Philip Darrell, Esq., of Cales Hill, in Kent, which was presented to his immediate ancestor by that queen."

England suddenly transformed into a universal camp, there is no need to ask what became of all this treasure, and how it was spent. London was enthusiastic in favour of the parliament, collected an army from among its own citizens, and opened a kind of public treasury for the receipt of gifts, to which "not only the wealthiest citizens and gentlemen, who were near dwellers, brought in their large bags and goblets, but the poorer sort, like that widow in the Gospel, presented their mites also; inasmuch that it was a common jeer of men disaffected to the cause to call this a thimble and bodkin army."

When the first spot desecrated by the blood of these most horrible (if necessary) wars was known as the "Vale of the Red Horse," we may well expect to hear that the combatants' next meeting place was among standing corn; and it requires little imagination indeed to picture the royal standard blown by the strong, unruly wind (fit emblem of the rough purifiers then blustering across the country) from the ramparts of York; or the sad interment in the lonely churchyard of Hampden, where, with muffled drums and ensigns, the Green-coats, singing the 19th Psalm, bare-headed and carrying reversed arms, buried all that remained of their great commander.

The spirit of the times was shown, too, in other matters besides war; and, as an example of the extreme severity which was at that time used even on the most trifling occasion, there is a story told of a citizen who quarrelled with some nobleman's servant. The servant showing his master's badge upon his sleeve, which happened to be a swan, the other replied, "He did not care for that goose."

For these words he was summoned before the Star Chamber, and severely fined, having insulted a nobleman's crest by calling a swan a goose!

Amongst the men who distinguished themselves, not only in war, but by the cultivation of arts and sciences, were Prince Rupert and Sir Francis Crane. The first, who lived to be a very old man, devoted himself in his latter years to the study of chemistry, and was the inventor of the kind of engraving called mezzotinto. It is said that he was led to the discovery by observing the effect of rust on an old gun, which one of his soldiers was cleaning; while the latter commenced a manufactory of tapestry at Mortlake, near Richmond. Charles I. patronised this manufactory, and in the first year of his reign acknowledged a debt to Crane of 6,000*l.* for three sets of "gold hangings." Archbishop Williams paid him 2,500*l.* for a piece representing the Four Seasons; and the more affluent of the nobility purchased of him, at proportionate prices, various rich hangings "wrought in silk." The civil wars, however, put an end to Crane's flourishing manufacture, the most successful for a time that ever existed in England.

Newspapers, too, were multiplied in the time of the Charleses to a great extent. They were commenced, as we have already shown, in the time of Elizabeth; in the following reign they were, however, simply packets of news, published in small square pamphlets as they were received from abroad; and it was these occasional pamphlets which were subsequently converted into a regular weekly publication, entitled, "The Newes of the Present Week." It flourished largely at this very time.

In 1635, Charles I. erected a letter office for England and Scotland; but this extended only to a few of the principal roads; the times of carriage were uncertain, and the postmasters on each road were required to furnish horses for the conveyance of the letters at the rate of twopence-halfpenny a mile. This plan did not succeed, and at length a post-office, for the weekly conveyance of letters to all parts of the kingdom, was established in 1649, by which plan the public saved 7,000*l.* a-year on account of postmasters.

Since the Reformation there had been, at various times, regulations laid down for the observance of abstinence; and by 5 Eliz. c. v., which was a statute entirely for the increase of fishery, it was enacted that no one, unless having a licence, should eat flesh on fish days, or on Wednesdays (then made an additional fish day), under a penalty of 3*l.*, or three months' imprisonment. There was this licence, however, in the statute—"Every one having three dishes of sea-fish at his table might have one of flesh also." "But because no manner of person shall misjudge of the intent of this statute, it is enacted that whosoever shall notify that any eating of fish or forbearing of flesh mentioned therein is of any necessity for the saving of the soul of man, or that it is the service of God otherwise than as other politic laws are and be, that then such persons shall be punished as spreaders of false news." This abstemious system, however, was only compulsory on the poor. Licences were easily obtained from the Privy Council (in Edward the Sixth's days, at least), and afterwards from the bishop. They were empowered, with their guests, to eat flesh on all fasting days for life. The civil wars did not so put an end to that compulsory observance of Lent and fish days but that similar licences were granted ever so long, even till after the Restoration.

Pepys tells us, Feb. 27, 1661—"I called for a dish of fish, which we had for

dinner, this being the first day of Lent, and I do intend to try whether I can keep it or no." "Feb. 28.—Notwithstanding my resolution (*of yesterday*), yet, for want of other victuals, I did eat flesh this Lent, but am resolved to eat as little as I can." Little need, surely, during the civil wars, to compel the eating of fish, and forbid the swallowing of flesh; all food must have been eaten with ashes, and mixed with bitter herbs, during those days. Think only of a few of the women who played a part in those terrible times. There is the queen, Cromwell's wife and daughters, Lady Hutchinson, and Lady Fairfax. It was "women must weep" indeed just then, though they did more than mourn for "the desire of their eyes." I met, the other day, with a tale of Lady Fairfax which I had forgotten, which, I dare say, has slipped your memory too; but it will bear repeating; for it proves that, sorrow as the women might, and suffer as they certainly did, there remained in them sufficient spirit to proclaim who was on the king's side, and what they felt and thought of the means taken to remedy the disasters that had befallen the nation.

The king was brought before his self-constituted judges at Westminster Hall on the 20th of January. Their names being called over, a voice from among the spectators called out, when the crier came to the name of Fairfax, "He has more wit than to be here!" and when the king was said to be accused "in the name of the people," the same voice exclaimed, "Not a tenth part of them!" The soldiers were ordered to fire at the spot whence the voice had proceeded; but, on its being discovered that Lady Fairfax was the person who had spoken the words, in consideration of her sex and rank they did not fire.

It was not much use attempting to stem the eddying torrents that were rushing and foaming at this period across the country; which swept old things, and evil things, and things of good report, indiscriminately away for awhile; and, in the midst of this confusion and disorder, we look in vain for a quiet spot on which to rest our weary eye. The singing men and the singing women, and the little children playing in the streets, are all gone, so we have had to scramble after such domestic notices as might have been expected of such dreary days. In conclusion, the mere mention of childhood calls to mind two anecdotes of two of Charles's family which we cannot refrain from repeating. One is of the little Duke of Gloucester, then only seven years of age, who received, as a dying legacy from his father's lips, the warning—

"Mark, my child, what I say. They will cut off my head, and when I am dead they will want, perhaps, to make thee king; but thou must not be a king so long as thy brothers Charles and James are alive; therefore, I charge thee, do not be made a king by them."

The child looked earnestly in his father's face, and answered—

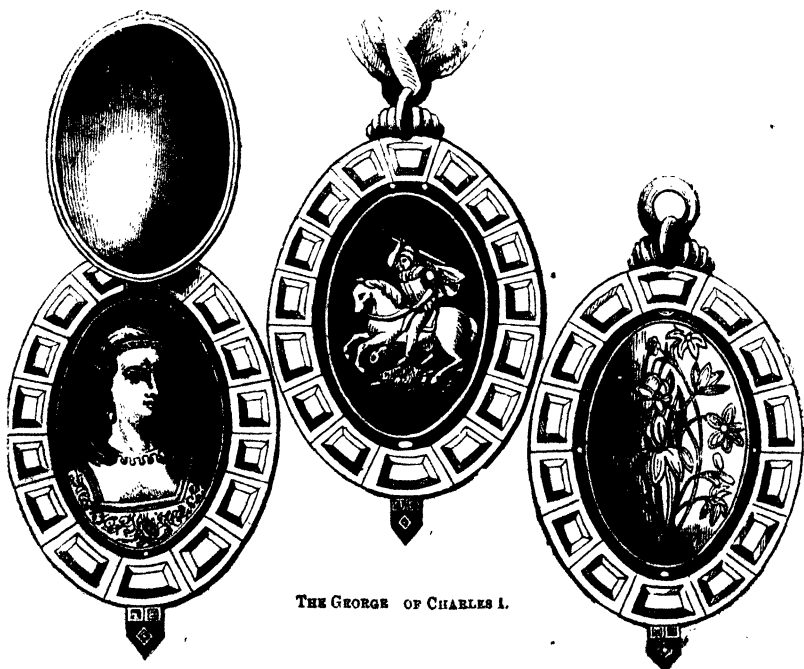
"I will be torn in pieces first."

The other story is of a little sister of this very Duke of Gloucester, whose name has long ago been forgotten on earth, for she died at the early age of four years. While on her death-bed, one of her attendants desired her to pray. She said she could not say her long prayer—meaning the Lord's Prayer—but she would try to say her short one; when, laying her little head on the pillow, she murmured—"Lighten my darkness, O Lord, and let me not sleep the sleep of death," immediately expiring—happier far than her sister, the Princess

Elizabeth, who lived long enough to be nearly apprenticed to a button-maker, and whose death was hastened by grief for the fate of her father.

It has been said, and said truly, that the memory of King Charles, "The Martyr," has been more endeared to the popular mind by his tender and parental character than, perhaps, by any very nice appreciation of the merits of the cause for which he suffered. The affecting scene of his last parting from his young children, when they came from Sion House to St. James's Palace, has been a favourite subject for pictorial representation; and there are few who can view it unmoved. The king's last night on earth was spent tranquilly. He slept more than four hours; his attendant, Herbert, resting on a pallet by the royal bed. The room was dimly lighted by a great cake of wax, set in a silver basin. Before daybreak the king had aroused his attendant, saying "He had a great work to do that day." Prayer, communion, and the announcement of the executioners waiting for their victim—the glass of claret and the morsel of bread, lest faintness on the scaffold might be felt, and be misinterpreted—the long procession to Whitehall—the silent and dejected faces of the soldiers—the mutual prayers, and the last inquiry, "Does my hair trouble you?"—the outstretched hands for the signal—all these, and many more such gloomy sights, go to make up a mournful picture. As the cloak of the king falls from his shoulders, the faithful Juxon receives from the hand of his beloved master, with the single and mysterious word, "Remember!" the "George" here represented. So ended the domestic history of poor King Charles; and with him, in one sense, for a long time, the domestic happiness of his country.

M. S. R.



THE GEORGE OF CHARLES I.

# CONSTANCE CHORLEY.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

## IV.

ONE evening Constance sat alone in the room behind the shop. She was looking at a map upon her knee, and now and then she concealed it beneath her work, and, leaning her head against the fireplace, fell into deep, sad thoughtfulness.

Some weeks had passed, and wonderfully had Mr. Chorley recovered from the effects of the fire. The tide of fortune had come—somewhat differently, it must be owned, from what he had anticipated—but still it had come, and he was thankful—very thankful. His business had made a sudden leap forward, for every one took a pleasure in showing their sympathy with his misfortune, and their admiration of his courage, by coming to his shop to make some new purchase, or to give him some new order.

That afternoon the agent had been with his note-book, and looked at the damaged property. He happened to drop in at Mr. Chorley's tea hour, when the room was filled with the fragrance of the hot buttered cakes and the Mocha coffee, which were always irresistible to Mr. Rowbotham, and which Mr. Chorley, though he preferred tea himself, happened, quite accidentally—so he said—to have on the table that afternoon. It scarcely needed Mr. Chorley's persuasive voice to make him sit down and refresh himself before going to business. In the course of conversation, Mr. Chorley remarked that he had drawn up a careful estimate of the injured property for his own use; and Mr. Rowbotham, who disliked trouble, requested to see it, and, as he glanced it over, declared he would encroach no longer on Mr. Chorley's time by needlessly going over these items again. So business, without seeming to be business, was quickly grappled with, and soon over. It was not a case, Mr. Rowbotham felt, for rigid scrutiny into the exactitude of every particular of the loss, or into the precise amount attached to each item. Was it not plain that, but for the brave old gentleman's devotion and personal risk, the office must have had to pay three or four times the amount? The agent felt it was not only absurd, but lowering to the dignity of the office and his own self-respect, to sit there chaffering with so estimable a man, so hospitable a host, and so old a customer. Accordingly, he accepted Mr. Chorley's estimate with entire good-will, and wrote beneath it; "I am satisfied this is correct, and that, if it be consistent with the views of the directors to make some additional acknowledgment of the zeal exhibited in saving the property in danger, this is eminently a case for their attention. It is impossible to speak too highly of the conduct of Mr. Daniel Chorley."

When he had written these lines he handed the paper over to that worthy gentleman, who read, and then wiped his eyes with a fine and snowy-white cambric handkerchief—another of Mr. Chorley's gentlemanly, but innocent, luxuries. After awhile he said, in a mild, melancholy accent—

"The sum is—then—without the workmen's bills——"

"Fifty-nine pounds, ten shillings, and sixpence."

"Well, Mr. Rowbotham, I cannot exactly thank you, because your first duty is to your office; but I do say this—it is pleasant to have to deal with a gentleman. I say no more!"

At all events, he could have said nothing better to the purpose. The agent was a humbly-born, self-made man with a thriving income, and he was beginning to



think of a lift in the social sphere, so that the idea of being esteemed a gentleman was peculiarly pleasant to him. The fumes of the fancy ascended into his brain, and wound about it with as pleasant a sense of titillation as the aroma of the coffee had already exercised upon its material structure.

"You are an honour to the town, sir—an honour to human nature!" were the agent's last words, as, two hours later, having finished his second tumbler of whisky-and-water, he shook hands with Mr. Chorley at the street-door.

But Mr. Chorley, though conscious of the existence of certain—(might he not say, practically slight?)—qualifications of the agent's opinion, was, on the whole, very much of the same mind himself. Were there not undreamed-of depths of virtue and conscientiousness in his bosom, known only to himself? No one but he, for instance, knew how easily he could have made those figures relative to the damaged property ascend considerably higher, yet he had refused to do so. He wanted to get rid of that cursed secret debt which had long weighed him down, and, having got the requisite amount in full, with a kind of gentlemanly allowance of a few pounds over, he would seek no more from the office—no, not even although he had, as the agent said, saved the office hundreds by his own personal risk and heroism. "Well, well, on the whole it was a happy ending—safer, yes, safer, than if everything had turned out as he had intended."

Yes, his only existing—and secret—difficulty was disposed of. A debt of fifty pounds had been pressing heavily on the old gentleman for some time, and had become so threatening of late that it had materially helped to influence the mind of the worried debtor to the dangerous course he had taken. But even that was now removed during Fortune's smiling, open-handed mood.

Of the conversation between the two men Constance had lost not a word.

Strangely stern, as well as mournful, had the pale face become now; though with little 'Duke it never lost the supernatural beauty he had seen come upon it in the smoke and flames of that horrible night. The few days he remained at home he seemed almost to idolise her. He followed her about from room to room. He looked up silently in her face, sometimes putting up his lips for a kiss when he saw a tear glistening in her eyes; and he never rested an hour away from her side. But Mr. Chorley sent him back to school, and the girl lost the bit of sunshine that his presence made upon her life.

And yet his absence was, in some measure, a relief—a great relief to-night, when she sat there, watching the shadow of another great coming event, as she had watched and foreseen during the night of the fire. But this time she was prepared—or, rather, trying to prepare herself—for a much harder battle than she had fought before, though, perhaps, 'Duke might not have understood it so.

She knew her time was come now; for she heard her father, who had busied himself in his accounts after the agent's departure, whistle a low, soft whistle, as he always did when he got up from his accounts satisfied. She rose, put the map in her pocket, folded up her work, and stood facing him as he entered the room, and said, in a firm, determined, yet rather husky voice—

"Father, I want to speak to you, please."

But at that moment Mr. Daniel Chorley remembered that he had a most interesting engagement out of doors to supper, and that he must run up-stairs to dress without an instant's loss of time. He was stopped by the piercing tones, successively increasing in intensity, that followed him—"Father! father! father!"

"Well, well! What a plague the child is! Now, then, Constance," he said, returning in an ill temper.

"Father, you told me that man was not going to pay you anything for the damage done by the fire."

"Of course not. *He* doesn't pay; it's the office which pays. You don't understand these things, Constance."

"Father, I'm afraid I do. You are to be paid, then, a great sum of money?"

"And if I am, what then? The office is willing."

"Does the office know, father, that you set fire to your own house?"

What a terrible power there is sometimes in the simplest words! I don't think anybody had ever yet seen Mr. Chorley in a genuine passion. He was too dignified, too gentlemanly. He might cut you with the keen razor of his sarcasm, and then pour into the wound the corrosive sublimate of his kindness, but all in a quiet, self-controlled way that made you respect the appearances of the man, while you winced under the reality of his torture. It was sad that a child's words—and those the words of his own child—should be the first to unsettle so desirable a state of things. For a moment his face appeared at the white heat of passion; then, as his knees shook, and his eyes glanced quivering round to see if there were any listeners, he started forwards, dropped his two hands on the child's shoulders, and pressed her neck convulsively between them, until she screamed—

"Father! father! don't kill me!"

"Hush, I say—hush! Say those words again, that you said just now, as long as you live, and——"

The child saw in his eyes and face all that he hesitated to say, and from that moment felt she was alone in the world. To the dead mother succeeded a more than dead father! The child's last earthly hope of a father's cherishing love passed away, and there remained but the terror of his presence, the fear of his fear, the sickening consciousness of a secret existing between them which forbade all hope of future mutual confidence. He, on his part, presently repented of his violence, and began to understand—very unwillingly, it must be owned—that here was a new difficulty to be faced, and one that he could not help, in his inmost soul, resenting that it should dare to be a difficulty to him. But he began to apologise—to soothe Constance's fears—to defend himself from the terrible *imputation* conveyed by her words. That was his phrase—"imputation." When ugly facts can't be resolved away into air we talk of them as imputations, and find comfort in the sound.

"Now sit down, child, and let me explain to you a bit."

"Yes, father."

"I have paid this office a good deal of money—more than the sum they are going to pay me in return."

"Yes, father," said the child, fancying, she knew not why, there must be something in that.

"When the trade was better, and the stock larger, I insured for the right amount, and I didn't alter the amount when times grew worse and the stock less."

"No, father, I know—you told me once you didn't like the office to see that you were losing ground."

"Pooh, nonsense! I never said anything of the kind—couldn't have said it. But you won't listen, Constance."

"Oh, yes, father, I will, I will!" and the eyes were dropping big tears as this was said. But Mr. Chorley, communing with his own spirit, saw he was engaged in a hopeless task—that there was before him, in that little, shabby child, an inexorable logician, before whom all his pleasant self-delusions dispersed into vacancy, and against whom, as they touched, all his worshipped idols were sure to be broken in pieces. So he said, in his grandest manner, and with a reproachful tone not common with him, and therefore only the more forcible—

"Constance, you do not listen to me with proper respect. You don't understand my actions. In time you will. Wait, and be silent; you are but a child. Wait, I say, and be silent."

There was just the least touch of menace accompanying these last words. The child felt it, and shivered; but she had only two alternatives—that of softening him and bringing him to repentance, and another so bitter that she would not yet yield to it. Looking up into his darkening face, she cried—

"Father, you will not take this money—oh, dear, dear father, promise me you won't, and then I will never let anybody know that you——"

Here the shaking, warning hand was raised, and she paused.

"I must, Constance! Don't you see I must?"

"Why, father?"

"Because they would know I must have a motive if I refused—and there could be but one."

"Oh, father, tell them you did wrong, and you are sorry!"

Mr. Chorley got up with a loud laugh—the idea was so ridiculous! Yet there was no mirth in the sound, or in his feelings as he paced up and down the room.

"Do, father, do!" pleaded the child's earnest voice. "They know how hard you worked to put out the fire. And I will tell them more, and then you'll never be afraid of people finding it out, and oh, father, you won't always look upon me as you did just now."

"Constance, are you mad? Pray be quiet."

"Father, I cannot, I cannot. Tell them anything you like, but don't take this money. Say you don't want it."

"But I do want it. I shall be ruined without it. I owe it all."

"Then, father, let us go away to a fresh place. Oh, I will so work for you, and so—so—love you, father, if you will let me; and 'Duke shall be everything to you, and you needn't mind me at all."

"I tell you, in one word, it is impossible. Don't you know where I am going this evening?"

"No, father."

"Why, the neighbours have got up a supper for me by subscription among themselves on purpose to meet me, and to compliment me, and all that. Very kind of them, I'm sure. Would you have me ungrateful? You see, Constance, that everything now might be so nice and comfortable, if you wouldn't be so silly. Here's the trade improving, debts about to be paid, neighbours treating me with increased respect, I—I may say, honour—yet you want me to go and spoil everything, and say to the whole town—'No, no, my dear friends, you are all wrong! I sha'n't take this money! I don't want this trade! I can't eat this supper!' Now I appeal to you, Constance, is it likely that anybody in his senses would do that?"

The child made no answer. She sank into a chair, and her arms dropped on

one of its arms, and her head followed, and she forgot father, mother, world, everything, in the all-engrossing certainty of despair. Now, at last, she knew her father.

Mr. Daniel Chorley watched her awhile, then slipped quietly away to his bedchamber, and, in half-an-hour afterwards, was walking into the great room of the "Red Lion," up-stairs, and in the reception that there awaited him he forgot all his home annoyances.

How glad Constance was to be alone again! But no more gazing into the fire now! No more hopes—scarcely fears! The worst had come. She had been expecting it, and was prepared to meet it—at least, she thought she was—and she began to act, blindly submissive to some previously formed resolve.

She sat down to write to her father, first of all, because it was the hardest thing of all to do. The tears would patter down on the paper, and the ink would run where the tears fell. She could hardly read it herself when it was finished, but it was too late to write another; so she folded it up, blotted and blistered as it was, and she stood at the street-door with it till the pot-boy came by with the next-door beer, and then gave it into his charge for her father. That done, she pinned up her skirt and bustled about, doing all her morning's work. Then she laid his supper, and made up the fire to last some hours. After all was done that she could think of, she took her candle and went up-stairs. She spread a little shawl on the bed, and began to make up a bundle of a heap of 'Duke's clothes that were to have been sent to the school the next day, and of her own scanty wardrobe. She went and looked at her new Sunday frock, hanging behind the door, and, after some hesitation, took it down, folded and laid it in the shawl, her hands trembling as she did so; for she knew her father had bought it for her to look respectable when he took her to church, and she feared she had no right to use it for any other purpose. But she thought God would forgive her—she had so little clothes else. Then a small box, containing all her worldly treasures, must be sorted, for it was too big to be put in the bundle. How tenderly she took up one little trinket after another! How hard it seemed to part with any, though she knew she must! Once, as she took up something from a corner of the box, a hot mist came before her eyes, and would not let her see it; but she knew what it was that lay there in her hand so soft and silky—a tress of dark hair—her mother's hair—and again the heart struggled and resisted; but the will does not give way even to this, and the hair is put by determinedly, though very tenderly, in the Sunday frock pocket, as though it were too holy a thing to be carried about on common working-days.

And now the bundle was tied up, and she went to the bit of broken glass to put her bonnet on. The child started as she met the reflection of big, serious eyes, and looked behind her, for the face seemed more like her mother's than her own. Ah, she knew then—comprehended then—her own great change. Like seedling plants in the tropical regions, that spring up almost instantaneously to maturity, under the fierce glow of the sun and the nourishing dews or rain, she had grown in intellectual stature and force of will during the fiery and tearful ordeal she had passed through. And she knew it now—now that she was compelled to estimate herself and measure accurately all her resources. Yes, she knew she was no longer a child, but a premature woman; and she looked back in astonishment, vainly trying to recognise her former self, divided from her already by so impassable a gulf.

Well, all was done. She was ready! Ready!—for what? Again the heart began to swell rebelliously, and the eyes to dart frantically from one familiar object to another in the bare, dreary bedroom—the window with the one pot of some kind of seed that she was always watching for, but which never came up—the prints on the wall—the bed where her mother had so often knelt down with her and taught her to say her prayers. “Where, oh, where, should she say her prayers-to-night?” To silence that frightened, questioning heart that was so much trouble to her, because it was so weak and childish still, while all the rest of her had grown so old and enduring, she said to it, “Why not here?” So she knelt down. But she dared not pour out all her emotion as she had been used to do by that bed, but prayed, with tightly-closed eyes, her usual evening prayer, and then raising her head, she cried aloud—

“Oh, mother! mother! is it right what I am doing? Tell me if it isn’t! Oh, mother, try and tell me!”

She stood up trembling, almost expecting, in her childish faith, some fearful sign. But none came; only the moon shone in at her window with a more calm and tender beauty than before. So, taking her bundle on her arm, she put out her candle and glided down the darkened stairs.

She touched the handle of the street-door, and then hesitated. She had forgotten to put his slippers on the fender where he liked them put. Besides, the fire must want seeing to. So she dropped her bundle on the mat, and opened the parlour-door. How bright and comfortable the place looked, with its new carpet, and pictures, and those fairy-like muslin curtains that half hid the linnet’s cage! The cat, that lay curled before the fire, jumped up with her loudest purr as she entered, and the linnet, awakened by the blaze she made in stirring the fire, dropped its leg, extending its wings lazily, and sang two or three sleepy notes by way of greeting.

Everything spoke so eloquently to the trembling little heart of home—home comforts, home happiness, home peace—that it would no longer have its grief thrust back upon it, but broke out into sobs; and the weary body sank down upon the rug, and the weary head upon the stool, and the dry, aching eyes could not keep back the pressing tears any longer, so let them flow as thick and fast as they liked. Poor child! She had thought she had nothing to regret leaving—that there was nothing to regret her; and as she packed up her few things, and went about her last home duties, lo! there sprang up on every side something to claim her love, and to make the farewell more bitter to her!

But she would not long give way. She sat up on the stool and wiped her eyes, while the cat, between two dozes, glanced, with a puzzled and somewhat severe air, from her face to the comfortable fire, as if she thought the child’s wretchedness inexplicable, if not wilful.

“Pussy,” said the child, stroking the cat fondly the while, “I know you would let them half starve you, or cruelly beat you, before you’d run away; and so would I. But don’t you remember, pussy, when the children at the big house teased your little kitten, you took it up in your teeth in the night, and brought it to me? Yes, the little one must be thought of before us, mustn’t it, pussy?”

What was the child now meditating? She wiped her eyes again; and the cat declined to argue, and yawned, and stretched herself, while Constance went to the cupboard for a lump of sugar, to stick between the bars of the linnet’s cage. She could not resist opening the door to stroke its feathers for the last time.

"Poor little thing! who'll feed you when I am gone?" she murmured, as it hopped upon her wrist. "But I won't leave you. We'll go together—you your way, and I mine. Go in there, and you shall be set free as soon as it is light." She put the bird gently into the empty basket which she carried on her arm, to hold what provisions she should have to buy on the long, mysterious journey she was meditating. "Good-bye, pussy! I know you're safe. You won't be starved, as dickey might be, because you're wanted for the mice. Good-bye."

Again she looked round, but uselessly, for she was blind with tears; and then, turning away, she felt for her parcel on the door-mat, and, hanging it on her arm, she crossed the threshold of the home she was never again to enter.

Her note was put into Mr. Daniel Chorley's hands just when he was going to return thanks after the supper. He knew the handwriting of the address, and would have been moved and agitated by the circumstance but that he was determined nothing should interfere at that critical, that glorious, moment; and so he put it into his waistcoat-pocket, and prepared himself for his speech, and delivered it, and never was he more expressive. Everybody felt that the "old gentleman" had come out even better than they expected, notwithstanding they had expected much. And so the note was forgotten until he got home, and had knocked at the door, and obtained no answer. Then he wondered what Constance was about—and then he remembered the note. Hurriedly, by the light of the gas-lamp, he read the blurred epistle:—

"DEAR FATHER,—Good-bye. The key is at Mrs. King's, next door. Pray to God, father, and He will bless you as He has blessed me, and He will tell you what to do, as He has told me. Don't write to me any more. You can never love me any more. Oh, father, I wouldn't leave you if I wasn't sure of that! And if you don't love me it will make you worse now if I stay at home, now that I know you set fire——"

The father ground his teeth, his face visibly whitened, and an oath escaped him such as your very respectable man alone can give utterance to when he is driven to the unwonted relief. He looked up at and around the gas-lamp, as though to be sure there was no living eye now reading with him the fatal words which the child had, in her straightforward simplicity, first written, then, remembering how angry he would be, had tried to blot out, but ineffectually; and so they stared the guilty man in the face, in all their horrid directness. But he must read on:—

"Father, I shall never come back. Don't seek me. No one shall ever hear anything about you from me. I won't even tell 'Duke. Dear father, be sure of that, and don't think any more about me. Good-bye, father.

"Your affectionate daughter,

"CONSTANCE CHORLEY."

Mr. Chorley considered a bit with himself. She had promised she would not reveal what she knew. That was well. Still better, he felt that she would keep her promise. She had especially mentioned 'Duke. The father trembled as he thought of that contingency—his boy learning of the guilty act, and showing it, possibly, by leaving him, as Constance had left. She would not tell 'Duke, she said. How could she, if she were going away at once and for ever? Ha! did she meditate—no, no, she could not, dared not! But he would visit the school in the morning, and take precautions. And he began to think of what he should say, and to

perceive that he should be obliged to say unpleasant things about Constance's wilfulness and ingratitude, in explanation of her disappearance; and he was vexed at that necessity. It was too bad to have such an almost base thing imposed upon him. But just then the reverberations of the cheers in the great room, the overflowings of the radiance and the social glow of the evening he had just spent, came back like a kind of Indian summer, and enveloped his whole being; and so he went off, at last, into a sleep, that seemed to have a voice for him, and to whisper, "Come, come, you are not so bad, after all. There's many a worse man than you in the world." And he took such assurances, as they are generally taken, to mean—"You are a good fellow, Daniel Chorley, at heart—on the whole, one of the best fellows breathing." And so he slept in peace.

## V.

Two children journeyed wearily along the high road. The sun had just burst forth, and the light, fleecy clouds rolled off, leaving a sky of pale, tender blue spread out before them. The grass by the wayside was yet crisp with half-frozen dew, and the sweet air of the spring morning blew refreshingly upon the swollen eyes of the little wayfarers as they gazed upon the new world into which they were journeying hand-in-hand.

"Constance, may we rest when we get to that stone?"

"Yes, darling, and let the linnet go."

They walked on, speaking no more till they reached the stone. There they took the bird from the basket, and stroked it, and kissed it with quivering lips.

"I wonder which way it will go?" said the boy, as he stood upon the stone and held it aloft on his fingers.

At first it only shook its feathers as if to let the fresh air penetrate them, and remained still, looking round on the green fields enjoyingly. The boy shook his hand; the bird took a little flight round and round, then perched again on the boy's finger, looked inquiringly into the children's faces, as much as to say, "Do you really want me to go?" and then broke out into delicious song.

The two looked at each other, and then at the bird, and then they burst into tears, and sat down together on the stone in silence.

"What must we do with it, Constance?" asked the boy at length, in a broken voice.

"Let it stay with us till it likes to go," answered Constance, rising and holding out her hand. "Come, 'Duke, we must push on, or we sha'n't get to the large place where I told you we must stop to-night."

They had risen and moved a couple or more paces from the stone when they heard a hoarse voice calling behind them, and they both stood still, trembling and clinging to each other.

The girl looked round: she saw a figure approaching from the turn in the road, and her knees shook; but she said, in a firm voice—

"'Duke, it's father. Don't cry—be a man! Remember all I told you."

Another instant, and Mr. Chorley stood before them. The perspiration streamed down his face, his fine black clothes were covered with dust, and for a moment he was speechless with rage and lack of breath. Presently he gasped out—

"Constance—what—means this?"

"Father, I told you in the note."

"But 'Duke——"

"Must go too, father."

"Why?"

"Must I tell you before him, father?"

"Good God!" thought, almost said, the astounded man; "is this my daughter?"

But he felt growing too infuriated to deal with any abstract speculations now. She was evidently bent on taking away the boy he so loved and worshipped—the treasured darling for whom he had ventured so much—the very apple of his eye. Pooh! it was ridiculous! but, unhappily, it was not the less true. There she stood, no longer shrinking in apprehension either of him or of her own thoughts, but protecting her brother as his mother might have protected him in the presence of some dangerous animal. Yes, he saw what was in her face—what was in her eye—and he trembled inwardly, and he would have cursed her had he dared. But she was armed with a perilous, deadly weapon. What should he do? Utterly baffled, unable to speak, the miserable man presently began to weep, and lo! both the children cried too—a melancholy company.

"Come, Constance, I will treat you as a woman. You shall have your own way; I won't follow or trouble you. But leave me 'Duke; I grow old, and cannot be deprived of both my children. I can't spare him."

"You must, father."

"Why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because God says so. You will make him wicked, father! Kill me! kill me if you like, but I will say so, and God will punish you if you do! Oh, father! was it not God who gave you one chance, even at the last moment?—who prevented 'Duke from being burned by——"

"Constance!" murmured appealingly the guilty man, turning deadly pale.

"Yes, father, I understand. May we, then, go in peace?"

"Are you determined to—to——"

"I am, father!"

Mr. Daniel Chorley turned and buried his face in his hands. He to be brought to this!—to appear thus before his own children!—and yet to have no escape! Suddenly, however, he said to the child—

"Come back, then, with me both, and I will tell the whole truth, and make an end of it."

"Oh, father, will you?—will you?—will you indeed?"

"I will."

"And forgive me afterwards? Oh, father!" and the child was about to throw herself into his arms, when Mr. Chorley, moved by some new thought, or by a sense of failure as to an old one, said huskily, and with an affectation of wounded pride—

"No, no, take your own way, and abide by the consequences."

The child had not expected that, and it was the cruellest blow of all. She sobbed convulsively betwixt her every word as she said to the boy—

"Come then, 'Duke; kiss father, and bid him good-bye."

And she withdrew a pace or two, as conscious that the father and son would have a communion of heart in which she could not be permitted to share. And she sat down on the old stone and waited while the miserable man held the boy in his arms, and covered him with kisses, and begged him never to forget poor papa,



and received again and again the boy's heart-broken assurances that he would not. And then the father took money from his pocket—all he had there—some gold among silver and copper, and gave the whole to the boy, who threw it on the ground passionately; and then the father had to pick it all up again, and to put it into the boy's pockets, and explain that his sister would want it; and then, with one more embrace, he set the boy down, and turned to go away.

"Father!" came thrilling after him, in a tone so full of childish agony that it penetrated to his very marrow—"father!"

He turned—hesitated—then opened his arms, and Constance, with a strange, wild cry, flung herself upon his breast, and kissed him, until he felt her arms tightening about his neck, and he got alarmed, and so he quietly unclasped them, and set her down; and she looked at him as she stood there, motionless, upright, and rigid; and then she looked not at him or anything else in the world, but stared blindly on; and then she laughed; and then there was another sad mingling and chaos of sobs and hysteric bursts from all the three before the child grew calm. But she did quiet herself at last; and then Mr. Daniel Chorley leaned back against a tree and waved them away, unable to speak more. Hand-in-hand they went, and he saw their gradually lessening forms moving further and further away from him, until at last, when he could only just distinguish one from the other, he saw them stop, and the taller one take up her frock to wipe away the tears of the shorter one, and kiss him, before they again recommenced their march.

And now they stood upon the summit of the distant hill; a moment more, and they would be lost to him for ever. He strained his eyes wildly after them, as though they must have the power still to keep in view those tiny specks that stood out against the pale blue sky. Could it be that in another moment they would disappear for ever?

For ever! The trees with their bursting buds, the birds swaying joyously on the branches, the little brook by the wayside dancing and gurgling with its new tide of spring showers, the heaven in the sky above looking down lovingly into the heaven in those waters below, seemed all, with one voice, to cry, with a strange joy and triumph, "For ever!"

For ever! As the bright spring sun shone down, the earth between him and them seemed, in its glittering freshness, to smile at the parting as though it were a thing that Heaven rejoiced in, as it might rejoice for the saving of a soul. For ever!

O how the agonised heart turns and writhes, and vainly seeks to listen to the promptings of its better angel, as it whispers, "There is yet time! Save them. Confess all! Bring them back!" Even in its agony it is hardened against everything but the sense of shame—discovery—acknowledgment; and he so watches, and watches, as the specks grow more and more minute, and lo! they are gone! On, on into life!—children, and alone! On, on into the world!

[The story of "Constance Chorley" has now been brought to the point which first tempted the author to deal with the subject. A fragment only was intended—and that has been given. But the incidents and positions have so much interested our readers and moved their sympathies, that the author has undertaken to tell us more about these children, and their future fates. The story of Constance and Marmaduke Chorley will, therefore, be continued month by month through the next year, and brought to a close in December, 1862.]

## SOLID PUDDING.



"Give me the woman who can make a pudding, and see when her husband's linen wants mending," say the utilitarian philosophers of to-day, unblushingly repeating the frouzy maxim of the domestic philosophers of yesterday. "That's the sort of accomplishment for me," adds the profound wiseacre, who may be suspected at the same time of an inordinate greed for pastry, and a general tendency to bunions. We haven't the slightest objection: let him have her, if she's agreeable. If her acquirements go no further than the manipulation of dough, and the renovation of woollen hose, she's quite worthy of *that* position, at all events.

Not that we would be understood to recant our juvenile belief in the superiority of pastry over every other description of human food. We are an old fellow now, almost elephantine in our playfulness, ponderous when we intend to be sprightly, but retaining an appetite which is still capable of appreciating puddings, be they those of Christmas, Yorkshire, roley-poley, jam, apple, cherry, or even, at a pinch, treacle; while, as for mince-pies—— We will proceed—or, rather, *I* will proceed.

I mention the fact—dropping the first person plural as somewhat inconvenient—of my being an old fellow, because I have generally observed that the individuals who speak with contempt of such attainments as are not connected with their own swinish inclinations are also amongst the miserable twaddlers who pretend that “the good old times” are a subject at once of admiration and regret. I only wish they could have a week or so of the real “good old times,” and they would find a few more difficulties in the way of this kitchen worship than they do at present.

Now, in the old times of my recollection, and still more in the older times treated of by old essayists, satirists, novelists, dramatists, women were mostly divided into two classes—the pudding-makers and the fine ladies. There are still specimens of both varieties extant, and it would not, I believe, require a moment's consideration which of these should be preferred. Given, a woman with a knack at pastry, a capacity for controlling a kitchen, and a ready needle; and a fine lady, with only a knack of placing *rouge* dexterously, a capacity for finessing at cards, and a ready appreciation of *double entendre*, the choice ought not to remain doubtful; but they may both be but the expositions of an age, when the education of women was miserably deficient.

Somebody's going to mention Queen Elizabeth. Don't; it won't help your argument. Because that uncommonly strong-minded person could write Latin verses, play on the virginals, and pose doctors of divinity—nay, although all her court seem to have come before the world like the head pupils of a high classical school on exhibition day—did the young women of English middle-class life participate in these accomplishments? I think not. It may be admitted that fine-ladyism, in its most revolting form, was not of that, but of a later and a weaker, age; but even then ordinary society was divided into puppets and puddingites.

Are there not old fellows besides myself who remember the “thorough housewives” of their boyhood—the women who were “wonderful at their needles?” and what interminable nuisances those needlework evenings were, to which, as boys, they were admitted, while their fathers, and uncles, and grandfathers fled to the club or the cosy tavern parlour? What was the amusement, except cards, which those ladies—good, and amiable, and pious as they were—were competent to provide for themselves? I speak of the majority of middle-class women upon whom the old repressive system of education had fallen with crushing effect.

They could all make puddings, doubtless—I know they could all mend stockings; but, when once the excitement of these occupations began to flag, how few amongst them could do more than twangle a poor tune on a guitar, or draw impossible pencil dogs on cardboard screens!

I speak now of times when I, an old fellow, was a little boy; so nobody in the world can feel insulted when I say that fifteen out of every twenty of our modern young women are more accomplished, have read six times as much of sterling literature—not including novels, or “trash,” as they used to be called in my day—and can, at the same time, make as good a pudding, or go as well to market for a leg of mutton, as their grandmothers. If they either can not or will not do both the latter when called upon, they are puppets, and I swear by my grandmother rather than by them; but if they know no book but the cookery-book, and find no more congenial sphere than the kitchen, they are an incarnate anachronism. Now to be serious.

Let me implore good housewives of middle age to "do their spiriting gently" when they are endeavouring to enforce the necessity for domestic usefulness. It is the highest duty, no doubt, to do that work which lies nearest to us, and to minister to the comforts of our household; but a girl need never be a drudge—the influence of education serves to elevate mean things and occupations which would otherwise be sordid. There are pianos as well as puddings; and, as a bill of fare is now called a "*carte*" or a "*menu*," some knowledge of the French language is absolutely necessary to the model housewife.

Have I forgotten to allude to the illustration at the head of this article? No. Don't you see this is all one big allusion to it? The exquisite young creature in the cap and short-waisted gown was one of the pioneers of modern female education. With what admirable sweetness of temper she replied to the objurgations of her maternal aunt, who, as a person with a contempt for mere "fal-lals" and "trumpery," has devoted herself to the preparation of food! What was the reply which she made to the torrent of indignation with which she was greeted on her refusal to stay in the kitchen and roll puff-paste? Not—"Really, aunt! if, as you say, I shall never be the woman you are, I'm glad of it when I look at your arms." Not—"If you think I'm going to drudge in the kitchen you're immensely mistaken." No; that angelic creature replied—

"My dear aunt, you look upon the art of cooking from what I conceive to be a low point of view, believing it to be intended to supersede the other branches of a liberal education. I, on the contrary, regard it as an operation upon which so much of comfort and happiness depends, that I would rather think it necessary to come to it with a practical knowledge of many *other* arts, or even sciences."

Now listen to the affecting influence which this exalted theory as to the claims of cookery exercised on her after-life. Modest, but highly accomplished, she pursued her studies, occasionally making such culinary experiments as were suggested to her by her extensive reading. The result of this method of cultivated experience was evident in every dish which she prepared; while to all kinds of sauces, and especially melted butter, she imparted a delicate classicity which commanded universal admiration.

Six months after the colloquy so ably made the subject of the artist's effort, her aunt was heard to declare that she was worth "fifteen pound a-year, and her perquisites, in any family." In four months after that, she became the wife of Lord Harrowgate Eton.

The refined sentiments and critical appreciation of his lordship were well known to everybody who had the honour of his acquaintance; his, indeed, was one of those subtle intellects in which there seems to be a blending of both mind and soul, each answering to each. What wonder, then, that in a veal-and-ham pie of surpassing delicacy he should have detected that mysterious sympathy, that kindred sentiment, which at once indicated the fair cook as the future mistress of his heart and home?

They were united at Saint George's, Hanover-square; and their union afforded the only instance which I ever remember of a young and distinguished bride preparing her own wedding breakfast, and partaking of it heartily.

## THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SON-IN-LAW," ETC.

IN EIGHT PARTS.—V.

THE young wife responded to this interrogation with a look of decided incredulity, and a slight nervous contraction of the lips took the place of the former smile.

"Oh," said she, taking evident pains to steady her voice, "M. de Choisy is about to marry, is he? Do you know who the lady is?"

"Really, no," replied the marchioness, pretending not to notice the obvious emotion of her daughter-in-law; "but there can be no doubt of the fact; M. de Choisy told your papa."

"Oh, I dare say," exclaimed Flavia, now smiling again, and speaking half ironically—"that marriage with Mademoiselle de Villemars. That's an old story."

"Old or not, it seems to be true; and everybody approves of M. de Choisy's conduct in giving up romance for history."

"Oh, does he make romances?" said Flavia, rather flippantly.

"I forgot that you liked that sort of work, or else I should have used some other word to characterise a thing which has really very little of the romantic about it. The kind of ladies among whom M. de Choisy has hitherto transacted his 'romances' are generally supposed to have a keener eye to the positive, to the main chance, than to the ideal. These theatrical ladies ——"

"So M. de Choisy is convicted of being in love with an actress!" said the poor little country girl, growing redder and redder, and betraying more and more her vexation.

"Well, I forget whether it is an actress or a singer. It your papa who tells me these pretty stories. But that phrase of yours, my dear, is a little too strong, think. Men who have led such a life as M. de Choisy's do not fall 'in love.' They have no passions."

"There are some men who have never lived any life at all, who have no passions too," said Flavia, very curtly.

The marchioness quickly picked up this arrow flung at her boy, and laid it aside.

"You will, at least, admit," said she, "that, in dealing with a pure young heart, one has more resources at command than in dealing with a heart which has been prematurely aged. If M. de Choisy will mend his ways, however, he may make a very good husband, though he is too old for his present rôle. At forty-five it is time to have done with 'romancing.'"

"Do you mean *thirty-five*?" asked Flavia, with difficulty keeping down her vexation.

"My dear, he's forty-five, at least, if he is not more. You must remember that a man like Choisy takes as much pains to keep up a youthful appearance as the merest coquette in the world. Madame d'Agost told me, the other day, that he wears stays! Have you observed it?"

"There are some men who are so ungainly that they would do well to follow his example."

Madame de Gardagne allowed this second side-thrust at her son to pass unnoticed, and resumed, with imperturbable coolness—

"Unfortunately, the ravages of time cannot be repaired. The count begins to look elderly, in spite of all his care to prevent it. Yesterday, looking at him closely, I was quite struck by several signs of old age which I had not before noticed. He has grey hairs."

Flavia jerked herself out of the chair with an impatient gesture.

"Who *hasn't* grey hairs?" said she, bringing her hand up to her forehead, and smoothing her abundant tresses, bright and black as the plumage of a raven. "M. de Choisy is very clever, and agreeable, and *distingué*, and if I were a man I should take him for a model." Then, suddenly changing the topic of conversation, she went on to say—"If we do not go out of town I had better write and tell my aunt at once. I will go and do it." And the charming little lady "banged" herself out of the room.

Now, a woman always fights more vigorously for her whims than she does for her deeper feelings—taking, in that respect, her cue from society at large, which banishes passion, but tolerates caprice. Recalling the interior movements of her own mind and heart in her younger days, the marchioness experienced an unexpected delight in finding her daughter-in-law so unreserved in her little demonstrations of vexation *à propos* of this man.

"If she loved him, she would keep silence when he was spoken of. If she had anything to reproach herself with, her manners would be gentler, and her words less provoking. Good! She is sulky and saucy; *therefore* she is innocent as yet."

At the very moment the old lady was formularising a doctrine which is not altogether complimentary to virtue, the door opened, and a servant announced M. le Vicomte de Choisy.

The man of "manners" approached the marchioness with every demonstration of delight at seeing her, and certainly without allowing his countenance to betray his annoyance at finding himself thrown upon a *tête-à-tête* of a very different kind from what he had expected. As for the lady, at the sight of this ravening wolf of a man she formed one of those energetic resolves which ordinary prudence refuses to justify, but which a sort of inspiration often dictates to courageous natures upon the spur or the necessity of the moment. She received the compliments of the count with an ambiguous smile, and turned things over rapidly in her own mind as she did so.

"There is nothing to expect from M. de Beaupré—nothing. He would sell his daughter for a bay mare, and his soul for a fox's tail. To talk 'good' to poor Flavia would be the very way to drive the girl to some imprudent act or other. My boy must know nothing; for, with the education I have given him (and perhaps I over-did it), his intervention could only be blundering, or perhaps dangerous. There remains, then, only this man to whom I can address myself, and why should not I do it?"

The resolution of this plucky old lady was formed.

"Monsieur de Choisy," said she, cutting short his hypocritical small-talk, "I am very glad of an opportunity of speaking to you without reserve. I want your opinion upon a matter of which, perhaps, I am myself—as a country-bred lady, as a woman of many prejudices, and as what the world calls 'a saint'—too severe a judge. The opinion of a man like you, whose fault would not, I suppose, be any

leaning towards undue rigour, would put me very much at ease if it should happen to agree with mine."

"Confound the old fool!" thought the count; "does she take me for a casuist, or a father confessor? What can I do for her, I wonder?" Then, aloud, "Yes, madame, I should be most happy"—speaking very respectfully—"but I really fear that, in consulting me, you pay an undeserved compliment to my judgment."

"What should you think," resumed the marchioness, gravely, "of a man who, after introducing himself into a family under the disguise of friendship, abused the confidence he had inspired, and returned the hospitality accorded to him by an act of treason as base as it was coldly calculated and planned?"

"Hit!" thought Choisy, whose countenance, however, showed no trace of embarrassment. "Madame," said he, "the case you put is one that occurs so frequently in common life, that, in order to be in a fair position for judging of it, a man ought to be himself above reproach. Unhappily, that is not my position. As you have yourself suggested, severity would not sit well upon me. Allow me to decline giving a verdict. I have enough to do in answering the reproaches of my own conscience, without meddling with the sins of other people."

"I do not ask you to pass out of the circle in which your own conscience is rightful judge," replied the marchioness, with imperturbable coldness; "on the contrary, I propose to be present while you perform an act of self-examination. Suppose, for a moment, that *you* were the man of whom I spoke."

"I, madame!"

"You, sir. Do not contradict me, pray, for that would only be giving me, quite idly, a bad opinion of your penetration, when you have already given me reason to put in doubt the nobleness of your heart. Come—I will go straight to my mark. For six months past you have been doing your best to interest Madame de Luscourt——"

"Can you believe——"

"Please listen. I am an old woman, not at all learned in the arts of worldly intrigue. You are a man of great cleverness and consummate address. The advantage is all on your side, no doubt; but I warn you not to rely too much upon that circumstance. There are certain matters in which women never grow old, and very rarely make mistakes; so I will repeat it—your conduct during the last six months has had a certain object, an object from which you have not turned away your eyes for a single day. Have I read you rightly? Do you dare to tell me that I am deceived?"

Under this vigorous and pointed examination, with the steady fire of the keen, clear eye of the marchioness bent upon him, the count perceived that evasion and denial were out of the question. On the other hand, he was too proud to play the part of a schoolboy who flits to escape the cane, especially before this lean little old dowager. So he said, with perfect assurance—

"As you insist upon my being frank, madame, I will avow, however strangely such a statement may sound in your ears, that I do love Madame de Luscourt."

"She cannot hear you, sir, so your impassioned accent is quite unnecessary. But now permit me to resume my examination. Dare you tell me, your conscience listening, that you really do love my daughter-in-law?"

"It certainly seems to me, madame, that this avowal on my part is sufficiently out of the common to be believed."

"Then I will grant your sincerity, though at first, allow me to say, I was little disposed to admit it. And now I must help you to read your own heart better than you have yourself done, up to this day. Forget that I am Madame de Luscourt's mother-in-law, and we will speak of this matter as if neither of us had any interest in it. I could understand very well a passion in this case which could plead in excuse extreme youth, inexperience, or want of discernment; but at your age, M. de Choisy, with your knowledge of the world, your large experience, and your natural intelligence, how can I believe it possible that you should be the dupe of your own feelings in this way? *You are not in love*, I tell you; it is your vanity, and not your heart, which is playing this game. If I am to believe all I hear, you have more than one reason to be tired of Parisian conquests; and, that being so, Madame de Luscourt, being very young and very pretty, and just 'coming out' fresh from a country village, strikes you as offering a capital chance to break the monotony of your career."

"Good Heaven! my dear marchioness!" cried the middle-aged scoundrel, "what a hateful part you are supposing me to play!"

"Yes, I think it very hateful, and I want to induce you to share my opinion, sir. You see I have unravelled your plans; there is no need, I fancy, to explain to you my own. In me you will always find a watchful and an unwearied antagonist. I am not, just now, a pious, virtuous lady who, out of the disinterested love of goodness, takes the part of outraged morality. I am a mother, watching over the honour of her child, which, let me tell you, is a thousand times more precious to her than her own life. Do we, then, understand one another? I look upon you as an enemy, and forewarn you that I am certain of my own defences, and always on the look-out. Now, then, will you, too, be candid, and tell me what you hope to gain?"

"I respect Madame de Luscourt too much ever to have hoped to gain anything," said the count, in a tone somewhat less careless than usual with him.

"That is well said, and I take due note of it," replied the lady, with some warmth. "Thus, then, you recognise that hope on your part would be an insult—an outrage. But what then? What do you mean to do? For I am not going to believe you capable of the utterly disinterested woman-worship of the old chivalric times."

Instead of answering this appeal, M. de Choisy smiled, with an awkwardness which only half-concealed his evident embarrassment.

"See," resumed Madame de Gardagne, pressing home her logic—"see how thoroughly bad your cause is! You cannot say a single word in your defence which does not immediately turn against you! However, I am obliged to you for your good opinion of my daughter-in-law. I would never have forgiven you for thinking ill of her. Madame de Luscourt is a lady of intelligence—full of soul, and full of honour; with very good judgment, notwithstanding her youth and inexperience, and even with sense enough to take the place of that knowledge of the world which may yet be wanting to her. I have never suspected her; so do not attribute to doubts, at which she might justly be offended, the course which I am now adopting. You know better than I do that the world's judgments are often so wide of the mark, that it is scarcely possible to take too much pains to ward them off. It is not enough that one should be really irreproachable—one must take care that appearances are above criticism; in a word, if I were not afraid you would accuse me of pedantry, I would say that Cæsar's wife should be above suspicion."



"Capital!" thought the count; "here we are in ancient history. What is the good of arguing with this pious old matron, who takes her imbecile son for a Cæsar?"

The marchioness paused for a moment, as if to give her interlocutor time to reply. Seeing that he still kept silence, she resumed, in a milder tone of voice, and with a smile which age had not entirely robbed of its charm—

"A long sermon, is it not? I have no doubt you are tired, being so little accustomed to the like. Confess, now, that you hate me worse than anybody else you know. But I do not want to leave you in that frame of mind, for, old as I am, I have a little of the coquette in me, and I am anxious that you should not hate me too much. Let us see, my dear sir, if we cannot remain friends. If I have thought myself entitled to deny the reality of your passion, I have never thrown a doubt on your honour. One word from you would set my mind at ease, and put an end to this painful discussion. I earnestly implore you to speak that word! Come, let me see that, after all, you have, as I would fain believe you had, a nature capable of noble impulses. The good opinion of a woman of my age is not, I am aware, a handsome reward to offer for the generous conduct which I expect from you; but recollect that you have just confessed that you have not a chance or a hope. Why should you prefer the humiliation of a checkmate to the credit of a little self-sacrifice?"

While the marchioness was delivering this appeal with considerable emotion, Choisy had been playing with one of the buttons of his waistcoat. Inwardly burning with rage, he said to himself, "It is written that these old women shall always be fatal to conquerors. It is clear that I am dead beaten, and that an honourable retreat is all that is left to me." Throwing as much feeling as he could into his voice, he said—

"It is not in vain, madame, that you have made an appeal to my honour. You have judged me rather harshly in attributing my conduct to cold-blooded calculation, instead of to the blind excitement of a real passion; but, as my misdeeds have not been any the less real, I have no right to complain. Confessing my fault is equal to saying that I am ready to make amends for it. If I have failed in guarding myself against the influence of feelings which were much more real than you imagine, you will find I shall have the courage necessary for self-conquest, and that I shall not any longer disturb your peace of mind. Speak, then, madame; whatever your commands may be, I swear to obey them."

"Very good, Monsieur de Choisy," said the marchioness, with much warmth; "that is talking like a gentleman. I am happy to find that I did not think too highly of you—very happy."

"Well, what are your commands?" said the count, concealing, as well as he could, under a smile of resignation, his keen sense of his discomfiture. "Am I to go into exile?—if so, name the place, and I am there—Italy, Germany, England—wherever you please. Or would you rather I fell ill, and went, under pretence of taking the waters, to eat my bread at Hières?"

"I give you full credit," replied the marchioness, laughing, "for capacity to play any part you choose to adopt; but really you look too well to pass for a consumptive gentleman. Moreover, I do not at all wish to derange any of your plans or projects. I have your word; I believe in it; that is sufficient. I have, therefore, no commands to give you. I do not even ask that you should see us less

frequently ; indeed, too abrupt a change in your relations with us all might be awkward, and attract notice. But there is a certain self-restraint and moderation in your attentions which you can easily manage if you set about it with a real goodwill, without my prescribing any particular line of conduct for you to pursue. Be sure, my dear count, that what now appears so disagreeable in the working-out will one day prove a source of unmixed satisfaction to you in looking back upon it, and then you will thank me for what I have done. In the meantime, I excuse you for owing me a little grudge, for, of course, I do not expect to bring about your conversion all at once."

The middle-aged gallant rose.

"Madame," said he, with an air of veneration, "if ever I want a wife, I will ask your ladyship to dip for me in the matrimonial lottery."

"You think mine a lucky hand, do you?" said Flavia's mother-in-law, with the mild malice inspired by success.

"Oh, madame, have I deserved this raillery?"

"No, no—I am naughty. You have been so good that I should be cruel to wound you even by a word ; but you must excuse my gaiety, for it is of your own making. So let us be indulgent to each other, and part friends."

M. de Choisy bent low over the hand which the marchioness held out to him, and kissed it with a respectful gallantry to which she was not insensible, in spite of the double ice-coating of years and of rigorous habits.

"*Au revoir*," said she, with a soft and half-rejuvenated voice. "Go in peace, and sin no more."

With a second bow, worthy of the fine old courtly days, the count took his departure. As he came into the dining-room, he saw Madame de Luscourt seated and motionless ; but it was plain that she had not long ago been moving, for her dress was yet alive and undulating. At this spectacle the new convert to virtue shut the door and advanced quickly to the young wife, who held herself aloof, with flashing eyes and carnation brows. With a movement which was too rapid to admit of resistance, he took her hand, opened it, and slipped into it another letter. As an experienced man in love affairs, Choisy did not think much of the letter system, dear as it is to the mere apprentices of the art of winning women's hearts ; but he was also fully aware that, if you have once begun the letter system, you must not stop short in it—because, in love letters, quality goes for less than quantity.

For a moment the young lady stood startled and motionless. Then the crimson of her cheeks glowed deeper, and, without uttering a word, but with a vehemence of gesture which bespoke the depth of her anger, she flung the letter down upon the carpet. The count did even make a show of stooping to pick it up ; forced to beat a retreat by the sudden appearance of one of the servants, who just then came in, he slipped off with incomparable nonchalance, made his bow after having opened the door, and at last disappeared with a smile upon his lips, having observed that Madame de Luscourt had put one of her feet upon the letter.

The middle-aged lover being gone, Flavia sent away the servant, picked up the letter, and dashed into the drawing-room in a fury.

"What is the matter, my dear?" said Madame de Gardagne. "You quite startle me with the expression of your eyes."

"I am going to confess a crime for which I expect you will forgive me," said the young wife, hurriedly. "I was at that door all the time, and heard every word."

The marchioness accepted this new complication without appearing put out of the way.

"You, no doubt, heard things which didn't please you," said she, "which may, perhaps, prevent your listening at doors another time."

"I learned," said Madame de Luscourt, carried away by her feelings, "that I have in you the best and most indulgent of mothers."

"Let that pass, my dear child," said the marchioness, speaking with almost the tenderness of a mother indeed—"let it pass. God be thanked, we have none of us failed in our duties; and I hope *he* will do his, for I really think he is honest."

"Here is a proof of his honesty," cried Flavia, with a quivering voice, handing to her mother-in-law the letter just given her by the count.

The old marchioness started from her chair, while her eyes lit up in a moment with mingled joy and anger.

"He was deceiving me all the time, then!" said she. "Surely you cannot now help condemning and despising him?"

"I *hate* him!" replied Madame de Luscourt, becoming more excited every moment. "I have been thoughtless, and giddy, and coquettish; but I have never given him the least right to insult me thus. He *forced* me to take this letter. I assure you it is the first he ever wrote to me, and you see I have not read it."

"The *second*, my dear!" said Madame de Gardagne, holding up the previous note; "and I have not been so good as you. I *have* read this."

Flavia could not help dropping her eyes at finding her mother-in-law so marvellously well-informed; but she thanked Heaven for sending her such a help to her native virtue.

The marchioness now took up the two missives between the thumb and forefinger, and prepared to throw them into the fire. But Flavia stopped her by seizing her arm.

"If you burn them he will fancy that I have read them, and keep them."

"Right, my dear; but *you* must not return them—I will do it myself."

So saying, Madame de Gardagne put the two guilty letters back into her own pocket, and, seating her daughter-in-law at her side, poured out, in that warm, sweet language of the heart which women can so well command when they please, the wisest and kindest counsels. The result was that she obtained from Flavia a response as gratifying to a maternal heart as it was almost unexpected.

"Let us go back to Luscourt instantly, mamma. Paris sickens me—it is a scene of perfidy and dissipation. I want rest—I want quiet—I want solitude. Take me away from this whirlpool of a place, and let me steady my head. I shall get better when I am once alone with papa, and you, and Maximus, who so genuinely love me!"

"Well, yes, my dear, we'll leave directly, if you wish it," said the marchioness, too wise not to adopt at once this suggestion, which prudence alone had kept her back from making herself.

## STUDIES IN BOTANY.

## III.—THE ROOT.

"Who would have thought my shrivell'd heart  
 Could have recover'd greenness? It was gone  
 Quite under ground, as flow'rs depart  
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown;  
 Where they, together, all the hard weather,  
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown."—HERBERT.

**DEVELOPMENT OF THE ROOT.**—The mother-root, so quaintly alluded to by the poet, does not always keep house quite under ground. Sometimes she disdains to touch the earth, and either dwells in the water or passes her life in the open air; but, wherever her home may be, her maternal instinct impels her to provide food for her numerous progeny of flowers and leaves. Sometimes she retains a large share of nutriment for herself, and grows terribly fat upon it, but more frequently we find her reduced to a mere skeleton by constant worry and anxiety. We might carry on this strain of personification through any number of pages, but, though it might possibly be amusing, it would certainly not be instructive. We will, therefore, forego further indulgence in figures of speech, and proceed to the serious examination of our subject.

The root, as we have already stated, is that portion of the axis of the plant which passes at its first development in an opposite direction to the stem; hence it has been termed the *descending axis*. The extension of this organ is effected by the addition of new matter, not at its base, or point of junction with the stem, but at that portion which adjoins the apex. To make our readers fully understand this mode of growth, which is common to all true roots, we cite the following passage from a recent paper by one of our best botanists:—"Up to the time of Schleiden, the manner in which the root is elongated was supposed to be precisely similar to the manner in which the stem becomes extended; that is, by the addition of new matter absolutely at its apex, or point furthest from its starting-point; but this distinguished observer discovered and called attention to a peculiarity in the growth of the root, having for its object the especial protection of this organ. The root, like all other parts of the plant, first appears as a little leaf or eminence, in which form it may readily be seen in the seed of the oak (the common acorn). Instead, however, of new matter being heaped upon this original eminence, as in the case of the stem, the deposition of material takes place immediately beneath the matter forming this original eminence, this matter being constantly carried forward as a kind of cap or sheath to the apex of the root, for the purpose of protecting it while piercing through the soil." The part immediately behind this little papilla of first-formed matter is, consequently, always the youngest part of the root, just as its extreme summit is always the youngest part of the stem.

Roots are usually subterranean, but some merely float in water, and others hang loosely in the air. They have no leaves, and generally no buds, and they appear to divide and subdivide irregularly, unlike stems, which always ramify in a symmetrical manner.

**DIFFERENT KINDS OF ROOTS.**—There are two classes of roots, called *primary* and *secondary*, or *true* and *adventitious*. The primary root is produced by the direct elongation of the radicle of the embryo in the way we have just described. The next where the stem and primary root unite is termed the *collum*, or *neck*;

the portion of the organ adjoining this is the *base*, and the opposite extremity the *apex*. The secondary root does not proceed from any definite point, and its development may be said to depend upon favourable external circumstances. The branches of a primary root, and the roots produced from the different modifications of the stem—as the rhizome, the sucker, and the runner—are all of the secondary class. These are subterranean; but there are others developed from plants in the air, and which are accordingly called *aërial roots*. The simplest forms of such roots are seen in the Ivy and other climbers. These do not help to nourish the plants—which are provided with ordinary subterranean roots—but merely afford them the means of clinging to different supports.

In certain plants, however, such as the Banyan or Indian Fig and the Mangrove Tree, the aërial roots which are given off by the branches or stems descend to the ground, and, fixing themselves there, not only act as supports, but also assist the true roots in obtaining nourishment. Many of the Orchids produce only aërial roots which obtain all the food required by the plants from the air. Parasites, again, like the Mistletoe and the Dodder Plant, instead of throwing out their roots into the air and deriving nourishment from it, as is the case with the air-plants, send them into the tissues of the plants on which they grow, and feed luxuriously upon the sap.

According to the duration of their existence, all roots have been divided into *annual*, *biennial*, and *perennial*. Annual roots are produced by those plants which spring from seed, flower, and die in the space of one year, as the Oat and the Balsam. Biennial roots are those of plants which live two years, as the Carrot and the Turnip. Perennial roots are those of plants which live for many years. In some such plants as the Dahlia and the Orchis the roots are the only perennial portions, the stems dying every year.

**FORMS OF ROOTS.**—When the central axis of a plant goes deep into the ground without dividing, a *tap-root* is produced. The root of the common Stock illustrates this generic form.

The *conical* root may be described as tap-root rather broad at the base and tapering towards the apex. The roots of the Horse-radish, Parsnip, and Carrot are familiar examples.

The *fusiform* or *spindle-shaped* root is another variety of the first-mentioned root. It swells out a little below the base, and tapers upwards and downwards. It is seen in the common Radish.

The *napiform* or *turnip-shaped* root has a globular form, being much swollen at the base. The common Turnip is the type of this form of root.

When the tap-root, instead of descending in a direct line, takes a crooked course, it is said to be *contorted* or *twisted*, as in the Bistort; and when it ends abruptly, as though bitten off, it is termed a *truncated* or *præmorse* root, which is illustrated in the Devil's-bit Scabious.

When the descending axis is very short and at once divides into slender branches or rootlets, the root is *fibrous*, as in many of the Grasses. When the branches are short and fleshy the root is said to be *fasciculated*, as in the Dahlia; and when some of these divisions are so swollen as to become egg-shaped, the root is *tuberculated*, as in many Orchids and the Jalap Plant. To roots which are expanded only at certain points the terms *nodulose*, *annulated*, and *necklace-shaped* have been applied. There are a few other forms which have received

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### DECEMBER.



LET us throw another log upon the fire, and draw our chairs yet closer around the glowing hearth, for December—King Winter's hoary herald—proclaims that the monarch is approaching with rapid strides to demand admittance at our gates, and admonishes us to lose no time in beginning to make preparations for his reception—counsel which it will be only prudent to follow; for, though his Majesty does not exhibit an unkindly disposition to such as duly honour him by the attention they pay to the quality and quantity of the apparel in which they present themselves to him in his progresses, he is apt to follow the example of the Virgin Queen, and to assume a freezing demeanour towards those who are forgetful or careless in this or in other similarly important matters of etiquette. So far good; and be it confessed that Winter stands high in our favour, inasmuch as our happiest days have been passed when he was dominant; and, as he has never done us any harm which a judicious application of camphor-ball could not remedy, we have had no occasion to assign him any other position; but truth will out, and it must be acknowledged that he is by no means a general favourite, and that, if Spring were to usurp his place to-morrow, he would be no veracious chronicler who should affirm that he was “universally regretted.” No: he has too little delicacy of feeling: he seems to delight in making the poor man feel his poverty, in making the valetudinarian aware of his frailty, and even in exerting a sort of tyranny over Nature's children in a way which must be particularly galling to the good old dame herself. In short Winter is a bit of a bully, and in consequence he always attacks those who are least able to cope with him. He cannot “stand fire,” and he has an undoubted respect for persons clothed in soft raiment, wherefore Dives replenishes his grates, provides himself with a liberal stock of calefacient garments, and defies him; whilst ragged Lazarus trembles at his approach, knowing, as he does, that a threadbare coat does not command the pity of hibernal storms, and that the ruthless wind will whistle derisively and unforbidden through the cracks and crannies of his hovel walls. Then must Charity go forth with her healing balm, to distribute among God's poor the many useful articles which thoughtful heads and busy hands have made ready for this juncture; for, although Winter seems to have tried to creep upon us un-awares, through November fogs and such-like mysterious aids to concealment, we have had numerous warnings of his coming, and have made our preparations accordingly. When the russet leaves blew hither and thither we knew that it was the rapid sweep of his garments which made them fly along his path. When the little brooks (like children who are afraid of unseen terrors) sank deep into their beds and hid themselves under the sheets—of ice—we felt that he was passing by, and that he was very nigh at hand when the trees decked their delicate arms with priceless frost jewels, and Earth spread a matchless carpet of dazzling snow in his honour. We read the signs of the times—we remember that

———“We are of one flesh after all,  
And need one flannel, with proper sense of difference  
In the quality;”

and feel assured that the comforts and requirements of our poorer brethren at this season (ay, and at every other) shall not go uncared for by any, least of all by our ENGLISHWOMEN.

The 1st of December, 1861, is the first festival of the ecclesiastical year, as on it commences that

series of four Sundays called *Advent*, wherein our thoughts are particularly directed to the *coming* of Christ in the flesh and to His final *coming* when He shall judge the quick and the dead. It has been beautifully observed that the Church "neither follows the course of sun or moon to number her days and nights according to their revolution; but Jesus Christ being to her as the only Sun and Light whereby she is guided, she follows His course alone, beginning and ending her year with His. When this Sun of Righteousness therefore doth arise, that is, when His first coming and incarnation is prebounced to us, then begins the year of the Church, and from thence are all her other days and times computed."

*St. Nicholas* (December 6th), Bishop of Thyra in the fourth century, was a native of Patara, in Asia Minor. His great humanity and childlike disposition have caused him to be considered the patron saint of youth, and a singular story is told of his having restored vitality to two of his juvenile votaries, ordered by a cruel innkeeper, who had taken the precaution of preserving (or rather pickling) their dismembered bodies in a strong solution of brine. In America, children suspend their stockings at bedtime on Christmas Eve, and awake next morning to find them transformed into perfect cornucopias, being filled with various little presents, for which thanks are returned to the beneficent Santa Claus (St. Nicholas), whereas, as may be easily conceived, the gratitude is due to parents or to other good-natured individuals who take a pleasure in promoting the enjoyment of young people.

England was formerly made gay at this season by the installation of boy bishops—a curious ceremony observed at most, if not all, of the collegiate churches throughout the kingdom. In these times anything calculated to throw ridicule on ecclesiastical offices militates at once against our better feeling, and we are sure that any custom which tended to such an end would not be suffered to exist. The shades of our ancestors must, therefore, pardon us if we express some surprise that their choristers should have been permitted to make an annual selection of one of their number, who was allowed to act the bishop and to perform all his sacred functions for some three-and-twenty days, without the indignation of the community being excited at the mere idea of so profane a burlesque. According to Strutt, it was not until the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth's reign that people began to discover that for children to be "strangelie decked and apparyled to counterfeit priests, bishops, and women, and so ledde with songs and dances from house to house, blessing the people and gathering of money;" that for boys to "singe masse and preache in the pulpits, with such other unfittinge and inconvenient usages . . . tend rather to derysion than enie true glorie to God or to the honor of his sayntes." These festivals were not wholly discontinued until after the death of Queen Mary. If the pseudo-bishop died during his days of office, he was interred with all the state observed at the funerals of true prelates; and visitors to Salisbury Cathedral should not fail to inspect a monument erected to the memory of one of these mummers, on which he is represented attired in all the episcopal robes.

The 8th of December was set apart for the celebration of the feast of the *Conception of the Virgin Mary*, supposed to have been instituted by Anselm towards the end of the eleventh century.

*St. Lucy* (December 13th) was born of noble parents in the island of Sicily, and being instructed in the tenets of Christianity by her mother, Eutychia, became convinced that she could do more good in her day and generation by devoting her time and riches to the cause of charity than by becoming the wife of a Syracusan youth who had solicited her in marriage. She, therefore, refused to listen to his suit, and, on being asked "the reason why," stated her intention of leading a life of celibacy, and so incensed her lover by the expression of this provoking determination that he resolved to soothe his disappointment by denouncing her to Paschasius, the governor,\* who exhibited his hatred of Christianity, or, perhaps, rather his love of cruelty, by tearing St. Lucy's body with red-hot pincers, and by otherwise maltreating her, so that she died in consequence, A.D. 304.

The two words, *O Sapientia*, which we find in the calendar for December 16th, are the beginning of an anthem which was formerly sung on this day in anticipation of the approaching Birth of Christ—an event which is supposed to have such influence over all things material and spiritual, that, as Marcellus affirms—

---

\* Meaning thereby a governor appointed by the State. Lucy's father died when she was yet in infancy.

"Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long,  
 And then they say no spirit dares stir abroad.  
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike;  
 No fairy takes; no witch hath power to charm—  
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Those nocturnal songsters the waits are now in full feather, and in some parts of England pleasantly dissipate our slumbers by the performance of those well-known carols which from association we have all learned to love; and we think it is to be regretted that the Jenny Lind Polka, Bonny Dundee, and similar melodies, should be so frequently substituted for the ancient and considerably more edifying strains which heralded the approach of the Christmas season in days of yore. Why should the "music on the midnight" remind us of whirling Terpsichore and of the twaddle we talked during that "just one more polka," to indulge in which a reluctant permission was wrung from a sleepy paterfamilias at a very small hour in the morning? or why should Scotch airs disturb our dreams, and almost exasperate us into exclaiming, with "the provost, dounce man?"

—"Just e'en let it be,  
 For the toon were well rid o' that deil o' Dundee?"

Granted that waits do not particularly distress themselves on the score of time or tune—granted that nasal tones predominate, that poor letter *h* is either ignored or employed as a sort of *avant-garde* to vowels which are perfectly capable of doing without it; and that, in short, as M. Esquiros has it, "L'exécution est ce que les Anglais appellent moyenne—*midling*;" as long as the performers hold to time-hallowed carols we will hold to them, and "remember" them without fail; but only let them indulge in those new-fangled musical devices which they are not able to perform in any style which does not vividly remind us of the air which caused the demise of the elderly animal of the bovine tribe, and, as the phrase goes, they shall never see the colour of our money.

St. Thomas (December 21st) was one of the twelve disciples of Our Lord, and it is probable that he, like several of his companions, was a Galilean by birth, and also that he followed the occupation of a fisherman before he was called to fulfil higher duties. He ministered in Parthia, and extended his travels to India, where many of his converts formed themselves into a sect, called themselves by his name, and in after-times refused to acknowledge the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. Thomas was murdered near Malspur by some barbarians, who were fearful that the progress of the new religion might affect their temporal welfare. St. Thomas's, or "Mump-ing Day," as it is called in Lincolnshire, is employed by women and children nearly all over England in attempting to excite the eleemosynary sympathies of the "well-to-do." At Harvington, in Worcestershire, the burden of the song is—

"Wissal wassail through the town,  
 If you've got any apples throw them down;  
 Up with the stocking and down with the shoe,  
 If you've got no apples money will do—  
 The jug is white and the ale is brown,  
 This is the best house in the town."

No doubt it is for some good reason that there is truth in the old rhyme—

"St. Thomas grey! St. Thomas grey!  
 The longest night and the shortest day!"

We feel sure that our readers would deem themselves insulted did we think it necessary to tell them what great festival we celebrate on the 25th of this month, or to dwell too long on the customs and observances which are peculiar to it, and to the holy eve by which it is preceded. There is no mistaking the season or the occasion when the coral-berried holly is borne into our dwellings, and the pearl-studded mistletoe is hung—wherefore *non mi ricordo*—over sundry doorways, and in other lofty situations. Surely there is but one time of the year when the atmosphere is so redolent of plum-pudding, and the butchers find so ready a sale for the national roasting beef—when the old forget their spectacles and wrinkles, and feel almost young again—when the children seem doubly joyous, and clear voices hymn through the frosty:



"God bless you, merry gentlemen,  
Let nothing you dismay—  
Remember Christ our Saviour  
Was born on *Christmas Day*."

As we listen, are we not ready to pray, in the solemn words of the quaint old Scotch carol—

"O my deir Hert, zounge Jesus sweit,  
Prepare thy Credail in my Spriet;  
And I will rock Thee in my Hert,  
And never mair from Thee depart?"

This is, without doubt, a happy season throughout Christendom; but we cannot help thinking that it is more especially so in our own land; for, as a French author very justly observes, "*L'Anglais se montre en tout un peuple traditionnel, pour lui c'est surtout la coutume qui est sainte,*" and thus it is that we take a pride in preserving, in their integrity, all the laudable Christmas customs of our ancestors; and we are sure that the way in which the modern John Bull celebrates this festival is, in Yankee phraseology, "a caution" to any who would insinuate that ours is no longer "*ye merrie Englande*" it was of old. We only know that, when we wish our readers A MERRY CHRISTMAS, we have no misgivings as to the realisation of our desires.\*

*St. Stephen* (December 26th), the protomartyr, is appropriately commemorated the day after that on which we rejoice around the cradle of Him in whose cause he suffered. The circumstances of his death are so well known that we shall not linger to narrate the facts which are so simply, and yet so touchingly, set forth in the 7th chapter of the Acts, but proceed to speak of

*St. John the Evangelist* (December 27th), "that disciple whom Jesus loved," and whose gentleness of character, and constancy to the Master in His hour of trial, have the strongest claims upon our admiration. To him the dying Saviour committed the charge of the Blessed Virgin—to him was made the wonderful Revelation of the things which should be in the latter days—to him was granted unusual length of years, and a marvellous power of escaping unhurt from the deadly snares in which his enemies sought his destruction. The vindictive Domitian, perceiving that the Divine arm was stretched over John, and that all his efforts to deprive him of life were wholly unavailing, banished him to the Isle of Patmos, whence, however, he was recalled by Nerva, and it is believed that the saint died in peace at Ephesus, being nearly 100 years of age.

*Holy Innocents', or Childermas Day* (December 28th) was instituted in remembrance of the Herodian massacre of infants, when "was fulfilled that which was spoken by Jeremy the prophet, saying, In Rama was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning, Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted because they are not." Prayers were long offered for the repose of the souls of these slaughtered babes, and we are told of an uncomfortable custom which prevailed of flagellating juveniles on the morning of this day, that, according to Gregory, "the memorial of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and so, in a moderate proportion, to act over the cruelty again in kinde."

December the 31st is dedicated to *St. Silvester*, a Bishop of Rome who died in 335. The day, however, chiefly commends itself to our notice as being the last of the old year. The curtain has risen upon "the last act of its eventful history;" it will soon fall, and then will the great drama of 1861 be withdrawn for ever. Solemn thoughts now crowd upon our brain as we look down the vista of the past and see the shadowy forms of those who walk with us no more—as we turn towards the shrouded image of the future, and with our finite glance attempt to discern that which the Infinite has hidden from our view—our weal and woe in the days which are to come. But no, we may not see! We must wait until Time himself rolls back the veil. Yet let us *hope* for the best, and as the wild bells

"Ring out the old—ring in the new,"

let us greet the coming year with gladness, though some sorrow be intermingled with our farewell of that which is no more.

ST. SWITHIN.

We regret that our space prohibits us from entering upon the almost inexhaustible subject of Christmas customs which are "not generally known." Our readers will gain much interesting information from an article in Beeton's "Annual," for 1860, also from other sources too numerous to be named.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

WITH "the publishing season" has fairly set in, and books of more or less real mark have become comparatively numerous, it is not an easy task to say which is the Book of the Month. The present month has many books, and before our Magazine is in the hands of our readers it will have many more. At present, we think that, on the whole, the place of honour in a lady's magazine is due to the last novel of Miss Yonge—*The Young Step-Mother; or, A Chronicle of Mistakes*. (Parker.) But this book is, on the one hand, so absolutely destitute of plot that it is difficult to give any detailed account of it; and, on the other, so full, and so very discursively full, of matter, that it would be easy to write about it an absolutely interminable essay—an essay which should take in all conceivable questions of morality and religion, and be found, we fear, rather dull by our readers, however carefully it might be written.

The scope of the book is explained by the quotation, on the title-page, from a poem of Miss Proctor's—

"Fail—yet rejoice, because no less  
The failure that makes thy distress  
May teach another full success.

"Nor with thy share of work be vex'd,  
Though incomplete and even perplex'd,  
It fits exactly to the next"

—a lesson, or "moral," which is more fully expounded in the clear, tender prose of the accomplished authoress towards the close of the book:—"It is more than man can hope or expect, to make no blunders; but I do verily believe that while an earnest will saves us, by God's grace, from wilful sins, the effects of the inadvertencies that teach us our secret faults will not be fatal; and while we are indeed honestly and faithfully doing our best, though we are truly unprofitable servants, that our lapses through infirmity will be compensated, both in the training of our own character and the results upon others." This is, of course, an old story. We have nothing to do with results, except in the use of consequences as guides to what is right. When we have looked at them carefully, and made up our minds what is best, we have nothing to do but to carry out the opinion we have formed. If it should prove to have been founded on a miscalculation, we have still been in the right—for he does right who thinks he does right. Moral discussions are often puzzled by a confusion of terms. Right has two meanings. You always do right when you obey your conscience, although your conscience may be wrong. To get harmony out of this superficial contradiction is the business of God himself, who will (we may be sure, both *a priori*, and from observation of life) not neglect it. This moral is enforced, after the well-known manner of the authoress of the "Hoir of Redclyffe," by a process of "stippling," carried through with grace, tenderness, and elevation of tone. There is, we repeat, no plot in the book; it is as if

one took up the history of the family of an English gentleman on the Monday morning, and carried it through the week, faithfully telling every incident of the domestic life, and making characters and things yield reflected morals to each other. All this is done with such a fine intelligence, so tenderly and skilfully used, in the light of a sweet, clear conscience, that one cannot help being in love with life even at the most painful passages in the story.

Albinia, the "heroine," a young lady of much energy, much affection, and a good deal of "spirit" (which sometimes takes the shape of wilfulness of temper), is introduced to us as making a blunder in starting in life—a blunder, that is, in the esteem of all her friends. That blunder is accepting the hand of Mr. Kendal, a widower of from thirty-five to thirty-eight, with a family of young children by his first wife, whom he had tenderly loved, though she was rather an empty person. Her death, and the death of several babes, has left the poor gentleman in a condition of such melancholy flaccidity of soul, that it seems a thousand pities when a young woman, fresh and bright, with a virgin heart and full of blooming and vigorous life, is married to him. The prospect of her having to rear two families side by side does not lessen the apparent mischief, especially as she has, confessedly, a quick temper. This feature plays a not unimportant part in the story, for many little difficulties arise in which Albinia would have acted with more energy if she had not been haunted by the fear that she might be indulging "temper."

The difficulties which present themselves to the young wife may be easily classified. There is the husband, there are the children, there are the first wife's relatives, and there are the people of the neighbourhood, who are mostly (to use the accepted word) "snobs." The husband is a quiet, scholarly person, who frequents his "study" nearly all day, and keeps the door locked on relics of his first wife. The children are as varied as they can well be. The chief puzzles they offer for Albinia's solution lie in the respective characters of Lucy, Sophy, and Gilbert, whose twin-brother, Edmund, is dead. Lucy is a girl of much glibness, with a flimsy character, and a readiness to take the "mould of fashion," whatever it may be, which is not consistent with moral beauty. Sophy has much more energy, an exterior and manner which are not charming, and is supposed, even by her clear-sighted step-mother, to be a little idle and sulky. Gilbert is a still more difficult problem. He is tenderly affectionate, but facile and open to the influence of example and association, to a degree which makes him dangerous company for himself, and for children younger than himself. The first wife's relations are poor-spirited, talkative, fussy fools—"ladylike," and all that, after the manner of fools—but just the sort of people that make you sometimes wonder, considering how many there are of them, whether

a desert island would not be preferable to "society." Surely there is nothing more tiresome than that commonest of spectacles, a thorough-going worldliness, taking to itself the name and all the honours of "duty," and so mixed up with kindness that it seems like cruelty to unmask it to its own contempt. Fortunately for it, the job is a very difficult one. These fools—who, if the good and wise are the salt, must, we suppose, be the bread and meat of the earth—are the most impenetrable of creatures, the most happily inaccessible to moral criticism. Lastly, Albinia has to make her peace with the villagers, "gentle" and other, and win love from those who are pre-disposed to give her only suspicion. In all these directions she does wonders; but she makes mistakes, and of these "mistakes" the book is the "Chronicle." The real danger of such a situation as the young wife's is, however, not touched. The assumption is, we presume, that she *loved* her husband, in the strong sense of the word "loved;" otherwise her peril would have been the possibility of meeting some one else, when she came to know more of life, who could command her whole heart, without any reference to "duty" as a principle of action; while her husband could only claim a little love, and had to refer himself to "duty" for the remainder of his happiness. And "duty" is not equal to making happiness in married life, though it may guard the outworks of domestic bliss, and keep the peace.

The mistakes of the young wife begin with Gilbert. Attracted by his tenderness, willingness to promise, and general trustworthiness when under good influences, she places too much reliance on him. To her own boy, Maurice, he is very near playing evil genius as he grows up. He gets into indifferent company, and is rusticated at college. Finally he goes to the Crimea, and falls, wounded, in the Balaklava charge, only to recover and die of consumption, at Malta, on his way home to—

With Sophy, the blunder of Albinia is still more serious. First of all, she thinks her sullen and idle, and makes her knock about and nurse the baby, when the sequel shows that she ought to have been resting, for the poor girl has a spinal complaint of a serious character. Then, secondly, she encourages the idea of a union with one Ulick O'More, who proves not to have had any thoughts of her at all. But Sophy, who was nobler than she seemed, surmounts it all, and helps to make the girl who is really beloved of Ulick happy. But it was too cruel to give her the task of assisting in getting up the wedding *trousseau*, and reminds us of that pathetic passage in the Clerk's Tale where the discarded Griselda, after she

"Hath everie chamber arrayed, and his hall,"

is set, before the new wife comes,

"Tables for to dighte and beddes make."

However, Sophy turns out the "brick" of the story, and takes her place by the side of young Maurice, Albinia's own son, who is the favourite of the authoress.

This Maurice demands special notice, because, in the writing of so self-restraining a woman as Miss Yonge, it is curious to see how the woman's instinct runs after the little scape-grace, whose daring is, after all, only half-amiable. One cannot help believing that, if Gilbert had been as plucky as he was timid, he would have met indulgence instead of the open "scorn" with which the authoress, in the person of Albinia, treats him. She must even stoop to analyse the young fellow's behaviour at Balaklava, and say that he joined in the charge because he couldn't help it. Of course he did; would any one have joined in it by choice? This is too bad. If any woman can be just, Miss Yonge can. Maurice is a brave, fond boy, and no one can help loving him; but Gilbert deserved a better treatment than he received, and his weakness is made too contemptible.

The subsidiary characters are so numerous that we cannot even mention them. Ulick O'More is a young Celt, who is made admirably to represent Irish character at its best. Mr. Dausautoy is the clergyman—a good-natured giant, with a sickly wife, whom he loves like a baby. There is Lucy's husband, there is Ulick's wife, and no end besides. The merit of the book is the skill with which widely-differing characters are made to play into each other's hands—an atmosphere of love being thrown over all, and the impression left on the reader's mind at the end, that life is worth while, whatever "mistakes" are made, because good intentions are their own reward, if sincerely entertained and honestly worked out.

One little scene, from an early chapter in the story, will give a fair notion of the quiet sort of interest which characterises the writing. It hints at some of poor Albinia's difficulties with the children:—

"Monday had gone, or rather Albinia had been robbed of it by visitors—now for a vigorous Tuesday. Her unpacking and her setting to rights were not half over; but as the surface was habitable, she resolved to finish at her leisure, and sacrifice no more mornings of study. So after she had lingered at the door, to delight Gilbert by admiring his pony, she returned to the dining-room, where the girls were loading a small table in the window with piles of books and exercises, and Lucy was standing, looking all eagerness to show off her drawings.

"Yes, my dear, but first we had better read. I have been talking to your papa, and we have settled that on Wednesdays and Fridays we will go to church; but on these days we will begin by reading the Psalms and Lessons."

"Oh," said Lucy, "we never do that, except when we are at grandmamma's."

"Pray are you too old or too young for it?" said Albinia.

"We did it to please grandmamma," said Sophy.

"Now you will do it to please me," said Albinia, "if for no better reason. Fetch your Bibles and Prayer-books."

"We shall never have time for our studies, I assure you, mamma," objected Lucy.

"That is not your concern," said Albinia, her spirit rising at the girls' opposition. "I wish for obedience."

"Lucy went; Sophy leant against the table like a post. Albinia regretted that the first shot should have been fired for such a cause, and sat perplexing herself whether it were worse to give way, or to force the girls to read Holy Scripture in such a mood."

## THE FASHIONS.

THE materials of this season are generally of uniform and simple designs; some are striped, some checked, others dotted, and worked with small patterns. Whole colours are also much in favour, and make extremely *distingué* dresses. We have observed some elegant dresses of moire antique; some still more rich, of figured satin, *Chiné moire* antique, dotted, brocades, and velvet. The most fashionable colour in silks is the azuline blue.

Dresses continue to be trimmed at the bottom of the skirt, on the bodice, and sleeves. The form of the sleeves varies according to the taste of the dressmaker and wearer. We mention some different styles. Bodices of *négligé* dresses are plain, high, and buttoned in front—with round waist, and waistband, and double clasp of gold, steel, or enamel.

Those of demi-toilette, or of full-dress, are almost all open in front, in a pointed form, or are cut square. The most fashionable dresses are pointed back and front. Ceintures are usually worn to match the colour of the dresses, but those of black silk and velvet are still in favour, as they suit all coloured dresses.

At the fashionable *réunions*, and at the Opera, white muslin and blue moire or silk are the prevailing materials.

We observed a young lady's dress of white muslin, with four flounces, each flounce edged with two narrow rows of black velvet; the bodice open in front, in a pointed form, with a band of black lace laid round the neck, and a similar piece of lace forming a revers upon the shoulders; full sleeves, terminating in a band, trimmed also with black lace; a muslin sash, with long ends, trimmed with two rows of narrow black velvet, and a black lace edging.

A dress of blue silk had at the bottom three narrow pinked flounces; above these a large pointed festoon trimming, formed by two other little flounces.

One of turquoise blue moire antique had a berthe and large sleeves of Venetian lace; this berthe was fastened in front by a large diamond brooch, with pendants, and a diadem of diamonds for the headdress.

A dress of cerise silk was worked with a bell-shaped pattern of black silk, and ornamented with a deep flounce of cerise velvet, embroidered to match at the bottom of the dress. Above this flounce was a *ruche* separated in the middle by an insertion of embroidered velvet. This dress had two bodices; one high and close, pointed back and front, sleeves open to the elbow, trimmed to match the skirt; the other open in front, and a *draperie* terminating with a lace flounce.

A dress of maroon silk, worked with lilies in black silk, was ornamented with black velvet medallions, edged with lace, and embroidered with lilies in maroon silk. These medallions were placed at the bottom of the skirt in festoons; the bodice open, and trimmed with medallions all round, like those on the

skirt; an open sleeve, with the medallion trimming round the bottom and at the top.

The *casaque* dress is much worn, and gimp is the favourite trimming for it. One, of black corded silk, was trimmed on the front of the body and on the skirt with a double cluster of grapes with foliage in open gimp; a trimming to match was also placed on the little rounded pockets, edged with lace, and upon the revers of the large sleeves. These sleeves were gathered to the elbow, and pleated in front—the pleated and gathered parts divided by a roll of moire and a black lace edging.

A novel style of trimming consists of round-shaped pieces of silk and velvet, alternately edged with blue silk on the crossway, and placed at the bottom of a blue silk skirt. The body high and ornamented with the same trimming as the skirts placed across it, and fixed at each end with a blue button; the pockets also made with the same trimming. Two large pieces in the same form were placed on each side of the front of the skirt, commencing near the waist and descending sixteen inches. The sleeves were puffed to the elbow, pleated in front, and terminated at the bottom by a revers, upon which was placed the same trimming of velvet edged with blue silk.

The sleeves which we have already described, and a sleeve cut like that of a man's *paletôt*, are those most sure of lasting success this winter. Some plain close sleeves are made, but they are decidedly in the minority. Puffed sleeves are closed with a band sufficiently large to allow the hand to pass through; this band is either trimmed with a *ruche* or velvet, or the sleeve trimmed half-way up with a little festooned frill, and the band perfectly plain.

We saw a very graceful dress for a young lady, made of black silk, trimmed with plaid. The skirt was trimmed with three cross-way pieces of plaid silk, arranged at little distances. The sleeve was pleated top and bottom, forming folds in the middle; the revers of the plaid silk trimmed with two rows of buttons.

Another pretty dress for a young lady was of spotted muslin, trimmed at the bottom with a deep flounce, surmounted by a bouillon, and two headings of tulle upon rose-coloured ribbon; a full body, fastened in front, and trimmed round the neck with a bouillon like the skirt; the sleeves long, and the wristbands trimmed with bouillon and knots of rose-coloured ribbon, a bouillon forming an epaulette at the top of the sleeve, also terminated with a knot of the ribbon; a knot finishing the front of the collar; the *Medici* ceinture of silk to match the ribbon, and a large bow and ends in the front, falling to the bottom of the skirt.

A bride's dress, composed of white silk, was trimmed on the skirt with puffs of tulle; the sleeves were of double puffs, falling in large plaits upon the arms; the bodice was low, and surmounted with a little pointed *pelerine*,

bordered with rolls of white silk, and trimmed with English lace.

Another bride's dress was of white silk, with one deep flounce at the bottom, and a little pinked flounce ascending at each breadth. At each side of the skirt a large bow of white silk was placed upon the little flounce. The bodice was open, and cut square in the front, with a high chemisette of tulle; the sleeves were straight at the top, very large and rounded at the bottom, with a bow of white silk at the bend of the arm. The veil was of tulle, bordered with a ruche.

*Poulté de soie* and moire, plain and embroidered, are also used for brides' dresses, with large embroidered ceintures of the same material.

For walking dresses, braided cashmere, poplins, and gros de Tours. The fashionable shade is maroon, embroidered with black.

The most fashionable CLOAKS are large and round (a modification of the Talma); basquines, polonaises, and paletôts are also much worn; the burnous is still in favour.

The large cloaks are made of Australian cloth, with a border of Astracan, or with a design of braid or embroidery at each corner, and in the middle of the back. The same shapes are also made in velvet; but, on account of their large size, there are not so many made in this material as in cloth.

For young ladies the basquine or polonaise, of black Australian cloth, is most suitable; trimmed with black silk on the cross, or with bands of Astracan, braided or embroidered at each corner of the front, round the neck, and upon the seams. Those of velours de laine are trimmed the same as those of velvet, either plain or edged with Astracan or chinchilla.

The large round mantles have very large sleeves, ornamented with *quilles de passementerie*.

Large shawls of velvet, with a double flounce of lace, cloth shawls, and shawls of velours de laine, with festooned or scalloped borders all round, are much worn.

The capuchin mantle is suitable for an elegant young lady, bordered with chinchilla, or trimmed with lace or guipure and strips of velvet worked with gold.

Velvet mantles are made with a large pleat in the back, trimmed with guipure, to form a double shawl or pelerine, or rounded in a shell form. These cloaks are fastened by rich clasps or medallions of jet or of passementerie; others have a square velvet pelerine embroidered with jet and gimp to match.

The most fashionable COLLARS are of piqué, very small, high, and straight, with cuffs to match. These little collars are worn with the *Impératrice cravat*, which has become indispensable.

We have seen some PELERINES of a novel kind, for wearing over low dresses. One was pointed and high, and trimmed with three rows of black guipure.

Another, half low, was round, with a large band of black guipure in the middle.

Another, still more elegant, was of white

spotted tulle, very pointed, trimmed with two rows of blonde, one above the other, over a transparent mauve ribbon, the same trimming forming a double revers upon the chest, epaulettes upon the shoulders, and a little collarette round the throat; the sleeves to match, half-long, ornamented like the revers of the pelerine; at the bottom were two rows of blonde, with a narrow one at the top, separated by a mauve ribbon.

A FICHU, suitable for a young lady, was composed of white blonde and black lace, round at the back and square in front; a little black and white ruche round the neck, divided by a narrow velvet, and a double trimming all round the fichu. The sleeves were puffed, and separated between the black and white; and the wristband trimmed with black and white, finished with a bow of ribbon.

A pretty HEADDRESS was composed of black and white lace; the coronet formed of the lace in shell pattern all round, with a bow and short ends on the right side, and long ends on the left, with clusters of black grapes and green and gold foliage on both sides, and a cerise rose on the right.

Another headdress was a coronet of black and white lace, intermingled with little cerise velvet, round a foundation of black lace, finished by a knot of cerise velvet falling in long ends; narrow velvet to match, run upon a little veil of black lace, the sides of the veil rounded and trimmed with velvet to form a revers.

Some very peculiar BONNETS are made with a mixture of capucine and Vésuve; they are only suitable for ladies who vary their bonnets frequently. The one we describe was worn by a very elegant woman. It was of several shades of velvet, varying from bright orange to dark capucine, or almost brown. Upon the left side a bunch of feathers, and underneath the front some eglantine in velvet to match.

Feathers are the favourite ornaments for bonnets, and a style of bonnet which is becoming prevalent is a square of velvet, fastened on the front and terminating upon the crown. Bonnets are still made of mixed tulle and velvet, but the larger number are made entirely of either plain or royal velvet. We proceed to describe some of the latest novelties.

A bonnet for a young lady was composed of black quilted silk, with a *paillette* of steel upon each square; upon the side a tuft of black fruit, enveloped in gauze or lace; a curtain edged with blue (*bleuet*); and inside tuft of blue flowers in a blonde front, and blue strings.

A bonnet of white embroidered tulle, with an edge of myrtle green velvet, and a piece of green velvet piped at the edge over the front, was trimmed with a green ribbon fastened in a pleat and interlaced with a lapnet of black lace; a velvet curtain with a heading, a green feather across the front; inside a wreath of green foliage spangled with steel, a knot of black lace, a cluster of grapes, and green strings.

Another bonnet had a raised edge of white

tulle, a curtain of black velvet, lined with blue, a lappet of black lace, half-handkerchief-shaped, upon the front; underneath a bandeau of roses with foliage between two tufts of steel; inside the bonnet were tufts like those above.

Kid GLOVES of light colour, with one or two buttons, and embroidered in little squares at the back of the hand, are the most *distingué*; but, for ordinary use, cashmere, very supple and fitting well, are made in several colours, but principally in grey and maroon. Some are embroidered at the back, and finished by a little silk scorn; others, which we much prefer, have a gauntlet of plush of two shades; they are fastened underneath by a button. Grey gloves, for instance, embroidered with violet, with rows of violet and lilac plush, and fastened with a violet button, are very pretty.

For little girls, round hats are the most worn. The materials for their dresses are generally self-coloured, which are preferable to checks or fancy designs. These dresses are trimmed at the bottom of the skirt with ornaments of the same colour. The bodices, generally low, are worn with canezons or borthes of the same material, or braces over a white chemisette. The basquine, open and crossed to the side with pleats back and front, is the favourite; it is made of velvet, plaid silk, or sealskin.

A dress for a small evening party was composed of a striped green and white silk, with one flounce not very deep, and a little one above it, scalloped to the centre of each breadth. This dress was made with a low, square-cut bodice, and a chemisette of muslin with Valenciennes insertion; in the front of the bodice a pinked ruche, finished with a rosette of green and white silk. The sleeves were demi-long, plaited and draped round the arm, finished by a ruche and rosette. A ruche of black lace, forming a diadem slightly raised, was divided in front by moss-rose buds, with a steel ornament and white feather at the left side. A bunch of the same roses, forming the (*cache-peigne*) back-hair trimming, with a similar plume at the right side. A medallion of rubies, with pearls round, fastened the top of the chemisette. The bracelets were of emeralds and rubies. The kid gloves were very pale green, and the boots of black velvet; a long green and white sash was fastened at the side by a large bow.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

1. MORNING DRESS.—The hat is made of black felt, bound with velvet, and is trimmed with red and white ostrich feathers. A red net of the same colour as the feathers is worn over the hair. The Garibaldi shirt—an article that is now so much in favour—is made of very bright scarlet French merino, braided with black, and fastened down the front by black merino buttons. The shirt is made with a narrow collar, and straps on the shoulders, ornamented with braid, and a narrow black silk cravat is worn underneath the collar. The sleeves are gathered into a wristband, also braided, fastened by means of buttons and

loops. A full-sized pattern of this favourite garment appeared on the Embroidery Sheet of our Magazine for November. The skirt illustrated in our plate is made of black silk, ornamented with a band of scarlet poplin at the bottom, the pockets being trimmed with the same material. A black alpaca skirt, trimmed with scarlet French merino to match the shirt, would have a very pretty effect, and would be less expensive.

2. BALL DRESS.—The headdress consists of a bunch of small feathers placed on the top of the head, whilst the hair is arranged in frizzed curls. The feathers are fastened in the centre by a gold ornament. The dress is composed of a pretty shade of green crêpe, ornamented round the bottom with six pleated flounces. An upper skirt of white crêpe is looped over the green one, with bunches of feathers and a gold ornament in the centre of each. The body is made pointed behind and before, ornamented at the top with folds of crêpe, and finished off in the centre with a bunch of feathers. The sleeves consist of a crêpe puffing over a pleated green frill edged with white blonde; these are also ornamented with feathers to correspond with the rest of the dress. The slip, or petticoat, to be worn under the crêpe, should be made of a pretty shade of green silk, to match as nearly as possible the colour of the crêpe.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE BERLIN PATTERN. CHRISTY MINSTRELS. SLIPPER.

This slipper is worked in two colours, the figures being entirely in black and the ground in green wool. The materials required for one pair of slippers are, half-a-yard of Penelope canvass No. 40, 12 skeins of black Berlin wool, and 30 skeins of a pretty bright shade of French green. The pattern is worked in cross stitch, and, from the fact of there being so few colours used, is extremely simple and quickly executed. The colour of the grounding may be changed to scarlet, ponceau, blue, or, in fact, any bright colour the worker may like. It might also be executed in beads, the figures being still in black and the ground in white beads, threaded with scarlet cotton. The price of materials complete for one pair of slippers, in wool, is 2s. 6d., which Mrs. Wilcockson will be happy to forward on receipt of the amount in stamps, with four extra stamps for postage.

The small border near the toe of the slipper is suitable for many purposes, and would answer extremely well for gentlemen's braces or cricket belts. It may be worked in different colours to those given in the illustration, and would look very prettily executed in black and scarlet, with a blue filoselle grounding. The black stitches shown in the pattern should be of black silk, the green stitches in scarlet silk, and the grounding of bright blue silk. This border, when worked on coarser canvass, and with Berlin wool, would be very suitable for a bag, with strips of velvet or cloth inserted between them. Worked on very coarse canvass, in double wool, a pretty curtain border might be made, using colours to harmonise well with the material it is to ornament,

## COLD MEAT AND FISH COOKERY.

## CURRIED COD.

*Ingredients.*—2 slices of large cod, or the remains of any cold fish; 3 oz. of butter, 1 onion sliced, a teacupful of white stock, thickening of butter and flour, 1 tablespoonful of curry-powder,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of cream, salt and cayenne to taste.

*Mode.*—Flake the fish, and fry it of a nice brown colour with the butter and onions; put this in a stewpan, add the stock and thickening, and simmer for ten minutes. Stir the curry-powder into the cream; put it, with the seasoning, to the other ingredients; give one boil, and serve.

*Average cost*, with fresh fish, 3s.

*Seasonable*, from November to March.

*Sufficient* for 4 persons.

## MIROTON OF BEEF.

*Ingredients.*—A few slices of cold roast beef, 3 oz. of butter, salt and pepper to taste, 3 onions,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of gravy.

*Mode.*—Slice the onions and put them into a frying-pan with the cold beef and butter; place it over the fire, and keep turning and stirring the ingredients to prevent them burning. When of a pale brown, add the gravy and seasoning; let it simmer for a few minutes, and serve very hot. This dish is excellent and economical.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 6d.

*Seasonable*, at any time

## FRICASSEED CALF'S HEAD.

*An Entrée.*

*Ingredients.*—The remains of a boiled calf's head,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pint of the liquor in which the head was boiled, 1 blade of pounded mace, 1 onion minced, a bunch of savoury herbs, salt and white pepper to taste, thickening of butter and flour, the yolks of 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of lemon-juice, force meat balls.

*Mode.*—Remove all the bones from the head, and cut the meat into nice square pieces. Put  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pint of the liquor it was boiled in into a saucepan, with mace, onion, herbs, and seasoning in the above proportion; let this simmer gently for  $\frac{1}{2}$  of an hour, then strain it and put in the meat. When quite hot through, thicken the gravy with a little butter rolled in flour, and, just before dishing the fricassée, put in the beaten yolks of eggs and lemon-juice; but be particular, after these two latter ingredients are added, that the sauce does not boil, or it will curdle. Garnish with force meat balls and curled slices of broiled bacon. To insure the sauce being smooth, it is a good plan to dish the meat first, and then to add the eggs to the —; when these are set, the sauce may be poured over the meat.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 6d.

## BROILED HARE.

*A Supper or Luncheon Dish.*

*Ingredients.*—The legs and shoulders of a roast hare, cayenne and salt to taste; a little butter.

*Mode.*—Cut the legs and shoulders from a roast hare, season them highly with salt and cayenne, and broil them over a very clear fire

for 5 minutes. Dish them on a hot dish, rub over them a little cold butter, and send them to table very quickly.

*Seasonable*, from September to the end of February.

## CROQUETTES OF TURKEY.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold turkey; to every  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of meat allow 2 oz. of ham or bacon, 2 shalots, 1 oz. of butter, 1 tablespoonful of flour, the yolks of 2 eggs, egg and bread-crumbs.

*Mode.*—The smaller pieces, that will not do for a fricassée or hash, answer very well for this dish. Mince the meat finely with ham or bacon in the above proportion; make a gravy of the bones and trimmings; well season it; mince the shalots; put them into a stewpan with the butter; add the flour; mix well; then put in the mince, and about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of the gravy made from the bones. (The proportion of butter must be increased or diminished according to the quantity of mince.) When just boiled, add the yolks of two eggs; put the mixture out to cool, and then shape it in a wine-glass. Cover the croquettes with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry them a delicate brown; put small pieces of parsley-stems for stalks, and serve with rolled bacon cut very thin.

*Seasonable*, from December to February.

## FRICASSEED TURKEY.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast or boiled turkey; a strip of lemon-peel, a bunch of savoury herbs, 1 onion, pepper and salt to taste, 1 pint of water, 4 tablespoonfuls of cream, the yolk of an egg.

*Mode.*—Cut some slices from the remains of a cold turkey, and put the bones and trimmings into a stewpan, with the lemon-peel, herbs, onion, pepper, salt, and the water; stew for an hour, strain the gravy, and lay in the pieces of turkey. When warm through, add the cream and the yolk of an egg; stir it well round, and, when getting thick, take out the pieces, lay them on a hot dish, and pour the sauce over. Garnish the fricassée with sippets of toasted bread. Celery or cucumbers, cut into small pieces, may be put in the sauce; if the former, it must be boiled first.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the cold turkey, 4d.

*Seasonable*, from December to February.

## MONDAY'S PUDDING.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of a Christmas or other plum pudding, brandy, custard made with 5 eggs to every pint of milk.

*Mode.*—Cut the remains of a Christmas pudding into finger pieces, soak them in a little brandy, and lay them cross-barred in a mould until full. Make a custard with the above proportion of milk and eggs, flavouring it with nutmeg or lemon-rind; fill up the mould with it; tie it down with a cloth, and boil or steam it for an hour. Serve with a little of the custard poured over, to which has been added a tablespoonful of brandy.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the pudding, 1s.

*Sufficient* for 5 or 6 persons.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Communications arriving later than the 10th of the month preceding that of publication cannot be replied to in the forthcoming number of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*.

F. J. We think that taste is the only thing required in arranging flowers, and that hints on the subject would be of very little service.—**ANNOT LISLE**. It is quite impossible to suit every one in the selection of the Berlin patterns.—**A. LYNCH**. Directions are given at the top of each cheque.—**MARY JANE**. We shall be happy to comply with your request as soon as possible; it is an article that would please many of our subscribers.—**A. TURNER**. They should be sewn together.—**VIOLET**. Both the receipts you require will be found in "Book of Household Management."—**FULL BLOWN** (Yaxley). In meeting a gentleman the lady should always bow or speak first.—**ANNIE**. First damp the hair, then take a long hairpin and wind a piece of hair in and out, bend the ends of the hairpin back to keep it tight. If wanted directly, instead of damping, press the hair with hot tongs.—**A SUBSCRIBER**. The art of folding table-napkins will appear in some of the future numbers of "The Queen." The best substitute for basil is winter savory and bay-leaf mixed.—**CONSTANCE MART**. A beautiful pattern for the leviathan work, on very coarse canvass, and to be worked in 12-thread Berlin wool, will appear in one of the winter numbers of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*.—**A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER**. We gave in October a very pretty black silk dress in the fashion plate. We would advise our subscriber to make hers in the manner therein described.—**A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE**. We are giving receipts in this volume.—**CONTESSA** is requested to come to our aid, and send us the receipt for clearing the complexion which she was kind enough to promise our subscribers.—**M. A.** We receive contributions from various persons.—**A SUBSCRIBER**. A pattern of a Zouave jacket has appeared.—**A. E. WARTER**. Will you be good enough to send a specimen of your articles on wax flower making?—**W. E. S.** It would be impossible to have this inserted in the buff sheet, as it would be of no use to anybody else.—**ERMINIE**. To clean ermine furs, lay the fur on a table, and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until quite dry, and afterwards with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, and the dry with a piece of book muslin. The light furs, in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of book muslin, after the bran process.—**POPPY** must consult a medical man. Are you quite sure your blushing is not brought on by some mental affection? If it is, then the remedy for it, most probably, lies in your own hands.—**THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY**. The book is now completed. Perhaps in a revised edition we may be able to do what you require.—**POOR LITTLE NELLY**. Your first request has been attended to; we will attend to the second as soon as possible. In reply to your third question, "Yes."—**S. PARSONS**. We will consider this.—**ANNIE**. The stripe that appeared in last number makes a beautiful chair, with velvet inserted between the work.—**F. E. D.** The jackets that have already appeared would do very well made in a warm material.—**LIZZIE AND FRIENDS**. Nine persons out of ten don't wear high garments of this description.—**R. V.** should purchase the second number of "The Queen."—**MINNIE**. The reply to **ANNIE**, given above, is also applicable to your case. Allow one stripe for the back and three for the seat, with velvet between the work. The editress of the needlework department of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* has just had a chair mounted worked in this pattern; the effect is charming.—**E. S.** This has already appeared in the New Series.—**GARRY**. This is not at all a fashionable style of needlework.—**EVANGELINE**.

What kind of cigar-case does our subscriber want? The letters shall be inserted.—**M. F.** It is difficult to give a pattern of this description, as the making up of caps depends more on taste than anything else.

—**LAURA**. Hutton and Co. live in Newgate-street. The best way of braiding articles, not ready-traced, is to trace the pattern on tissue-paper, then to tack the paper on the material, and to braid over that. When the work is completed, the paper may be torn away.—**F. A. W.** A closed sleeve suitable for a morning dress was given in October. The price of the "Book of Household Management" is 7s. 6d. complete. Handsome cloth covers for binding the 24 parts, price 1s. 6d.—**CHARLOTTE, CAROLINE, UNA, &c.** If your names have not already appeared in the pattern-sheet, there have been several series of ornamental letters published, from any one of which you could have chosen your own name.—**JESSY**. The only plan to get at a knowledge of the newest pieces of music, operatic or otherwise, is either to take in a musical publication which keeps its readers *au courant* with the events in the musical world, or to make an industrious collection of all the catalogues of the music-publishers.—**SALLY**. Mrs. Wilcockson, of Goudge-street, Tottenham-court-road.—**H. E. HARVEY**. See the paragraph "Poor Puss" in the "Conversazione" of last month.—**H. E.** 1. You must have a licence. 2. You are liable to be fined.—**GIRSEY**. 1. Send in your cheques from May, 1861, to April, 1862, inclusive. 2. Rum and castor-oil. 3. Your writing is too sprawling.—**STELLA**. We have no opening for anything of the kind.—**JUANITA**. See our "Fashions" article. Your writing is middling.—**EMILY WESTWORTH**. Your writing is too sprawling. The pattern has appeared.—**T. M. M.** The dressing-gown will appear in due course; we would suggest a good blazing fire for a grate-apron at present. The best way to curl ostrich feathers is to hold them a short distance from the fire and shake them now and then.—**BLONDINE**. Not at present.—**WILL LA FIANCER** let us know the amount to be expended on the *trousseau*, and whether she includes dresses, bonnets, &c., as well as under-linen, and also house linen? then, perhaps, we could give her some idea of the articles that would be necessary.—**FELICIA** finds her work and does it; that work is the pretty art of illuminating. She has friends—"decayed gentlemen" [we trust that word "decayed" will be abandoned ere long: to our ears it is absolutely offensive]—who "illuminate well, and would gladly dispose of their work." **FELICIA** may send us specimens, and we will do the best we can for the industrious ladies.

Volumes I., II., and III. of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, elegantly bound in green and cloth, are now ready, with the Coloured Berlin and Fashion Plates complete, and 150 Designs for Embroidery and other Needlework. Price 5s. each, free by post on receipt of postage stamps or Post-office order for this amount. The Title-page, Preface, and Index may be had separately for each Volume, price 1d. each.

Covers for Vols. I., II., and III. of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* (New Series), with Title-page, Preface, Index, Envelope for holding the Pattern Sheets, Berlin Patterns, &c., and directions for binding, are now ready, price 1s. each. Sent free by post to any address on receipt of 12 postage stamps.

Our Subscribers are respectfully invited to give their orders at once to their Booksellers for the regular supply of the Numbers of this Magazine, so as to be certain to receive them as soon as published, with the Fashion Plates and Berlin Wool Work Patterns complete, the Publisher begging to notify that he cannot guarantee the supply of the Fashion Plates and Coloured Berlin Patterns in the monthly numbers beyond a month after their first issue.





HERSTER M. There are many reasons for preferring paper flower making to wax flower making; but the principal advantage is, that paper flowers are not so fragile as wax. They are more easily made, are not so expensive, and may be exposed in a heated atmosphere without suffering by it. Not so wax flowers; they soon lose their brilliancy, if not protected by a glass shade, and that becomes the means of their destruction when the hot rays of the sun are full upon it. We foresee the time when paper flowers will, in abundance, adorn every home that has any pretensions to taste. Two or three whole-sized plants nicely imitated, put into ordinary flower-pots, and arranged amongst a few natural evergreens, may decorate nooks and niches where, for the want of sufficient light, camellias, geraniums, fuchsias, &c., would refuse to flourish. Then, again, branches of ivy (one of the very best subjects for the student in flower making to begin upon) may be made to festoon and depend from innumerable places—the sides of book-shelves, brackets, vases, &c. And a not unimportant recommendation to paper flower making is, that when a petal or piece of foliage is damaged, it can be easily replaced by a new one. In "The Queen" of October 12 are the amplest instructions for paper flower making, with illustrations and descriptions of the various tools employed in the art.

SARAH JEWETT.—In reply to our request, a friend has sent us the following instructions for making a "very pretty knitted border for a counterpane," a cable rope pattern. Materials: Evans's Knitting Cotton and three needles the size suitable for cotton. Cast on 16 stitches and knit 1 plain row. 1st row.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 2, purl 2 together, knit 8, make 2, purl 2 together, knit 2. 2nd row.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 2, purl 2 together, purl 8, make 2, purl 2 together, knit 2. 3rd row.—Same as 1st. 4th row.—Same as 2nd. 5th row.—Same as 1st. 6th row.—Same as 2nd. 7th row.—Same as 1st. 8th row.—Same as 2nd. 9th row.—Same as 1st. 10th row.—Same as 2nd. 11th row.—Slip 1, knit 1, make 2, purl 2 together, slip 4 stitches on to the 2nd needle, and knit the 4 remaining on the 2nd needle, then slip the stitches off the 2nd needle to the 2nd and knit plain, make 2, purl 2 together, knit 2. 12th row.—Same as 2nd. The pattern must be repeated until sufficient length is worked. The cotton should then be cut the length required for the fringe, and six pieces looped into every alternate stitch on one side, by means of a crochet needle.

CACOTHES SCRIBENDI.—We are sorry to say we see no help for you from any source but the pruning-knife. Somebody has said—

"The gard'ner knows that fruitful life  
Demands the salutary knife  
For every wild, luxuriant shoot  
That robs the bloom or starves the fruit."

That is the truth, and nothing but the truth, and is as applicable to the fruits or flowers of rhetoric as to more horticultural productions. You say that your "ideas flow so swiftly and copiously that you cannot stop your pen," and that your "friends do not answer your long letters." Exactly so. Napoleon Bonaparte used to put long letters on one side for six weeks, at the end of which time he found they had mostly answered themselves. On the editors' tables of half-a-dozen newspaper offices in London may be seen the well-known handwriting of tedious old clubbists and half-pay captains who are afflicted with your complaint, "They will

keep," say the laborious journalists when these despatches arrive, and we believe, of the suggestions they contain, about one per cent., and no more, is worth having. Remember, my honest correspondent, how much wisdom is found in a proverb; and, as there is a good deal of wisdom in your "remarks and confessions," we will conclude our observations on your scribbling propensity, hinting again at the pruning-knife, by saying, "A word to the wise is enough."

MANUSCRIPTS.—We are sorry to announce that, in the endeavour to be generous to others, we have proved most unjust to ourselves. We allude to the offer we voluntarily made to entertain manuscripts sent us, if we may use the term, from "outsiders." We have failed in the attempt to even glance at a quarter of the contributions pouring in upon us from day to day. We should be, indeed, sorry to deprive some "mute, inglorious Milton" of a single chance in obtaining a niche in the Temple of Fame, but, henceforth, our rule must be—that we can undertake to read no manuscripts unless they come with a note of introduction from one of our regular staff, who, knowing our special requirements, will not, in consequence, inflict us with contributions which (in the words we have had to pen daily and hourly upon rejected MSS.) are quite "unsuited to our columns."

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"A Midnight Alarm;" "Verses by a Child of Fourteen;" "Aunt Alla's Story;" "A Mother to her Sleeping Babe;" "In Memoriam;" "On the Death of a Friend;" "Stanzas;" "To My Child;" "The Dead Baby;" "Evening."

#### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The January number of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE will contain, besides its usual attractions, two complete sets of Collars and Cuffs, traced on good cambric ready for working. One of the sets is intended for Venetian Embroidery on net, and the other for the new and very fashionable style of work in Cordon Braid, so much in favour at the present time. Designs of these Collars will be engraved, showing their appearance when worked. The Magazine will also contain a large Berlin Pattern, consisting of an elegantly arranged Bouquet of Roses, &c., printed in twenty-two colours, and suitable for sofa-pillows, ottomans, footstools, and many other purposes.

Our readers will perceive, by a note at the end of "Constance Chorley," that the fortunes of the children, Constance and Marmaduke, will be pursued in the January and subsequent numbers of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE.

#### "THE QUEEN," an ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL AND REVIEW.—6d. Weekly.

The Publisher of "The Queen" begs to inform the public that a Photograph of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was issued with "The Queen" on Saturday, November 2. This Photograph of His Royal Highness, and that of Her Majesty, issued with the first number of "The Queen," may be had through any bookseller, or through the post, together with any number of "The Queen," for 1s.

Besides the special 8-page "Exhibition" Supplements and the Coloured Fashion-Plates which are published fortnightly, with "The Queen," there are in preparation beautifully-coloured Patterns of Fancy Work, including—1. A Medallion Border in Wool-work. 2. A Large Banner-Screen in Beadwork and Filo-selle. 3. Camellia—(Paper Flower-making). 4. Poppy—(Ditto), &c. &c.

\* \* Parts I. and II. of "The Queen," respectively containing Nos. 1 to 4, Sept. 7th to Sept. 28th; and Nos. 5 to 8, Oct. 5th to Oct. 26th, stitched in wrapper, price 2s. 6d. each. All the back numbers of "The Queen" are now in print, and can be had of any bookseller, or post free for six stamps from the Publisher, 218, Strand, London, W.C.

For a description of the contents of the Christmas Number of "The Queen," and "Beeton's Christmas Annual," see the prospectus attached to this Magazine.



## CHAPTER VI.

"I'm so cold, Conny."

"Are you, darling? It's the wind that pierces so. It won't be so bad when we get to the thick hedge there in front of us."

• "I'm so tired, Conny."

"Of course you are—see what a long way you've been. I had no idea you were such a little man, and could walk so far."

"I'm so hungry, Conny."

"Oh, what a breakfast we shall eat when we get to the village, sha'n't we? Nice bread and milk! How I wish it would come to us, don't you? But, as it won't, let's push on to it."

And again the little fellow, cheered by his sister's unflagging courage, smiling face, and lively voice, did his best, and tried to make way against the fierce wind, sheltered by Constance's form, and half wrapped in her shawl, which she drew round him. But when they got to the hedge she had spoken of, a very thick one of beech, with the brown last-year's leaves still clinging to the stubbly branches, he dropped to the ground, and began to cry piteously.

"Well, then, we will stop a bit. There, now, keep close to me, and we'll get down right under the hedge. See, there's a warm place; I shouldn't wonder but a hare or a rabbit has been lying there all night. I say, 'Duke, if we were to catch one, and to light a fire, as the gipsies do, and cook it, wouldn't that be fine?'"

Marmaduke's eyes glistened, and he looked eagerly about, but seeing no hope, just now, of any such romantic adventure, he began to resume the business this diversion had interrupted—that of crying; but Constance soon turned his thoughts into a new direction.

"Suppose, 'Duke, I tell you all about what we are going to do? Would you be able to be very quiet, and tell nobody else?"

"Oh, yes; do tell me, Conny!"

"And shall we count our money, and see how rich we are? But, mind you look about and see that no robbers are watching us. Now, then, 'Duke, let's see how much there is."

The boy drew forth the money his father had forced upon him at the moment of their parting, and both of them took a greater interest than they had hitherto felt in determining its amount. Both were, in their several ways, conscious how much now depended on that fact.

"See, 'Duke, there's a sovereign—bright yellow gold—we'll call that a canary. They're valuable birds—let's count them first. Stop—yes, there's another. That's two that I'll put into the cage." And so saying, Constance dropped the two gold pieces into her little, worn purse.

"Here's another canary, Conny!"

"Well, I declare, so there is. You put that one in to join the others, and hark how they'll sing!"

The boy did so with a laugh at his sister's conceit.

"I'm afraid we sha'n't find any more of these yellow birds, so now let's reckon up the white ones—the half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences."

"And what shall we call them, Conny?"

"Oh, we'll call them swallows; they have white breasts, you know; and won't we set them flying, 'Duke, eh?" The boy laughed as she went on—"I suppose there are fathers here and grandfathers, as well as little, tiny young ones, for see what a many different sizes there are!"

"Oh, Conny, here's a great-great-grandfather."

"Why, so there is, I declare. That's a five-shilling piece."

"How much is all that together, Conny?"

"Well, I think there's seventeen shillings and ninepence. Oh, dear, how rich we are getting! Well, now for the brown ones—our common birds, very useful, not much song—what shall we call them, 'Duke?"

'Duke looked puzzled, but pleased, and retorted shrewdly—

"What shall we call them, Conny?"

"Oh, I'll tell you when I get hold of a book about birds, for I really can't remember just now. Well, 'Duke, now just you listen! we're worth, altogether, three pounds, eighteen shillings, and sevenpence-halfpenny. It's quite a fortune!"

"Will it buy a pony? Oh, do buy a pony, Constance, and then we could ride, and then I shouldn't mind the wind, nor how far it was. Oh, do! do!"

And Constance looked at the eager, pleading boy as though, if love, and devotion, and determined purpose, could by any possibility get a pony out of three pounds, eighteen shillings, and sevenpence-halfpenny, he should have had it, even if they begged their way afterwards for more commonplace requirements. At last she said, with the tears swimming in her eyes—

"No, 'Duke, we can't buy a pony with this—'t isn't enough—and we must keep it to live with till we get to aunt's; but I promise you you shall have one if ever I get rich enough to buy it. Well, now, 'Duke, let me tell you what I am going to do. This map that you see me look at so often shows me all the places in England, and all the roads between them. See, there's Lymp-ton."

"Oh, show me! show me!" said the boy, as he heard the name of their native town once more.

"And there, out by the sea, is Westcliff, where aunt lives. She's a very kind, good woman, and she told me when mother died, and she and father quarrelled so, that, if ever I wanted a home, I was to come to her."

"But she didn't say anything about me, did she, Conny?"

"No, darling; but everybody likes you, so you needn't mind. And there are so few people like me, that——"

What was Constance about to say? The words seemed to freeze on her lips, and she was silent for a minute or two, as though trying to fathom a great mystery, with no other help than a vivid consciousness of her general defectiveness of body, mind, and character. Presently she aroused herself, and said—

"But come, 'Duke, we must be moving on; I am like you—I want my breakfast. Only"—and now she spoke in a low voice—"only, before we go, I want you to mind this: we shall be meeting people, and they will be asking questions, and I'll tell you what we had best say. We had best say our parents are dead, and that we are going to an aunt who will take us in. You know, 'Duke, mother is dead?"

"Yes," said Marmaduke, wonderingly.

"Well, and father is the same as dead to us—we shall never see him any more; and, if it's wicked to tell that story, I don't know what else to say. People will think we have run away, and will be taking us back if we don't mind. But we won't go back, will we?"

"N—o, n—o," hesitatingly murmured the boy.

"Well, then, you see, if father is the same as dead to us, God will be sure to forgive us for saying so, when we don't want to do any harm. Don't you think so?"

'Duke looked as though he could not answer the question, except by his old resource—appealing to the questioner herself—who understood him, and said—

"Well, 'Duke, I'll tell you what we'll do: we'll promise one another never to tell another story again as long as we live, if only God will forgive us now. I promise you; now you promise me. Quick! speak!"

"Yes—yes; I do promise."

"But you are sure you won't? Oh, 'Duke, if you were to do it, and say I taught you!"

"Oh, I won't—I won't indeed!"

"That's a darling boy."

And, kissing one another, they again stood up and resumed their walk; and, presently losing the shelter of the hedge, again felt the bitter blast sweeping sideways down the dark-looking level country through which they were passing.

## CHAPTER VII.

CONSTANCE was right in supposing they would be much noticed and questioned as they went along. She answered as she had explained to 'Duke she would, and always with a little affectation of business and self-sufficiency that she consciously put on, in order to make people think she knew quite well what she was about, and that in the journey itself there was to her nothing remarkable or unfamiliar. Looking older than she was, she did not generally find this difficult; and, though people wondered and talked to one another about the little travellers in their very presence, no one interrupted them or seemed to have any especial reason for thinking they ought to be interrupted.

Still she dreaded conversation, and not all the bravery of the little heroic soul could prevent a certain flutter when she saw she was about to be addressed. But she was at times even more alarmed by the conduct of persons who seemed to take

great notice of them, stop while they passed by, gaze long after them, and yet speak to them not a single word. On one occasion they had met a horseman who thus stopped to look, and who did not for some time set his horse in motion, during which Constance, who carefully avoided looking back, was painfully listening for the sound of the retreating animal. She heard it at last, with a great sigh of relief, and trotted on, half carrying her brother, who began to lean more and more heavily upon her arm. All at once she heard the trotting suddenly cease, then begin again, and come nearer—the rider had turned. Her very heart, which seemed to have stopped, now began to beat fast, like the returning feet; she tightened her hold of 'Duke, and, in a moment more, turned like a stag with its young at bay, and faced the mysterious horseman. He came up, looked her full in the face—as she stood drawn on one side of the road as if to let him pass—smiled, and again, without a word, resumed his former road and pace.

At last they reached the little village which they had seen afar off for so many hours. Both were utterly exhausted with fatigue and hunger. She supposed it must be eleven or twelve o'clock, and they had eaten nothing yet, for her whole oughthot had been absorbed in the early morning by the contrivance which had enabled her to get 'Duke away from the school the moment she saw him enter the playground, and since that time she had purposely kept on by-roads, where she might hope to meet few persons, and where she had found no opportunity of getting food.

Looking about her, now gazing wistfully into the face of any woman she happened to see at a cottage door—now examining the contents of the few shop-like windows she passed, she presently overheard two women talking, whose voices seemed to sound kindly. They were just within a little huckster's shop, and seemed to be busy discussing the hardness of the times.

"Yes," said one of them, "it goes agin me to make the bread rolls smaller and smaller, and to be putting a halfpenny a pound on the sugar, and a halfpenny a pound on the candles, and a penny an ounce on the tea, when the poor creatures hardly know how to make the two ends meet once a week as it is. Lord help them! they looks at me sometimes as if it were my doing, and as if I were bent on a-devouring them, body and soul. But you know, neighbour, I can't starve any more than they can. We must look to ourselves. What did you say, child?"

This was addressed to Constance, who now came up to her and repeated her question—

"Could she have a little milk and bread?"

"To be sure she could. How much? A penn'orth of milk and two-penn'orth of bread?"

"If you please," said Constance, shivering.

"Would you like it warmed?"

"If you please," again answered the girl.

"Why, how cold and blue you both look! Come here by the fire and sit down."

And presently the kind-hearted woman had two great bowls of hot bread and milk steaming away on the table before the two children, who ate it ravenously, and thought there was bliss yet in the world.

## CONSTANCE CHORLEY.

"I say, neighbour," observed the other woman, who had stayed watching the whole business, "I'm afraid you are forgetting the hard times, if you call that a penn'orth of milk."

"Why, you see the children, poor things, don't understand such matters; it's no use of talking about hard times to them. Give them what they want if you've got it, and if you haven't, why, words won't do them any good, that's my notion, neighbour. Well, if you must go, good bye."

Wonderfully refreshed by their meal, and with Marmaduke in high spirits again, and putting questions as to that pony of the future, which hovered like a poetic vision in his brain, the children went on their way. The day, too, began to change in character. The wind lulled, and the sun came out, and seemed to grow continually brighter and brighter as they went along. They did not mind now turning so often out of the road into the adjoining field to search for a path going in the same direction, as Constance's perpetual fear of being followed dictated, though sometimes her only aim was to allow wayfarers, that she had seen coming in the distance, to pass by without knowing of the children being there. Marmaduke only once resisted; it was when they heard the inspiring sound of martial music in the distance, and the boy called out eagerly—

"Oh, Conny, the soldiers are coming! let us see them go past!"

But Conny was obdurate, and she persuaded him, on the promise of absolute silence, to be content with a peep through the thick undergrowth, where she promised to stay with him. Presently the men came up; they were militiamen, taking a march with their band from the barracks a few miles off.

When they had passed, Constance, moved by some impulse of caution, took out her purse to see that their treasure was safe; and then, remembering she had not put the gold apart, she thought she would wrap it up in paper and hide it in some safe part of her dress, so that if her purse were lost or stolen they might still have the gold. As she was doing this she heard the twigs rustle behind them, and, looking up, beheld a man's face—that of one of the militia stragglers—gazing upon her. She grasped her purse with one hand, clasped Marmaduke's wrist with the other, and waited in terror and silence. But the man only nodded and said—

"I wish I was as well off as you; can't you spare a little of that for a poor fellow?"

Constance did not like either the man's tone or face, but she thought it better to smile off the question.

"Well, good bye," said the man; and Constance heard his steps crackling among the dead branches as he moved away and leaped down into the road to run after his comrades.

A moment after and the children were hurrying along at a rapid pace. By-and-by they came to a ford, with half-ruined stepping-stones, and which looked as if people had ceased to use them, for they were not only broken, but in some places missing. But the water was wonderfully clear and bright, and they could see the rocky floor below as plain as through glass; and 'Duke called out—

"Oh, Conny, look—look—look—at the fish—there! it's gone now behind the stone. Oh, such a big fish! Why didn't I bring my fishing-rod?"

Constance thought she would prefer trusting altogether to the water, and, after a jealous scrutiny all round, took off her shoes and stockings, and secured her clothes about her waist, so that, unless the water rose above her knees, she would

not wet them; and then, making 'Duke wait on the bank, she waded in, and though once or twice she stumbled and sank deeper than she liked, she got across safely, and deposited her shoes and stockings, and their little bundle, and the bird-basket, on the other side, on a bank where she saw knots of primroses already in full bloom. She then returned for the boy, and, stooping down, made him get on to her back, saying—

"Here's the pony come already!" which so delighted 'Duke, that he forgot all the discomforts of the day, and wanted Conny to wait, which she declined doing, while he fetched a long thorny bramble for him to use as a whip; and then off they went laughingly into the water, saying at the same time—

"You won't let me fall, will you, Conny?"

"You won't move, and make me tumble in, will you, 'Duke?"

And so she carried him across. And then they sat on the bank, while she spread out her clothes to dry in the hot sun, and while she took from her pocket a bag full of cakes, that the lamenter of "hard times" had thrust into her hands just when they were leaving the huckster's shop, and while Constance had been meditating what she should buy to eat on the road.

"Look at the primroses, Conny!"

"Yes, and I shouldn't wonder, if you were to go up to the bank there where you see the bits of fresh green covering it all over, you might find some violets."

The boy ran off, saying—

"Perhaps, too, I may find some groundsel for dicky."

Poor dicky! Constance had almost forgotten him in the many anxieties of the day. She now removed the handkerchief that she had pinned so carefully above the basket to shield it from the wind, and from the sight of so many strange places and people. The bird did not seem to answer her with his usual alacrity. He only looked at her and shivered. She held a bit of sugar to him, but he would not eat it. She threw some biscuit-crumbs to him, and he began to pick them up, but soon stopped, as though he wasn't hungry. However, he seemed better for her voice, and the sun, and the fresh air, and she put the basket against some bushes, in a warm place. Presently Marmaduke came back, shouting—

"Here they are!" and he now poured into his sister's lap a whole handful of primroses and violets. But he had scarcely given them, when he cried in alarm, looking towards the bird-cage, "Conny, Conny, what's that?"

The girl turned and saw the bird flutter once or twice madly about the cage, then sink motionless to the bottom. She ran, and was just in time to see a dark-coloured, snaky thing glide away under the bush, and she snatched up the cage, exclaiming—

"Oh, it is an adder!"

When she sat down again, with the cage on her lap, the bird was lying quite still at the bottom. She took it out, while 'Duke' opened his great eyes larger and larger as he questioned her in mute alarm, and she tried to warm it by her soft palms; but it was of no use, and, while the tears gathered in her eyes, she said—

"Oh, 'Duke, he is dead!"

## CHAPTER VIII.

THE shades of evening draw in. The poor travellers, unable to talk any longer, stumble on, clinging to each other, wearied beyond expression, body and soul, thinking nothing of father or mother, of the past or the future, but only of the one present absorbing trouble and pain. When will this day's wandering be over? When shall they get out of the cold, and to bed and to sleep? But, though silent, Constance is not helpless; she still bears him up, while herself ready to faint with the overpowering fatigue. She still listens to every passing sound, looks out for every coming form, still measures, step by step, the probable distance they may yet have to go. Once she is startled by seeing, in a little raised inclosure by the road-side, figures that seemed advancing, as she had heard the murderous Indians advance, in single file, on their nightly expeditions. They stopped as she stopped; but, after a pause, and a careful scrutiny, she made out that they were tall bundles of sticks, resting against each other at intervals. Hop-poles were, as yet, unfamiliar to her. Then again, as they went along the edge of a hill, through a kind of avenue of leafless trees, she was startled by the sound of innumerable little steps rushing up the slope, and then following her in the path; but she soon found they were only the scattered dead chesnut-leaves which had made all that noise. Heavier and heavier became the burden of the boy, who, though seeming to walk, was, in a great measure, kept up by Constance's circling arm. He seemed, indeed, almost dead either with cold, or fatigue, or with sleep, and only spoke when something frightened him into sudden consciousness, as when, on leaving the hill, they began to pass between high walls, which wound about strangely, and were overhung by trees, the shadows from which cast a deeper horror over the way. It was just then Marmaduke heard, close by, the baying of great dogs; and he started back in an agony of alarm, insisting they were coming, and that they would be killed.

But Constance, finding the sounds did not approach, persuaded him that they would be in just as great danger to turn back as to advance, and he yielded; and soon she found the road turned in a direction away from that where the dogs bayed so fiercely. But now a new trouble stopped them; the boy said, doggedly, he could walk no further, and wanted to lie down and go to sleep. Then Constance remembered what she had once read, in a book of Arctic voyages, about the danger of sleep; and, although she did not suppose the cases were exactly parallel, the remembrance did seem to give her a new dread for her brother, and to arm her with new resolution to combat his wish. So she said—

"Oh, nonsense! here, I will carry you a bit, then you shall walk a bit, and then I will carry you again. Why, it'll be quite a game."

And the brave little body took him up and carried him for some distance, pausing all the while. When she put him down, she felt something odd about her head, and, in an instant more, had ceased to feel weariness or grief, or hope, or despair. She had dropped senseless. The poor boy knew not what to do. He hugged her—kissed her—called to her through the darkening terrors of the night—but she remained deaf to the voice that had ever before been sufficient to stir her being to its very depths. Marmaduke was growing frantic with alarm, when he heard a whistle in the distance. He listened, and soon heard the firm, crisply-sounding step amongst the dry leaves falling in perfect time to the stirring



rousing march that the man was whistling. At last a man's form appeared, carrying something. He came up, and seemed to be a young carpenter, with a tool-basket on his back.

"Oh, please, my sister's here—on the ground—ill."

"Your sister! Who are you? What's your name?"

"Marmaduke Chorley."

"Chorley!—what! the son of the bookseller at Lymp-ton?"

"Yes."

"And this is your sister?" said the youth, hurriedly, as he knelt and raised Constance—"the girl that was taken out of the fire?"

"Yes."

"Give me the basket—quick—there's my tea-bottle there. Run with it in that direction, to the public house—'tisn't very far—and get some water. Or, stay, I can go quicker, and you may miss the house. If she stirs, say there's help coming."

He ran off without a word more.

Constance now revived, and it was wonderful how quickly all her faculties seemed to fall back instantly into the old channels, and each to resume its old duties. When she heard what had happened, her only thought was one of distress.

"He knows us—he will be stopping us. Oh, 'Duke, dear 'Duke, run now! Let us get away before he comes back. There is another road just behind us, that goes off to the right, and I know, by my map, there is another village only a mile or two along it. Come, dear 'Duke, come!"

When the young man returned he could find no one. Greatly disturbed, he ran back, thinking they had come to meet him, and had passed the public-house, which lay back. But he saw nothing of them.

"Well, that's a cool way to treat a fellow!" he muttered to himself, as he shouldered his basket. "Ungrateful little imps! Where 'ud she be now if I hadn't got her out o' that window? Whew! that was a night!" And he looked down thoughtfully towards a great burn on the back of his left hand; and, somehow, he forgot to whistle as he continued his march.

## CHAPTER IX.

CHILLIER and wilder blew the March winds, and darker grew the evening. Though the clock was about to strike nine, scarcely a light was as yet to be seen in the village but that which shone through the red-curtained window of the "Fortune of War." The lonely sentinel marching in front of the military barracks saw it, and muttered an oath as he thought of his comrades who were comfortably ensconced behind it. Old Simon Drusley saw it as he shut up his smithy on the corner of the common, and reasoned with himself as to which was the pleasantest mode of passing an idle hour—sitting at his own hearth with a grumbling wife, or hearing how the world goes amid such jovial company as awaited him round the fire of the "Fortune of War."

Across the common came the tearing, shrieking March wind, which he must face to get home. A stone's throw down the road, in the other direction, glowed that inviting curtain. Now that curtain had over Simon Drusley a power he did

not altogether like to yield to, and would have been quite ashamed to confess. He had secretly made, and as secretly broken, many excellent resolutions about it, and in their death they haunted him vengefully; and, if they could not bar the road to the "Fortune of War," they managed to interfere considerably with his comfort when he got there. Simon knew very well that if, on leaving his smithy for the night, he once allowed his eyes to wander towards that red curtain, he had only to resign himself passively, with or without a groan, to the certain expenditure of his day's earnings.

On this night, however, as he twisted his leather apron round his waist, Simon did pause, and scratch his head, and hold a short parley with the tempter; that is to say, he began to do so, but presently found himself standing passive, listening, with great apparent impartiality and willingness to be guided to a right decision, to two voices, one of which seemed to come from the curtain, and the other to be the wild wind, which had paused in its way to hold commune with his wife.

"Come," says the curtain, with its most alluring glow; "here's such a jolly fire, and Hinchley standing treat all round—genuine Old Tom, Simon, hot, and sweet, and strong."

Simon's mouth watered at the thought of Hinchley's generosity, and at the idea of so much pleasure at so little expense. He took one stride towards the triumphant curtain; but, at that instant, all the four winds of Heaven seemed stirred at once with indignation against him, for they made a rush from all parts of the open country, and routed out whole armfuls of dead and dying leaves that lay amongst the gorse on the common, and flung them about his head with such shrieks and howlings that he put both hands to his ears, and turned and followed his dog, which had already made several bounds along the path of duty. He had not, however, advanced more than a dozen yards when Prowler made a full stop.

"What now, Prowler? what now, old boy?" and Simon gave the dog a persuasive poke with his foot. But Prowler remained as stiff and immovable as his stuffed ancestor under the glass case on Mrs. Drusley's sideboard; and presently his bared teeth emitted a very ominous snarl. To Simon's astonishment this was followed by a child's sharp, frightened scream, and, straining his eyes in the direction whence it came, he saw, by the light of a few stars that flickered among the clouds, two little figures clinging to each other. They had evidently lost all trace of the narrow foot-path, got tangled in the long brambles, and were going in quite another direction.

"Heyday!" said Simon, in a voice so loud and deep that it made the children shake again; "why, who's this?" and Prowler turned and gave his master a snort of approbation, and took a little run forward, and sniffed at the children with his head on one side, as much as to say, "Come, now, who is it?" But, as this movement caused the little figures to shake still more, Simon turned Prowler's nose without ceremony in a different direction, by a kick at his tail, and then, not feeling at all sure of grasping anything but air, laid hold of the shadowy-looking things. One shoulder that he touched was small and sharp, and he let go of it with an uncomfortable sensation, but there was no doubt as to the other being a shoulder of firm flesh and blood; and Simon's voice was insensibly softer as he said, bending down—

"Why, whose little ones be ye? Where d'ye come from? Who's your mother, eh?"

Simon took the lesser one and lifted it from the ground, and set it on one arm, while he looked down towards the taller one for answers to his questions. The girl tried to speak, but the wind seemed to blow the words down her throat again, for Simon did not hear her, and concluded, from her shamefacedness, she had been playing truant, and shook his head as he said, in a remonstrating tone—

"Why, ye'll git a jolly hidin', wench, keeping of him out this time o' night, eh, won't you?"

"Yes, it's very cold for him, sir, I know," replied the girl, with a kind of forced composure and womanliness. "And if you would be so kind as to tell us where we can get a lodging——"

"Lodgin'!" repeated Simon, looking at her distrustfully. "But how came you here so late, wandering about? tell me that, my girl."

The child answered, in that same tone of assumed self-reliance that Simon did not like—

"We were to have been here in time to have gone on to Entley by the coach, but we were too late, because we came round by the river. We shall stay here to night as it is so late, if you can kindly tell me where we can lodge."

Simon passed his hand thoughtfully up and down the sturdy leg of the boy he held, and looked at Prowler. Should he take the little creatures to his own home, and do by them as he would wish others to do, should his little Wat and Jenny ever be wandering like these far from home on a strange common? He was truly so inclined. But then the wind blew so cuttingly across the common, and the red curtain glowed so warmly down the road!

"Come, lass, I don't know as you could do better than to put up at the 'Fortune o' War.' They're honest folk, and they'll be moving betimes in the morning, and that's well for you if you're going by coach."

"Is it a public-house, sir?" asked the girl, with a slight quiver in her voice.

"Well, it is and it isn't," said Simon, and he moved towards it with long strides, carrying the boy on his arm, leaving the girl to follow. Constance listened eagerly, but could hear no more, either because the wind was too violent, or because Simon had relapsed into silence.

That the "Fortune of War" had seen grand days in its time might be known at a single glance. In the first place it was a large house—the largest for several miles round—and over its door swung an enormous signboard, creaking and groaning at every gust of wind from the common. What work of art it might have displayed in the palmy days of the "Fortune of War" it is impossible to say, for time and weather had left nothing visible but a shapeless daub of red and blue.

The girl shrank back from the hot gust, laden with odours of beer and rum, that puffed upon her face as Simon pushed open the heavy door. The lurid glare of the fire lit up a strange and motley picture—a picture which inspired the children with anything but confidence. One-half of the room was fitted up as a kind of shop, with a wide counter—shelves of canisters and old bottles—and the other half seemed to serve both for kitchen and bar-room. Grouped round the fire were some ten or eleven persons, all of whom were smoking hard, drinking hard, or talking hard. The company consisted chiefly of militiamen, farm-labourers, and one or two small tradesmen.

The talking, the drinking, and the smoking all stopped simultaneously as the blacksmith entered with his charges, leaving the door wide open behind him, and shouting out—

“Ahoy, Mother Catlin! here’s a couple o’ stray sheep I found on Yapton Common! Will you take care of ’em till morning? The boy’s almost double with sleep.”

Mr. Simon set the boy down, and left the two standing alone in the centre of the astonished group. The boy clung to his sister, and they both looked yearningly towards the hostess of the “Fortune of War,” who had been addressed by Simon as Mother Catlin. They beheld, sitting by the fire, in a high-backed chair upon wheels, a figure, the sight of which no more reassured them than did the sight of the heated and riotous men, and a thin, harsh voice said—

“Who are these children, Simon Drusley? and where do they come from?”

“Ah! that’s the question, mum,” answered the blacksmith, sitting down on an empty barrel, and feeling for his tobacco; “or, as I may say, them’s the three questions—‘Who are they? where do they come from? and where are they a-goin’?’”

The children trembled excessively—not with cold, not with hunger, though both had possession of them—they saw neither the roaring fire, nor the food upon the table—saw nothing but the eyes this speech of Simon’s had drawn upon them—nothing but eyes, eyes everywhere, till the room seemed all eyes.

They gave one frightened look round, and clung tightly to one another; and, as they did so, a little bird, stiff and dead, dropped out of the boy’s breast on to the floor.

## THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I AM not going to talk about representative men, or discourse of political privileges. Should you require enlightening on these subjects, I must refer you to Carlyle and Emerson. For the present, you had better wander into the nursery, or rather the pleasure-grounds, of Hinchinbroke, and watch the great monkey chasing the juvenile Cromwell. Chasing him, did I say? Ah! there was worse work than that day’s; and my sincerest hope is, that his worthy mother (albeit she carried him to his grandfather’s, the old Sir Henry Cromwell’s) never saw the sight. However, whether she was among the group who stood in the court-yard watching the boy and the beast, I know not; one thing only is certain—namely, that, nurse being out of the way, Master Jacko, who was allowed to run loose about the house, folded Master Cromwell in his arms (having snatched him from his cradle), and carried the wee morsel on to the roof of the house, where, to the terror of the whole family, he was seen dancing and capering about. No use trying to catch Master Jacko—no use trying to coax Master Jacko—Master Jacko too cunning for that! Feather-beds and carpets placed all round the house were very well in their way; but the tremblers below had to wait the creature’s pleasure; and, when he was tired of the game, he returned by the window from which he had made his escape, and, marvellous to say, brought the child back in safety!

Hinchinbroke is now the seat of the Earls of Sandwich ; and it was the father, Sir Henry Cromwell—who, from his sumptuousness, was called “The Golden Knight”—that built, or enlarged, re-modelled, and as good as built, the mansion of Hinchinbroke, which had been a nunnery while nunneries still were. A stately house among its shady lawns and expanses, on the left side of the Ouse river, a short half-mile west of Huntingdon, still stands pretty much as Oliver Cromwell's grandfather left it. Several portraits of the Cromwells, and other interesting portraits and memorials of the seventeenth and subsequent centuries, are still there. The Cromwell blazonry “on the great bay window,” which Noble makes so much of, is now gone—having given place, of course, to the Montague blazonry.

There's another tale about Master Cromwell's childhood—it is, very probably, a foolish tradition—not half of it true ; but I am strongly inclined to believe that there is *some* truth in every tale that's told—so we'll pass again into that quiet



CROMWELL'S WIFE

garden at Hinchinbroke, and watch two young lads ; they are at play—they presently disagree—at last they fight—and Oliver (for it is Cromwell himself and the young Prince Charles!) gains the victory! Cromwell, as a boy, was remarkable for bodily and intellectual vigour ; at seventeen years of age he was entered as a *Fellow Commoner* at Cambridge, where he remained three years. At the end of that time, when he had little more than completed his twenty-first year, he married the daughter of Sir James Bouchier. The registers of St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, were written by a third party, as usual, and have no autograph signatures ; but in the list of marriages for August, 1620, stand these words, still to be read (*sic*) :—

“ Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth Boucher, 22.”

I am afraid she was no beauty, if we are to judge from the above portrait. But she was a good woman, and brought up her family carefully. It is said that in after-life she took to her dignities very comfortably ; but, though she and her daughters appear to have conducted themselves well in their high station, they were exposed to many sarcastic remarks. The Protector's widow died in 1672, at Norborough, near Market Deeping, in Northamptonshire, her son-in-law's, Claypole's, place (now ruined, and patched into a farm-house).

It is very remarkable that, while Cromwell himself was so full of ambition, the rest of his family were so totally free from it that they shrank from the greatness which was forced on them. His children, indeed, disapproved of his conduct. Cromwell's mother—a worthy, careful woman, who had done her best to bring up her son respectably in the condition of life in which he was born—was dragged unwillingly to reside with him in his palace. She had there so little satisfaction in the splendour which surrounded her son that she was in continual apprehension for his life; and never heard a gun go off, or any other sudden noise, without exclaiming—"My son is shot!" Neither was she satisfied of his safety unless she saw him twice every day. Cromwell was very fond of his mother; and, amidst all the hardness of his character, was always an affectionate and dutiful son. You will notice that Mrs. Cromwell's headdress is not very becoming—the hood is very suggestive of tooth-ache—but whether worn out of vanity or modesty has not been decided. The fashion of covering the upper part of the face with a black mask, and the strange fashion, too, of putting on black patches—which made the face look as if it were all over spots—came in, or rather broke out, about this time.

Talking about dress, there is an almost unique letter of this period, dated Oxford, December 4th, 1610, by which we learn how the gentlemen commoners of that day could contrive to metamorphose green baize table-covers into comfortable winter stockings. You shall read for yourself, and see that we are not exaggerating.

"UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, OXFORD,

"December 4th, 1610.

"LOVING MOTHER,—Send also, I pray you, by 'Briggs' (i.e., the carrier), a green table-cloth, of a yard and half-a-quarter, and two linen table-cloths. . . . If the green table-cloth be too little I will make a pair of warm stockings of it. . . . Thus remembering my humble duty, I take my leave.

"Your loving son,

"GEORGE RADCLIFFE."

Cromwell was a sloven in his own dress. Warwick says the first time he ever took notice of him was in the very beginning of the parliament held in November, 1640, "when I vainly thought myself a courtly young gentleman—for we courtiers valued ourselves much upon our good clothes—I came one morning into the house well clad, and perceived a gentleman speaking whom I knew not, ordinarily appareled, for it was a plain cloth suit, which seemed to have been made by an ill country tailor; his linen was plain, and not very clean, and I remember a speck or two of blood upon his little band, which was not much larger than his collar; his hat was without a hatband; his stature of good size; his sword stuck close to his side; his countenance swollen and reddish; his voice sharp and untunable, but his eloquence full of fervour."

Cromwell's appearance, however, improved afterwards, for the same Sir Philip Warwick says—"I lived to see this very gentleman, by multiplied good successes, and by a real (though usurped) power—having had a better tailor, and more converse amongst good company—appear of a great and majestic deportment, and comely presence."

No need for us to tell of the struggles of these terrible times—

"How broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,  
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in."

It's a thrice-told tale, that history of the rise of Cromwell and his party to power.

Nor need we consider that coaxing and pre-arranging of the meeting in the palace at Whitehall on a pre-fixed day, when this small body of men, who chose to call themselves a parliament, abolished the House of Peers as being useless and dangerous.

It was on this occasion that Whitelock received the Great Seal—a new Great Seal of England which had been made, round which a new legend (to meet the necessity of the new times) had been inscribed, to the effect that it was “the first year of fre dom, by God’s blessing, restored 1648.” It is an elaborate work of



THE GREAT SEAL OF ENGLAND, 1651

art, and well worthy notice on that ground, as well as from the extraordinary nature of its legend. This meeting had been announced in several of the newspapers, and, most probably, was one of the first meetings so announced.

Newspapers, as I have before stated, were first circulated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in order to apprise the country of the defeat of the Spanish Armada. After this occasion it is presumed that they were for awhile discontinued, since the date commonly assigned to their first publication is that of the year 1612. There is a collection of early newspapers in the Bodleian library, and it may be in some degree interesting to put down the names of the newspapers which were at this time published in the metropolis. It appears that there were no less than twelve weekly papers at this date. On Monday were published “The Perfect Diurnal,” and “The Moderate Intelligencer.” On Tuesday, “Several Proceedings in Parliament”—a publication of authority—“The Weekly Intelligencer,” and “The Faithful Post.” On Wednesday, “Mercurius Democritus,” and “The Perfect Account.” On Thursday, “Several Proceedings in State Affairs,” and “Mercurius Politicus;” and on Friday, “The Moderate Publisher,” “The Faithful Post” (by a different publisher from that of Tuesday), and “The Faithful Scout.” There was no newspaper on Saturday, probably because that would have been considered as too nearly touching on the Lord’s Day. The headings of some of these papers are very quaint. On the opposite page is one of them.

Amongst the many curious matters of this date, referred to by Carlyle in his “Life of Cromwell,” is the establishment of Nicholas Ferrar, at Little Gidding,

on the western border of Huntingdonshire—a surprising establishment, now in full flower; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his brother and aged mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties, employed themselves in binding of prayer-books, embroidering of hassocks, in almsgiving also, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English Liturgy, the household being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another as on shipboard, and never allowing, at any hour, the sacred fire to go out. More of this place may be known by consulting Izaak Walton's "Lives."

No people ever underwent a more sudden and entire change in their manners



than did the English nation during this period. The violence of the two parties, Royalist and Republican, exceeded anything which we can now imagine. Little social intercourse was maintained between the parties, and no marriages or alliances were contracted. The manners of the two factions were as opposite as those of the most distant nations.

"Your friends, the Cavaliers," said a Parliamentarian to a Royalist, "are very dissolute and debauched."

"True," replied the Royalist; "they have the infirmities of men, but your friends, the Roundheads, have the vices of devils, tyranny and spiritual pride."

We shall have more to say, presently, about these manners and these men. In the meantime we must leave you—where?—contemplating, if you will, the soiled brocade of Mistress Claypole, or some other favourite of Cromwell's family; for the great man can condescend to practical jokes at times, and one of his jokes is placing sweets all about the drawing-room chairs, in order to try the temper of the pretty maidens who keep his wife and children company. Heigho! sugar-plums and Cromwell!

M. S. R.



## THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SON-IN-LAW," ETC.

IN EIGHT PARTS.—VI.

THIS afternoon, contrary to his usual habit, Maximus was late at dinner. He came in, at length, fasting in body, but full-fed in the spirit with a sermon which he had just heard from M. l'Abbé Lacordaire at Notre Dame. After the manner of one-sided people, who are always ready to impose their own peculiar sets of thoughts and feelings upon others, the pious youth thought he could not do better than make his family partakers of his spiritual repast. He had scarcely unfolded his napkin before he opened a tremendous fire upon the philosophists of the eighteenth century; and, as the sermon had three heads, while the dinner had not three courses, it befell that the youthful preacher had got, with his wife and mother, to the end of the dessert before he had got to the end of pulverising Voltaire and Rousseau. M. de Beaupré endured his son-in-law's discourse with the easy resignation of a man who enjoys a good dinner, and thinks of nothing else while he is at it. Flavia, with her head down, was either very attentive to the sermon, or very much abstracted; Madame de Gardagne, however, for the first time in her life, looked at her son with an eye that had more scrutiny than satisfaction in it. It occurred to her that her boy was taking more pains to prove himself a doctor of divinity than were, under the circumstances, necessary. She grew quite cross at last, as she turned the thing over and over in her mind.

"He will never have done with Voltaire, I do believe; I never saw him in such a controversial mood. What is he after? There is nobody here to contradict him. It is really very important that he should make himself agreeable to poor Flavia, and yet he does not see that he is tiring her. When he speaks mildly his voice is pleasant, but it is now as harsh as his gestures. Ah! people may well say mothers are blind! Never before did I see the weak points of my dear boy! All that lies beneath the surface—his understanding, his heart, his whole character—all is excellent. He is good, kind, loyal, resolute. But surely the external is something—something?—especially to students of small things, like us poor women. Ah, dear me! If, by way of foil to his more solid qualities, my Maximus had only half the superficial pleasantnesses of that Choisy, what a man he would be, and how Flavia would adore him! Dear me! he has got to Rousseau and the *Contrat Social*! He must have made up his mind to be unbearable to-day!"

Madame de Gardagne rose impatiently from the table, and put an end to the sermon. In her own room she passed the evening, and great part of the night, in reflections of a puzzling and contradictory character. By degrees the genial undergrowth of the woman's character, which had been smothered for twenty years, pushed its way to the surface; and the mother began to recognise that a little knowledge of the existence of wrong is necessary to a man who lives in a world where wrong exists, and is, if not sovereign, at least militant. In the world she began to perceive that the bad people have the choice of arms, and that the good people must submit to this rule, however unjust it may be. The best defined "right" in the world will be summarily massacred if it presents its naked throat to Wrong. If Milton and Raffaele may be credited, the blessed angels took lance and sword in hand to fight the fallen ones. Let Religion break the sword when

she spreads her wings for the empyrean ; but she needs it from the moment she sets foot in this mortal arena.

In this direction ran the reflections of this good old creature, and, with characteristic courage, she looked things fairly in the face as they rose before her. "I have been mistaken," said she to herself. "It is as if I had sent my son into a forest infested with brigands, forbidding him to carry a gun lest it should go off by misadventure. Maximus must make Flavia love him—he shall not lead such a miserable life as I have led ; and if it is necessary for him to run some risks, and be a little naughty in learning to be agreeable, I will be twice as good as ever to make up for it. I will do penance night and day if need be, and Heaven will forgive a good deal to an anxious mother."

The next morning Madame de Gardagne sent for Maximus, who waited on her instantly, like the good boy he always was.

"I have had a talk with your wife," said she, "and we have decided that we will go back home instead of going to Madame de Selve's. These last evening parties have tired Flavia, and I don't think Paris agrees with my health ; so we start for home to-morrow, probably."

"Why not to-day?" replied Maximus, jumping at the idea. "I am longing to get back to my old, quiet, simple way of living. The whirlpool of Parisian life suits me so ill that I am every day more and more sick of it."

"Yes, but *you* must stay here a little longer."

"What do you mean ? Am I not going home with you, mother?"

"You forget our lawsuit."

"Oh, it may be six weeks before that comes on for hearing."

"Just so ; but have you not to attend consultations with counsel, and keep yourself well up in the details of the cause ? Business—business, Max ; recollect you are a man now, and responsible for the management of your affairs—of all our affairs. Therefore, whether you like it or not, you must remain in town till the cause comes on for hearing."

"As you say so, I will stay here," replied the dutiful lad ; "but I don't half like it, I do assure you. What am I to do with myself when you are both gone?"

"Why, are there not a score of things in which you may employ yourself to advantage?—plenty of ways of spending time?"

"No doubt. I promise you I shall stick to the *Bibliothèque Royale* ; no more evening parties than I can help. I shall bury myself in my books, mother."

"Books!" said Madame de Gardagne, speaking very thoughtfully and cautiously. "I think you have had books enough. You are an exceedingly well-read man already ; and I'm afraid you will be over-read, if you do not take care. Now, Max, you must not think Paris has turned my head, and that I am going, at my age, to turn frivolous and foolish. But you must let *me* dictate for you a course of 'study,' to be pursued while we are away."

"Speak out, mother," said Maximus, laughing ; "you are my guide, my oracle. What is it to be, Hebrew or Sanscrit?"

"Neither, Max. Certain matters which are as French as can be—matters which I confess, with regret, I have overlooked in your education, and which are necessary to make an accomplished gentleman—riding, music, fencing, dancing."

"Fencing ! dancing !" exclaimed the youth, utterly staggered.

"My dear, I neither want you to fight a duel, nor to cut capers at masquerades. But exercises of this description, while they are in themselves quite innocent, improve the health, and develop the figure, and give a man a graceful bearing—a thing not to be despised."

"I suppose you think I'm awkward-looking?" said Maximus, looking mortified, for all his goodness.

"Well, my dear, there is a wide gulf between looking awkward and bearing one's self like an easy, well-trained cavalier. I have mother's vanity enough to be anxious to see you make the best of your personal advantages."

"Well, mother, other people may think me a slouch and a clown, if they like—I don't care; but I do care what *you* think, and your least wish is law for me; so, if you say but the word, I am quite ready to fence and waltz all day long."

"Well, then, look at your dress," resumed the marchioness; "I do not know who is your tailor, but I should almost have supposed your clothes had been originally cut out for M. de Beaupré."

"Why, mother, you utterly astonish me! I never knew you care so much for my appearance before—never! How long is it since you began to study the set of my surtout?" And Max could not help taking a side-look at his surtout, which he now suddenly discovered was more easy than elegant.

"I really think I must begin to take too much interest in matters of fashion for your sake, because you really take too little."

"But I do not see that it is necessary for me to become a coxcomb."

"Nobody wants you to become a coxcomb; but I am anxious that you should acquire certain qualities which are, if you please, superficial, but nevertheless very necessary in your position. Your principles are too solidly built up for any fashionable polish to injure their quality. Consider, goodness does not exclude elegance, and a man may lead an irreproachable life in clothes that fit him. In former days, when a young man went out into the world, he took for his model some knight celebrated for noble manners. Cannot you follow the example of the olden times? Amongst the men you know there are three or four who are capable of teaching you very good lessons—M. de Choisy, for instance. Of course you understand that I am speaking only of his manners, and not of his character—of which I do not think so well?"

"I assure you, mother, Choisy is not done justice to. I have always found him full of honour and delicacy. He knows my religious principles, and, though he does not altogether agree with them, he respects them. On Friday, for instance, I dined with him, and he had only one plain omelette on the table. That was a trifle, of course; but, from a man who is not so very pious, it was a mark of deference and respect for which I felt grateful."

As she listened to this eulogy of the vulture from the lips of the dove, the marchioness felt strongly disposed to tear the fillet from the eyes of her boy, but restrained herself.

"Precisely. It is in the art of living in society gracefully and handsomely that I should like to see you take lessons of a man like M. de Choisy. I should wish you, during our absence, to associate more than you have hitherto done with young men of your own age; which will tend, I hope, without undermining your better principles, to relax a certain rigidity of manner which I think you sometimes push to the limits of exaggeration. You must know that I want you to astonish us all

when you come back to Luscourt, and you may be sure that Flavia will not look unkindly on your metamorphosis."

"Come," said Maximus, who could not keep down a little mortification, "I suppose I am to infer that you both of you find me an ungainly fellow. I would do anything to please you, and promise that I will do my best to polish myself up. After all, to acquire the qualities to which so many young men owe their success in life cannot be much more difficult than learning French or algebra."

The growing self-discontent of her son was noticed by the marchioness with a mixture of satisfaction and uneasiness.

"He is touched to the quick," said she, "and is already impatient to try his wings. Good heavens! a little vanity is too strong for the best education! I only hope he will not now go too far."

## VII.

The next morning the marchioness and her daughter-in-law, along with the very tall father, left Paris. It was not the habit of the marchioness to hesitate in carrying out her resolutions; and she was wise enough to see that it would be a bad plan to allow the virtuous warmth of the young wife to grow cold. A few hours afterwards, Maximus made his appearance before M. de Choisy.

"You see before you," said he, "a poor widower and orphan"—speaking in a gay tone than usual, for his mother's counsels had already begun to work. On learning the precipitate retreat of the two ladies the count underwent an emotion of surprise which, for the moment, deprived him of utterance.

"The old hypocrite!" thought he. "This is the way in which she carries out her engagements. Her sermon of the day before yesterday was only a trap. But I am too old a fox to be caught in this way. Flavia has not dared, I suppose, to disobey the orders of her duenna; but, at all events, she carries with her a talisman which will prevent her forgetting me, and which she will read more than once or twice, I imagine. In any other case, writing would have been a schoolboy's trick, but, in the case of a separation, letters are useful. In absence, one's spoken words are forgotten, while one's letters are read over and over again. Where will the dear girl have hidden mine? Next her heart, no doubt."

"Here is a packet of papers which my mother bade me give you, about our lawsuit," said Maximus, handing to the count a small parcel carefully sealed with the crest of the marchioness.

The viscount opened the packet inattentively enough. There were half-a-dozen legal documents first of all, and, in the middle of them, another small packet, on which the count read—written in a somewhat shaky woman's hand—the following inscription:—

"Letters read by Madame de Gardagne only, and returned by her to M. le Vicomte de Choisy, who will, no doubt, perceive the uselessness of continuing a correspondence, the only result of which would be to amuse an old woman."

The gallant youth of forty stood aghast, reading this superscription over and over again.

"Allow me," said he to Maximus, making an effort to recover his self-possession—"allow me to put these letters in my bureau."

When he had got into his bedroom he tore open the little envelope, and found

inside it the two letters which he had himself written to Madame de Luscourt. Catching sight of himself in the glass at this moment, he found himself looking such a picture of petrification that he could not help bursting out laughing.

"Delightful, upon my word!" said he; "I write love-letters to the wife—the mother-in-law reads them—and the husband brings them back to me, never thinking, sainted youth! of the burden he bears. Decidedly this old marchioness is a clever woman. Only, how could she have read my letters? That little country girl must have given them to her, I suppose; but I should never have thought her capable of such a trick; it is either stupidity or treachery. Whoever heard of such behaviour? It is as bad as betraying the secrets of the confessional. Why, I had formed a first-rate opinion of her, from the manner in which she put her foot upon my billet the other day; and now— But, dear me, it's the approach of Passion Week that makes me so unlucky. I ought to have known better than to make love in Lent. However, here I am, ignominiously routed by an old woman. But I'm not going to strike my flag yet. I have won harder battles than this before now. Courage! and forward!"

Choisy had quite won back his self-possession by the time that he rejoined Maximus, who told him that he was going to remain in Paris a month or two longer. "Good," thought this deliberate rascal; "I see my way!" and he soon formed his plan. After Maximus had taken his leave, the count's reflections ran in this wise:—

"My evil genius is this old mother-in-law. She sees everything, guesses everything, hears everything—like the fairy Fine-Ear, who overheard the grass growing. So long as Flavia is under her eye, my labour is labour lost. I must get rid of the old girl, who is really carrying on her rights of sovereignty a little too long. Now, Flavia is quite ready to revolt, and I have only to manage the husband, for which here is a capital chance. He must be emancipated from the maternal yoke! He will pass a couple of months in Paris—good. He shall learn the taste of freedom; he will like it, and want more of it. His mother's yoke being thrown off, he will put on his wife's, of course—that's the way in these domestic revolutions. Flavia, who is very fond of Paris, will want to be here, while the old dowager will keep her château—as she ought to do—like a dethroned queen. Then my star will be once more in the ascendant. When I have nothing to contend with but the steadfastness of the wife, and the penetration of the husband, my path will be clear. Come, then, my first business is to set Luscourt free from his mother's control."

The next morning, having arranged in his own mind the minutest details of his procedure, the viscount drove to the apartments of Maximus.

"My dear fellow," said he, "I have had an idea since I saw you. Now the ladies are gone, why should you keep these rooms, which cost you dear, and must be very dull? because nothing is sadder than to live in the place where those we love have been living. Come and pitch your tent along with me. You will meet plenty of nice fellows—Villaret, Marcenay, and others whom you know—not very pleasant, I dare say, but the best company I can offer you. And make your conscience easy, for I promise you that all your habits shall be respected—so come. Is it a done thing?"

"Now I shouldn't wonder if my mother told him to make this proposal!" thought the good lad; "I dare say it has been all arranged between them." At all events, why should I refuse his offer?"

"It is a common thing for the wolf to get into the fold; this time the lamb walked calmly into the wolf's den. The last words of his mother had grown more influential the more he thought them over. His vanity had been wounded; this too-well-educated young gentleman had mortifying apprehensions lest Flavia, as well as the marchioness, should have found him awkward, and all his piety was not proof against that fear.

One evening, in the midst of a gay party at the count's, he took the longest look at himself in the glass he had ever done in all his life. Next morning he said to Chpisy, with affected indifference—

"I wish you would give me the address of your tailor; I want——"

"Certainly, my dear fellow; I'll introduce you myself." And the man of the world smiled to himself, thinking, "That looks well. Step number one!"

"And, by-the-bye, would you be so good as to tell me where I could go and take a few lessons in riding? I was quite ashamed, the other day, to be on horseback by the side of you, count."

"Oh, yes, we'll call at the riding-school on our way."

"And I should like to take some lessons in fencing, I think."

And there, too, the count was ready with his introduction. "That is good," thought he; "if he can fight, it will not be said that I took care of myself by attacking the wife of a husband who was helpless."

Thus, then, the "emancipating" process, from which the count and the marchioness were hoping for such different results, had begun, and, once drawn into the road by self-love, as Maximus had been, he was kept going in it by other impulses—"worldly" impulses. He liked it. Still, in spite of his yellow gloves, his spurs, and his dancing and fencing, he went to mass and said his prayers as regularly as ever, and fasted on Fridays. However, he found himself, one evening, at the Opera House, wondering mightily what busy devil had put such an atrocity into his head.

"Now," said the count, "what strikes you as the most extraordinary thing about the place?"

"My being here," replied poor Luscourt, parodying the *mot* of the Doge of Venice.

But the truth must be spoken. Some days afterwards, at a ball given by Villaret, to which he had gone in all innocence, he was introduced by the host to a very charming girl, who asked if he waltzed. "No," said piety; "Yes," said vanity. But it was only this last answer which reached the ears of the fair questioner. So Maximus waltzed with her—very badly, like your "good" boys in general. However, if his pretty partner was not contented with him, he was more than contented with her; and for this fresh sin his conscience did not prick him beyond the morrow. Then he thought of his wife, so young and so beautiful; and he sat down and wrote her the fondest letter she had ever yet had from her husband. All day long he mused on nothing but Flavia's black eyes, and the joy he would feel in meeting her again. But the next morning, in spite of himself, he thought of the languishing blue eyes of his partner, and actually remembered—some fiend or other assisting his recollection—that she had said he might call and see her. Whether or not the call was made, whether or not repeated, and whether or not it was of any service in "emancipating" our sage of five-and-twenty, are matters of which, being absolutely ignorant, we have nothing to tell.

Maximus stayed with the count for full three months, growing more and more intimate every day with him and his friends. The lawsuit had been decided, and favourably, for more than three weeks; and still in the letters which he wrote, with great punctuality, to his wife and his mother, the youth continued to make excuses for prolonging his stay in town. One day, Madame de Gardagne received a letter from him, which was very strongly scented.\*

"Scented paper!" she exclaimed; "oh, my poor, prodigal son!"

Next morning, Maximus received a note from the marchioness, informing him that there were matters which imperatively required his presence at home.

#### VIII.

One fine July morning, a post-chaise drove smartly up the gravel-walk of the château, while Madame de Gardagne and her daughter-in-law happened to be at the window. The two ladies stood motionless as the Vicomte de Choisy stepped out, first of all; but their astonishment took another turn when the second traveller stepped down after him—and, at first, they did not know him. Maximus it was, but oh! how changed—in his dress, in his manner, in his whole appearance! There was a slight hesitation about his behaviour also; but he first of all kissed his mother; then came Flavia's turn; and her he kissed and embraced so warmly, that, all unused to such treatment as she was, the young wife actually blushed.

Madame de Gardagne had forgotten the presence of Choisy altogether—she saw only her son. Greedily she scanned him from head to foot, with a delight dashed with apprehension. Had she over-done it? Mother's pride said, "No."

"Scapegrace," said she, uttering the word with involuntary zest, "what excuse have you to offer for staying away so long?"

"Why, mother, you banished me," said Luscourt, "and I awaited your commands before I came back."

"Very patiently, I fancy," said the old lady, whispering in his ear as he gave her his arm.

"Are you going to scold me because I obeyed you?" said Maximus, gaily.

"I am afraid you outran my instructions."

"Then I expect your forgiveness, for too much obedience can't be a crime."

During the remainder of the day, Maximus displayed a vivacity, a briskness, a readiness for anything and everything, an ease and grace of manner, which surprised all the family. He talked politics, fashion, balls, literature—whatever you please. His mother grew thoughtful over this change in her boy; perhaps she was reckoning up the penance she had engaged to perform, in case of need. Flavia, puzzled but pleased, looked at her husband askance, and yet paid more attention to his conversation than she had ever done before. M. de Beaupré laughed right out every now and then when his son-in-law said a saucy thing, and rubbed his hands in high glee. The viscount looked on with a sinister delight, confident in his power of now playing off his puppets against each other just as he pleased.

After dinner it began to rain, and everybody had to stay in-doors. M. de Beaupré proposed billiards, in which, to his surprise, Maximus joined the count and him, and, to his tenfold surprise, won two games.

---

\* This circumstance had, in France, at the time this tale was written, a significance for which English readers of to-day, who use scented paper without thinking it, must draw upon their

"Oh," said the tall man, "if you cou'd only fence, now!"

"Let us try," said Maximus; and the end of it was that his father-in-law fell upon his neck and embraced him.

"Why, I dare say you can ride!"

"To-morrow we will see," replied Luscourt, modestly, while his wife looked at him admiringly, warm and alive as he was with exercise.

Now up to evening, M. de Choisy had behaved like a gentleman, but when the candles were lit he changed his plans, and kept ogling poor Flavia in the way which he fancied he had acquired the right of doing three months before. Flavia would not meet his eyes. He persisted. And so grew up a quiet pantomime between the two, which the husband noticed, but pretended not to see. In the morning, however, the same scene being commenced anew, he took the middle-aged gallant aside.

"My dear friend," he began, with a grave smile, "during the last three months I have been your debtor for so much good teaching, that I really do not know how to repay my obligations to you. But let me try."

"You're joking. What do you owe to me?"

"More than you think—the gift of sight, for instance."

"Pooh! I didn't know I was an oculist."

"But you are; for, thanks to your teachings, I have been enabled to observe, last evening, and this morning too, that you look rather harder at my wife than the usages of good society permit."

"Serpent that I have warmed at my bosom!" thought poor Choisy, stupefied.

"Listen, my good fellow," continued Luscourt, as coolly as possible. "I am well aware that I have contracted a debt to you; but I forewarn you that the manner in which you seem disposed to repay yourself is not at all to my taste. My wife informed me, yesterday, of certain matters to which I will not go back, because it would be useless. I should be glad if we could keep friends, but for that purpose you must have the goodness to carry your fascinations somewhere else."

Abashed and confused, the viscount made some incoherent reply, with which the husband appeared contented; but the gentleman had no sooner escaped from the hands of the husband than he fell into those of the mother, who had just had a long chat with her daughter-in-law, and looked twenty years younger.

"Monsieur de Choisy," said she, standing right in his path, though he seemed desirous to pass on with a bow, "I have some commissions of which I should be obliged if you would take charge for me in Paris."

At this positive dismissal our middle-aged cavalier smiled awkwardly.

"Your commissions are, no doubt, of a very pressing character?" said he, drily.

"Rather; and I should be very much indebted to you if you would undertake them. I have already acknowledgments to offer you."

"Acknowledgments, madame?"

"Quite true, however it may surprise you. I was told that you had boasted in your own circles that you were going to finish the education of Madame de Luscourt. Having recognised the difficulties and dangers of that process, you have taken upon yourself to play tutor to my son, and I hope you are satisfied with the progress he has made. We are all unanimous in our gratitude; and the opinion of M. de Beaupré, of myself, and especially of Madame de Luscourt (which is the most important, after all), is, that you have reason to be proud of your pupil."



The count was not a fool, and was too much accustomed to victory not to know how to accept a defeat. He replied, calmly—

"Your commissions shall be executed the day after to-morrow, madame, as I start this evening for Paris. As for your acknowledgments, whether they are sincere or not, I accept them, for I perhaps deserve them more than you seem to fancy."

"Pray explain yourself—your meaning must be interesting;" and the shrewd old lady took a deliberate pinch of snuff.

The viscount hesitated for a moment, and then said—

"I am sure you will understand me very well. Any hopes which I once had in reference to Madame de Luscourt I have long given up; but I had also made up my mind that nobody else should succeed where I had failed. The experience which your son gained under my direction is a guarantee that he will hereafter know how to protect and guide his wife."

"*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*," said the marchioness, with a wicked smile. "And now, by way of balm to your wounds, let me compliment your ingenuity and your judgment. I am quite convinced, since yesterday, that worldly experience is useful to a husband. What is your opinion?"

"My opinion, madame," said the count, "is this—though I expect you will not find it very orthodox—when Eve had eaten of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge, the best thing for Adam to do was (what he did do) to eat of it also."

[In an early number, a new tale, by the author of "The Tree of Knowledge," &c., will be commenced.]

## SONG;

FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH LADIES WERE INVITED.

A HEALTH to dear woman! She bids us untwine,  
From the cup it encircles, the fast-clinging vine;  
But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure will glow,  
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.

A health to sweet woman! The days are no more  
When she watch'd for her lord till the revel was o'er,  
And smooth'd the white pillow, and blush'd when he came,  
As she press'd her cold lips on his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair  
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;  
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,  
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,  
As their ribands of silver unwind from the hills:  
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's dream,  
But the lilies of innocence float on their stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman once more!  
She brings us a passport that laughs at our door!  
It is written on crimson—its letters are pearls—  
It is countersign'd Nature. So, room for the Girls!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

## PATIENCE.



Who laughed? It is surely no matter for mirth, this sad picture of a lonely woman, who, having missed a world of love and sympathy, is now in the vale of life, looking back, with a quiet anguish, at those turns in the road where her companions left her that they might cheer and brighten happy homes—hear the prattle of children at their knees—enter upon the glorious vocation which appeals to every daughter of Eve—as wife and mother. Even the few fading rays of hope that once made her lot tolerable have died out at last, and left her in the solitary place, which is not home, but a mausoleum of dead fancies and half-faded recollections, to play the dull game of Patience. Do you desire to know how this game is played? The knowledge will be of little service to you. Its first requisite—the very foundation of its difficult acquirement—is the necessity for waiting. Having discovered that, you may go on playing for a little eternity of dreary sameness—waiting, still waiting, till the King of Terrors finds you, and seems to delay his coming.

Oh, it is a sad, sad story, that of the lonely creature sitting there, with the impulses of her very being, meant to swell the ocean of universal love which flows throughout the world, frozen midway in the channels they had made for themselves, and leaving her ice-bound in an endless winter of regret.

All the poor mementos in that room—which, like herself, has grown into a

spare outline of what it should have been—all the carefully-preserved records of fictitious expectation, are so many chapters in the tale of a wasted life. Only one object there suggests a thought of comfort, and that (the cat asleep upon the cushion) is happy but in the selfishness of its instinct, the sloth of its artificial existence.

Does she read her own history in the cards as she counts them over? There may once have been Hearts of which she was herself the Queen; the traces of womanly beauty and gentleness are not absent even now. The King may never have turned up to pair with her; or, more likely still, have turned up too late, and after she had taken the Knave, soon to find him a knave. Now, perhaps, both Knave and King are out of the game, and she alone is left—the Queen no longer, but the Ace who outlives the rest, and has even outlived herself—the solitary Heart in the midst of a cold and colourless expanse.

Heaven grant that such may not be the lot of any of my readers! It is a very terrible one, and, as I have already said, not intended as a subject for merriment. Those who laugh do not always win; and, as a matter of probability, I should say that the gaiety which is stirred by this picture is symptomatic of a fate similar to that of the object of its derision. Certainly they lack some great element necessary for the attraction of true human sympathy, and may find out that those who may be tempted to laugh with them, ~~never~~ stay long, and sometimes don't come back at all.

I say, Heaven grant that such a fate may not befall one of my readers! but I am by no means sure that I will pray that none of my readers may remain unmarried. I don't mean you, miss, nor the dear creature who is at this moment looking over your shoulder, or sitting opposite, or listening to you as you read these remarks; but I think there must be—not "old maids," in the contemptuous use of the words, but—charming unmarried ladies of ages more or less mature. What, I ask, are we to do without them? I am thoroughly convinced that the world would fly back nobody knows how many centuries if they should all take it into their heads to get married. I anticipate your personal remarks, my dear miss. I may be an elderly party myself, and I may also have a liking for whist and strong tea, and the observation of human nature in general, as exemplified by an intimate acquaintance with my neighbours' affairs in particular. Never mind that. I might retort by saying, "Prove it," or even by disclosing certain little reports which may have reached me about *your* goings on; but I shall do neither. I take my ground, not as a man, but as an *essayist*—a purely intellectual abstraction—and I repeat that the world couldn't go on without its unmarried women of mature age—its old maids, in short.

Here we are, just over Christmas! What would have become of the dinner if Aunt Sarah, or Eliza, or Fanny hadn't looked to the little arrangements which are always so essential to comfort? Who would have seen that the dear boys didn't go out without their comforters and Inverness capes? Who else would have found time to trim Beesy's bonnet, and to deck the glorious Christmas-tree with dolls fashionably attired? And then, on the very day of the party, who talks to the quiet gentleman, and causes in him the surprising discovery that he really may get used to ladies' society, after all? Who waits in the bedroom, bathing poor old Mrs. Doloureux's temples with aromatic vinegar, when everybody else is half through the tea which she has made before leaving the table? Who comes down and sets

the boys dancing, herself leading out the bashful ones, and submitting to be kissed under the mistletoe? Bless her! If I were a handsome fellow, with five thousand a-year, I'd give a bunch of mistletoe, with leaves of green enamel and diamond berries, for one salute of those pure lips, through which goodness and gentle love speak to a selfish world. She's too good for any man that cares to laugh at her; and more beautiful than any woman who dares to sneer.

Patience! She has no need to wait; and, in her kindly charity, pities and consoles, even while she blushes for, those who scheme to alter a condition which to her is no unhappy one.

She may have moments, perhaps, when it seems that she must bear some of her private griefs alone; and then she may be led to speculate upon what might have happened under other circumstances; but no such wandering thoughts engross her unselfish mind. She is at present, at all events, a glorious part of a tolerably harmonious whole; and in the great human concert, were her part removed, there would be a discord where there now rises her sweet song to swell the hymn of praise. May the new year bring her—if not a home of which she will be the gentle mistress—a *score* of happy homes, made the happier by her coming as the loving ministrant!

But surely it must be a cowardly age in which we see even such a hopeless, pitiful spectacle as that represented in the engraving. Is this the natural result of that training of women by which they look forward to an "establishment" as one of the first requisites of marriage? Is it for this that Belgravian mothers and their imitators inculcate the maxims which forbid any alliance not ratified by Mammon before it is vowed at the altar of God? Or is it but a fresh evidence of that deep underlying selfishness which is fast rotting the core of all earnest, healthy manhood, and substituting for a dawdling sentimentality a still more dawdling cynicism?

Women cannot think of a matrimonial alliance unless they can secure with it all that, and three or four times more than, they "have been accustomed to."

Men are too great cowards to ask for their wives women who would really be their "helpmeets," because they have no intention whatever of incurring the responsibilities of marriage when they entail earnest work, and hard, up-hill endeavour.

So marriage has come to mean an expensive arrangement only permitted to the few, instead of a beneficent law of Nature meant for the happiness of mankind; while vice—spoken of in euphuistic slang, because its real name is too hideous to profane delicate ears—steps boldly in, and adds to the general wreck of life and hope.

The subject opens up before every thoughtful mind a long train of painful considerations. To what are we all tending, if not to a dreary dead level of scepticism, which laughs at the emotion that fashion first only taught it unhealthily to conceal? It is the mode to express extreme liberality of opinion, and to assume an utter indifference to everything; which is the mere cant and pretence by which a leprous selfishness, a paralysing unbelief, shows itself to be mean enough to lie, and weak enough to dissemble, while it denies every claim save that of sense, or drowns the voice of conscience by the constant repetition of a convenient phrase.

## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XI.

## IDENTITY.

BEING determined to conquer, if possible, those terrible paroxysms of nervous excitement which I had begun to hope belonged only to my former life, I carefully avoided the window from which I had looked out that day—avoided it because I felt a vague, and yet what I knew to be an irrational, desire to go and stare through the same pane a given number of times before Mrs. White's return. I had, indeed, risen for the purpose, when her entrance chased the morbid feeling, and we went down-stairs together.

Mr. Willmott's library was a room which—as I afterwards had permission to spend many hours of study in it—I may well describe. The two broad windows were shaded with Venetian blinds, besides being heavily curtained; and in each of them was placed a handsome stuffed settee. Volumes of all sizes, and many of them with rare bindings, filled three handsome bookcases, the diamond-paned doors of which reflected the deep, ruddy glow from a clear fire in the low, shell-shaped grate. The carpet—so thick that no footfall sounded in the room—was of a deep crimson colour, contrasting well with the dark wainscot and the black marble chimney-piece. In the pier between the windows hung an oval mirror, with six sconces for candles, which, with two paintings, covered the only blank spaces left by the books and an inner green baize door communicating with the drawing-room. These pictures attracted my attention instantly. One of them represented a wild sea, on which a luminous object glowed and tinged the crests of wave with red and gold: it was a ship on fire; and, looming dark in the foreground, heaved a crowded raft, filled with a confused mass of men, women, and children, all huddled together, and with haggard faces, watching the burning vessel which had lately been their home. The fire-light gleaming on this picture seemed to play upon the terror-stricken features of the hopeless crew, and endue them with mobility, as though they dreaded the sinking of the awful beacon from which they had escaped. The other consisted of a low-lying sandy beach—half-framing a bright bay—in some tropical climate. On the distant hills fan-shaped trees seemed to wave, and the snowy crests of the breakers rolling in upon the shore shot upwards into feathery showers of spray. No sign of life, except a solitary bird standing on a rocklet, and looking downward at a glittering fish lifted by the waves as they rose, relieved the expanse, terminating in a blood-red horizon.

Mrs. White waited patiently till I had finished my scrutiny of these.

"Do you like this room?" she said, as I turned towards her.

"Yes, I like it, but I don't know who could read all these books."

"They are not all of them worth reading, my dear," was the reply; "that bookcase near the window holds the best of them, and that is left unlocked."

"I suppose Mr. Willmott is always in this room when he's at home, ma'am?" I remarked, looking at the square, green-baize-covered table, containing a reading-lamp and the remains of breakfast, from which a large leather-covered chair had been carelessly pushed away.

"Generally. But he gives me permission to read here before dinner, and he would wish you to do the same."

"Mrs. White," I asked timidly, "am I to go to school, or are you to teach me?"

"You will go for four mornings a-week to a lady in the neighbourhood—Mrs. Winthrop. I believe you will have a master for French and drawing—perhaps for music. Let us go and look at the next room—the piano is there."

All the warm glow faded when that green baize door closed behind us, and a chill struck upon me as we entered the large room. It was handsomely furnished, but yet had an appearance of bareness, which must have been caused by the pale, hungry walls—the white polished chimney-piece—the silver-plated bars of the false grate—the amber damask furniture, relieving nothing, and without a contrast of darker shade except the rich table-cover, which, reflected in opposite mirrors, reminded me of the solitary bird in the picture. The room was, perhaps, brilliant by the light of the wax candles in the chandelier and on the walls; but it was a chill day—rain was falling heavily against the windows, and the grand piano loomed long and coffin-like as Mrs. White went and opened it. As she ran her fingers over the keys the chill air seemed to echo the notes too loudly—the room must be filled with people to gather an appearance of life. My companion felt this too.

"The room is only intended for company, Wayfe," she said; "suppose you take a book up-stairs, and then we'll have our dinner there. While you go and find something to read I must visit the kitchen, and tell them that Mr. Willmott dines abroad."

It was so wonderful to find myself alone in the midst of those walls of books, that I could do nothing at first but stand on the hearth-rug, gazing at their gilded backs. Then, having re-opened the door, to peep into the chill void, where the last notes of the piano seemed still to linger, I drew back from any further contemplation save of the momentous reality.

By the aid of a stout oak chair, which seemed to be placed there on purpose, I was able to mount high enough to see the titles of all except the top row. This was of little service to me, however, and I thought it better to take a few of the smaller volumes down and look at their contents. They were all new to me, or nearly so; certainly I could discover no duplicate of any of those with which I had been familiar at Mr. Bradley's.

A title caught my eye directly I had placed the first six upon the table. It was poetry, I saw, and therefore I was in no very great hurry to begin with it; but I must see what could be the meaning of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Was it the work of the poet who had gained the latest success? did the author believe himself to be the end of all verse, the art dying with him? or was it the imaginary theme of the last poet of all mankind?

The sudden falling together of the hollow embers in the grate—the dying out of the flicker upon the glass—warned me that I had been too much absorbed to remember Mrs. White or dinner. I replaced the other volumes on their shelf, and, with what haste I could, ran up-stairs.

There was yet an hour before me; and, seated in that low chair by the window, I revelled in a new world—climbed rugged heights—heard the sound of the "coronach" in far-off villages—felt the wind that swept through the heather fan my throbbing temples. Then a gentle hand came through the curtain and touched my shoulder.

"Are you hungry, dear?"

"No, ma'am; I—I didn't know it was so late. I didn't hear you come in."

The kind face looked fixedly into mine.

"Too much of this reading is scarcely good for you, Wayfe. Don't think I grudge it you, dear; but your cheek is flushed; it excites you more than I could wish. We must try to make it a part of your regular daily exercise to read this poem. You shall devour it first, and afterwards enjoy it."

Before we had sat down at the table, where dinner had already been set, Susan came in to say that Mr. Goodward was in the dining-room. Mrs. White went down immediately, and returned with a fresh-coloured, middle-aged gentleman, whose dress so evidently showed him to be a clergyman, that I should have contrived to slip out of the room had he not held out his hand and kept mine within it.

"Mrs. White has asked me to dine with you," he said, in a genial voice; "and I trust you will have no objection. I couldn't refuse when I heard there was to be damson tart."

I was speechless, of course, for I saw that he was noting everything in the room, and me most of all, with a quick eye, but, at the same time, a pleasant, open smile. Indeed, those bright brown eyes, contrasted with the whitened hair and ruddy cheek, were all suggestive of moral as well as physical health.

"This is Mr. Goodward, Wayfe," said Mrs. White. "He has been kind enough to come all the way from Dover sooner than he intended, to bring me a letter. My young friend is to become a pupil of Mrs. Winthrop," she added, turning to our guest.

"I am delighted to hear it; she will find a sound teacher, and, unless I am mistaken, this is a tolerably docile scholar, but a little nervous—not timid, I think, young lady, but nervous, excitable, and a little too imaginative, eh?"

He had put out his hand and reached "The Minstrel" from the table where he had seen me place it—a grave smile crossed his handsome face as he turned its pages.

"I see, I see," he said, half to himself.

"I thought I might read it," I said, reddening. "I didn't know there was any harm in doing so, as Mrs. White left it with me."

"Harm!" he replied, raising his eyes quickly to mine—"yes, that's it; you half believe that it is harm, and that makes the excitement unhealthy. Did you never read anything of the kind before?"

"Nothing like that; I have read 'Henry, Earl of Moreland,' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Were there any notes to the 'Pilgrim's Progress?'"

"Yes, sir, I believe so; it said so on the first page, but I never read them."

"So much the better. Shall I carve the fowl, Mrs. White?"

During that memorable dinner I remained, for the most part, silent, but Mrs. White and her guest talked on a great many topics.

"How is Mr. Willmott?" asked the clergyman, in a pause of the conversation.

Mrs. White replied—"I wish I could see him happier."

"He may be when he learns—as he will learn, I hope—to forget two different phases of teaching: that which made God only an Avenger, and the other that

denied Him in relation to man. The constant misbelief in punishment keeps heaven from many owners besides him."

He saw me looking at him, not without wonder; for indeed I had discovered something in his words which awakened me strangely.

"Isn't it strange," he said, "that we should so often, in our thoughts of God, regard Him as waiting to take vengeance instead of 'waiting to be gracious;' and think of hell as the punishment inflicted by a terrible and offended King, almost delighting in destruction, rather than as a separation from a Father full of loving-kindness? How do you like best to look at the meaning of your Bible?" he asked me, as he turned his chair towards the fire, and stood till the servant had removed the tray. "You have been wrongly impressed about the reading of that beautiful book," he said, taking out his watch, and repossessing himself of the poem. "Now, you can never enjoy any pure pleasure with an unquiet or a disordered mind. I shall ask leave of Mrs. White to stay and read some of it to you for an hour; you shall sit here in this dim corner by the fire"—and he drew the low chair into the shadow of the curtain.

I was not quite sure that I cared about hearing anybody read to me; I felt that I might not have time to grasp the interest of the story if I could not pause now and then to think; but Mrs. White came in presently, and sat down quietly with some needlework; then Mr. Goodward began where I had left a thread of cotton between the leaves.

I half closed my eyes, and let the full tide of the poetry bear me along. In the clear tones of the voice beside me the minstrel himself sung; and as the cadence rose and swelled, the bare crags grew mightier—the pibroch sounded wilder and more martial strain—the pine-clad heights started into life with sombre hosts of armed men—the seer spake in language grim and terrible. Suddenly the book was closed with a smart slap, Mr. Goodward bent forward, and I started up in the fear that he believed I was asleep.

"Well, young lady," he said, with his grave smile, "where have you been wandering all this time?"

There must have been a happier look in my face to answer him.

"No more to-night," he said, with his hand upon my shoulder; "to-morrow will bring its work with it, and work is the greatest blessing of life. Those who would fight loyally must be ready to obey the signal promptly, and must lay on with stout hearts, believing in their cause. Will you bring my young friend with you when you come to see us, Mrs. White?"

He shook me by the hand, and went out before I could thank him; the room felt as though a fresh, healthy breeze had been shut out with the closing of the door.

"Has Mr. Goodward any children, ma'am?" I asked, when Mrs. White returned, and, having resumed her work, had drawn her chair close to mine.

"No, my dear, he never had any; but he has a school near his church, and looks upon it as his family. You like him, don't you?"

"Very much indeed—couldn't I go to school with him?"

"Oh, no; they are mostly poor children, and you will be expected to learn more than they do; they have different positions to fulfil."

"What will mine be, then? Am I to be a governess, or a house—to live as you do with Mr. Willmott?"



"Why don't you say a housekeeper, Wayfe? I think your guardian wishes you to be a governess in some such family as he could introduce you to. His connexions are, many of them, wealthy people, so you see you will have to make good use of your time."

"Does my mother know where I am now, and will she ever come to see me? Do you ever hear her speak about me, Mrs. White?" I said, after a pause, in which the thought of the vague future had suggested the strangeness of my deserted childhood. "Did you ever see my father?" I added suddenly.

"I knew him before you were born, my child!"

"He is dead, then?"

My companion looked at me fixedly for a moment, and the tears shone in her kind eyes—a big drop fell upon my hand as she took it between both her own.

"Would you like to hear something now that Mr. Willmott desires me to tell you?"

"Yes; do, do tell me why my mother never sees me, and when I am to know where she is?"

"Do you know that Mr. Willmott is related to you?"

"No; I always thought he was a friend of my father's, and that my mother had been willing to give me up, but I could never understand why."

"Mr. Willmott is your grandfather, Wayfe—your father's father."

"My name is not Willmott," I said, in blank surprise; "you mean my mother's father. Oh, how cruel he must be to shut her out away from me!"

"Sit down on this stool, poor dear girl, and listen to me. Your mother trusts you to me, and I will love you always; so rest your head upon my arm here, and you shall know who she is, and then try to think that all may be best for her and you. Your father is Mr. Willmott's son—for he is not dead, as you have thought. His mother died when he was quite a boy, and I fear he needed a mother's influence, as all need it. You can pity him in that, at least, my dear. After he had finished his education—and he had always been a wild boy—he occupied some situation at the bank in which Mr. Willmott was, and I believe is still, a principal partner. They had never been towards each other as a father and son should be, for your grandfather had heard ill reports of him from school, and had discovered that his habits had been disreputable even as a youth. I fear that there had been no such influence at home as was sufficient to keep him from making a bad use of his time, my dear, and he seldom went to the houses of his father's friends, many of whom, instead of helping to save him from vicious companions, refused to see him in their families. I must tell you the truth, Wayfe, and I know that Mr. Willmott might have had more control over his son but that he was then himself unsettled in mind and opinions—I cannot now explain in what way, but I may tell you that, from an education in which a strict observance of the forms of religion was insisted on, he had been led to regard religion itself as little more than a necessary part of his station in society. Then he became acquainted with a number of men who had taken their opinions from those who brought on the dreadful Revolution in France, and with whom it was the fashion to laugh at all religion, and pretend to deny its power. While his son was at his place in the bank, Mr. Willmott supplied him liberally with money; but this was not enough for him. He imagined that his father's position there entitled him to be independent of the ordinary

duties of the rest of the clerks, and gave way to such an irregular life, and at the same time became involved in such disgraceful debts, that he was speedily removed. His father met him sternly, and, having paid his less objectionable creditors, gave him only a small sum from week to week. Upon this he lived more steadily for a time, and finally demanded from his father the purchase of what is called a commission in the army, to which Mr. Willmott agreed, and bought him a cornetcy in a regiment which it was expected would shortly be sent abroad. For some time they saw but little of each other; but, before the regiment was ordered for foreign service, young Mr. Willmott—your father—came here (I was not living here then), and said that he had been to some distant part of the country, where he had married; that his wife was likely soon to have a baby, and that he should demand some further support from his father. With a man of Mr. Willmott's temper this was a foolish course to pursue, and they parted angrily, your grandfather forbidding him ever again to enter the house. Upon an inquiry which Mr. Willmott made, it was discovered that he had told the truth—that he had resumed many of his dissolute habits—had been quartered in some country town a long way off, and, with little to do, had formed the acquaintance of a young woman only too ready to listen to his false promises and cruel pretence. I suppose he really had some affection for her, poor dear, for they were married after an acquaintance of a few weeks, and she came up to London with him in the hope of being well cared for. It would seem that her father, an old man in very humble life, was filled with indignation at her marrying out of her own sphere, and followed them to town, where, however, he was compelled to leave her, as she was now Mr. Willmott's wife. My dear, she is your mother, and it will be a comfort to you to know that she is not the vulgar and ignorant person that your grandfather assumed her to be. His passion at the continued dissipation of his son, and the reckless conduct he had pursued, led him to vow that he would never recognise the marriage; but he sought out your mother, after she had been deserted by your father—for such was, indeed, the worst of this sad story—sought her out, and gave her the means of supporting herself and you. Your father had gone abroad with his regiment, and in no very good repute, to judge by such reports as occasionally reached here. You were a baby then, of course, and it seems to have been some part of Mr. Willmott's intention to provide for you, apart from your relationship to himself, which he would never allow. Your mother, who loved you and still loves you dearly, Wayfe, could not at first consent (don't cry, dear child); but at last, seeing that the sacrifice of herself for your sake would be the best proof of her real affection, agreed to see you no more, on the condition that you should never be taught to despise her, and that your future welfare should be cared for far better than she could ever hope to provide for it. The name you bear, dear girl, is not hers, and I am not at liberty to-night to tell you what her name is. Your real name is Willmott, of course, but Wayfe was a sort of pretty foundling name adopted by your mother herself when she parted with you. Summers is an old family name of your grandfather, but very remotely connected with him."

Mrs. White ceased speaking, and the silence, broken only by the clicking of the ashes as they fell upon the hearth, grew insupportable. The room grew hot—stifed—and the walls, as I raised my head and looked wildly round, seemed closing in upon me. With a wild cry I threw myself into the arms that were

held out for me, heard the surging of a great volcanic sea, whose heat seemed to rise like a warm vapour and submerge me—then I was unconscious, and woke to find myself lying in Mrs. White's lap at the open window—her tears falling on my moistened hair, her hand holding a glass of wine-and-water to my lips.

"It is very, very cruel, dear Mrs. White," I said; "but oh! my mother loves me, and I will see her when you think it best."

There was no discussion of the narrative of my identity that night, for a long, passionate fit of weeping seized us both; then fragrant tea, and restored tranquillity; a prayer such as a mother might have breathed for her own beloved child from my newly-found friend; a broken thanksgiving from myself, such as I could offer for a mother who had only just been made known to me, although I knew her well—seemed again to touch the dishevelled lock of fair hair—once more to look into the stricken face which had met mine at Mrs. Bradley's so short a time ago, and yet which was separated from the present by such a seeming distance when measured by events.

"You shall sleep with me to-night, dear," Mrs. White said, when she had lighted a wax candle; "we'll not part till you are better able to think—so come along. See, I've prepared this light for burning till morning."

Held in those maternal arms, I slept away the excitement and confusion of the first day in my new home—slept peacefully, but not without a dream of her who should have occupied that place beside me.

## HAPPY WINTER.

SAID Winter, and he strove to frown,

"Why do you love me, young and old?

The drifting snows my forehead crown,

My heart is hard, my blood is cold."

"Ah, no!" said both; "we love you well,

For fresh delights remember'd long;

Your voice is merry as a bell,

And all your accents sound like song.

So smile, old Winter, smile again,

You but pretend our foe to be;

You warm and cheer the hearts of men;

We love you for your jollity."

Said Winter to the maid I love,

"What makes thee prize me, maiden fair?

I strip the verdure from the grove,

And hush the music of the air."

Sweet was her smile as she replied,

"O Winter wild, though thus be true,

You come with Christmas at your side—

You give affection work to do;

The suffering and the poor you seek,

With kindly words and offerings free,

You dry the tears on sorrow's cheek;

We love you for your charity."

Old Winter kiss'd the blushing maid,

To old and young he held his hand;

"Who loves me in this guise," he said,

"Need fear no winter in the land;

On them I'll ask my daughter Spring

Her choicest blooms and balms to pour,

The Summer on their path shall sing,

And Autumn bless them with its store.

So be ye happy on the earth,

Whate'er your name or station be,

Who mingle with your Yule-tide mirth

Your bounteous Christian charity."

CHARLES MACKAY.

## STUDIES IN BOTANY.

## IV.—THE LEAF.

**DESCRIPTION OF THE LEAF.**—We have now to consider that important organ of vegetation through which the fluids of the plant are exposed to the magical influence of air and light. The leaf invariably grows from the stem, and is generally a flat expanded body formed of parenchyma or cellular tissue, strengthened by a woody skeleton or framework. The parts of the stem from which the leaves spring are called *nodes*; and the spaces between such parts, *internodes*. The leaf usually grows horizontally, so that one surface looks to the heavens, and the other to the earth. In some kinds of plants, however, we find the leaves placed vertically, or with their edges directed to the same points; but, as this mode of growth is rare, the terms *upper* and *lower* are generally applied to the two surfaces of the leaf. The part of the organ next the stem is called the *base*, and the opposite extremity the *apex*, while the lines connecting these two points are termed the *edges*, or *margins*. The angle formed by the upper surface of the leaf with the stem is styled the *axil*; and everything which springs from this angle is said to be *axillary*. Buds are usually developed in the axils. The leaf is sometimes articulated with the stem, and when it falls off a *scar* remains; at other times it is continuous with it, and then decays gradually without dropping off. In their early state all leaves are continuous with the stems from which they spring, and it is only in their after-growth that joints or articulations are formed. When leaves fall off annually, they are said to be *deciduous*; when they remain for two or more years, they are *evergreen*, or *persistent*.

A leaf usually consists of two distinct parts: a flat expanded portion, called the *blade*, *lamina*, or *limb*; and a narrower portion, which joins it to the stem, and which is termed the *petiole*, or *leaf-stalk*. The apex of the blade is the oldest part of such a leaf, and the base of the stalk the youngest part. When a leaf has no



Sessile Leaves of the Box.



Leaf of the Pear.—a, blade; b, petiole.



Stipules of the Rose

distinct stalk, but consists of the flat portion only, it is said to be *sessile*. The occurrence of two little organs at the base of the leaf-stalk is frequent; and as these usually resemble the expanded part of the leaf, they have been termed *stipules*, or little blades. But though commonly of a leafy character, stipules sometimes take such curious forms that they can only be identified by their position at the base of the petiole, or the blade if the leaf be sessile. In the Rose, the stipules appear as little membranous parts adhering to the base of the leaf-stalk. In the common Mallow, and in the Geranium, they take the form of little leaves, and proceed, not from the leaf-stalk, but from the stem of the plant at

either side of the base of the leaf-stalk. In the wild Heartsease they are extremely large, and are divided into several segments. In the Robinia they occur as sharp prickles, and in the Smilax as delicate tendrils. Stipules, when present, whatever their form, are to be regarded as portions of the leaf, and not as distinct organs. They appear at a somewhat late period of the development of the leaf, but their growth is exceedingly rapid, owing to their close proximity to the stem. Hence they arrive at maturity before the other portions of the leaf.

. **VENATION OF LEAVES.**—Leaves generally consist of vascular tissue, in the form of veins, ribs, or nerves, and of soft cellular tissue, or parenchyma, filling up the interstices between the veins. The skeleton leaves, which may often be found in damp ditches in winter, show the vascular system beautifully, the whole of the parenchyma having been destroyed by maceration. The term *venation* has been applied to the distribution of the veins. In most leaves this can be easily traced, but in the case of some succulent plants the veins are obscure, and the leaves are said to be *hidden-veined*. Again, in the lower tribes of plants, as the Mosses and Sea-weeds, the leaves are not strengthened by vascular tissue; and, from being destitute of true veins, they have been termed *veinless*.

In an ordinary leaf there may be observed a central vein, larger than the rest, which is called the *midrib*; this gives off veins laterally, which either end in curvatures within the margin, as in the leaf of the Lilac, or proceed directly to the edges, as in the Oak-leaf. These veins, again, give origin to smaller ones, which are distinguished by the term *veinlets*. Some leaves, as those of the Common Sycamore and the Melon, instead of midribs, have each three or more large veins, which proceed from the base to different parts of the apex—such veins are commonly termed *ribs*. In the common leaves which we have enumerated the primary veins give off secondary veins, and these in their turn give off tertiary veins, and so on until a complete network is produced. To such a distribution of veins the name of *reticulated* or *netted* venation has been applied.



Reticulated Leaf of Oak.—Skeleton.

Another kind of venation may be observed in the leaves of most monocotyledonous plants. The leaf has a midrib, with veins running nearly parallel to it from the base to the apex, as in a blade of grass, and in the beautiful leaf of the Fan palm; or else the veins proceed from the midrib throughout its whole course, and run parallel to each other in a straight or curved direction towards the edges of the leaf, as in the Plantain and Banana. In these cases the veins are often united by cross veinlets, which do not, however, form an angular network. The venation of these leaves is said to be *parallel*.



Parallel-veined Leaf of the Banana.

**FORMS OF LEAVES.**—The terms which are used to distinguish the different forms of leaves are so numerous, that, were we to ask the fair student to try to remember all of them, we fear she would give up Botany in disgust. We shall, therefore, only allude to the most important forms, and only give those terms which must be recollected. Leaves have been divided into *simple* and *compound*.

Thus, a leaf is called simple if it has only one blade, however much this may be divided, so that the divisions do not extend to the midrib or petiole; the Pear, the Oak, the Lilac, the Geranium, and the Cabbage have simple leaves. A leaf is termed compound when the blade is separated into two or more distinct portions, each of which bears the same relation to the petiole as the petiole itself does to the stem from which it arises. The separate portions of a compound leaf are called *leaflets*, and these may either be sessile or furnished with stalks, called *petiolules*; or *partial petioles*, the main axis which supports them being termed the *rachis*, or *common petiole*. The leaflets of a compound leaf may be at once distinguished from the separate leaves of a branch by their being all situated on the same plane; moreover, the entire leaf, when it dies, commonly falls off the stem in one piece, and not leaflet by leaflet. The leaves of the Rose, Clover, Elder, and Horse-Chestnut are familiar examples.

The margins of leaves are sometimes smooth and undivided, but more frequently indented or scalloped. A leaf is said to be *entire* when its margins are smooth, as in the Garden Nasturtium and the whole Orchis tribe. Of the *indented*, or toothed, leaves, botanists distinguish several varieties. If the teeth are sharp, like those of a saw, and all directed towards the apex, the leaf is *serrate*, as in the Common Nettles and the Rose. If these saw-like teeth are themselves serrate it is *biserrate*, as in the Elm. When the teeth are very minute the leaf is *serrulate*; and when they are large and sharp, but do not point to any particular direction, the leaf is *dentate*, or *toothed*. When the projections are rounded the leaf is *crenate*, as in the Ground Ivy and Horse-radish; but if these are themselves scalloped, it is *bicrenate*. When a leaf is minutely scalloped its character is distinguished by the term *crenulated*. When the margin presents alternately deep concavities and bold convexities, it is *sinuate*, as in some species of Oak; and when the margin is only slightly sinuous, as in the Holly, it is said to be *wavy*. Again, when the margin is very irregular, and twisted and curled, as in the Garden Endive, it is said to be *crisped*.



SERRATE LEAFLET  
OF ROSE.

A simple leaf is sometimes more deeply divided than in the above instances, and the segments produced receive different names, according to their nature. If the incisions reach about midway between the margin and midrib, or petiole, the leaf is said to be *cleft*, and its divisions are called *lobes*; if they extend almost as far as the midrib, or base, the leaf is *partite*, and the divisions are then termed *partitions*; and if they quite reach the midrib, or base, *segments* are formed, and the leaf is said to be *dissected*. These segments differ from the leaflets of a compound leaf in never being articulated, and also from each being united to the midrib, or petiole, by a broad base. In describing incised leaves botanists make use of the terms *bifid*, or two-cleft; *trifid*, or three-cleft; *multifid*, or many-cleft; *tripartite*, *trisected*, and so on, according to the number of lobes, partitions, or sections. The divisions of leaves are always arranged in the direction of the prominent veins; thus those of *feather-veined* leaves are directed towards the midrib, while those of *palmately-veined* extend towards the base. A cleft, feather-veined leaf, as that of the Common Oak, is said to be *pinnatifid*—from the Latin words, *pinna*, a wing, and *fissus*, a cleft; while a partite leaf with the same venation, as that of the Valerian, is said to be *pinnatipartite*. In the same manner

innumerable terms have been formed, by the addition of *-fid*, *-partite*, and *-sected*, to the words used to distinguish different kinds and forms of simple leaves.

The most important forms we will now enumerate. Generally speaking, feather-veined leaves have a greater length than breadth, and this is also commonly the case with parallel-veined leaves; while those which have veins radiating from the petiole or base (palmately-veined) are more or less rounded. When the parenchyma is developed symmetrically on each side of the midrib, the leaf is *equal*, but when more is developed on one side than the other it is *unequal*, or *oblique*. The beautiful leaf of the Begonia is a remarkable example of the latter form. A narrow leaf having nearly the same breadth throughout its entire length, as that of the Goose-grass, is called *linear*; and when such a leaf terminates in a sharp point, as that of the common Juniper, it is said to be *acrose*, or *needle-shaped*. When a leaf tapers from the centre towards both base and apex, as in the White Willow, it is *lanceolate*; or if its length does not so greatly exceed its breadth, as in the Pear, it is *oval*. When a leaf is hollowed out at the base, and more or less pointed at the apex, so that it bears some resemblance to the heart on a playing-card, it is *cordate*, or heart-shaped, as in the Black Bryony and Dog-Violet; a similarly-formed leaf, but broader and rounder at the apex, is *reniform*, or kidney-shaped, as in the Ground Ivy. A leaf resembling the head of an arrow is *sagittate*; and one that has the form of a halbert, *hastate*. Other common forms are known as *orbicular*, or round; *ovate*, or egg-shaped; and *cuneate*, or wedge-shaped. The term *palmate* is applied to a leaf with radiating venation divided into five spreading lobes, which are united by an expansion of parenchyma, so that the whole somewhat resembles the palm of the hand with spreading fingers. This form of leaf is seen in some species of Passion-flower. When there are more than five lobes, as in the leaf of the Castor-Oil Plant, the term *palmatifid* is used. A *digitate* or finger-leaf only differs from a palmate one in having narrower lobes.

The terms used in describing the simple leaf are applicable to the leaflets of the compound organ. We have, therefore, now only to speak of the compound leaf as a whole, and to give the terms used to distinguish its various modifications. When a feather-veined leaf is separated into distinct portions, or leaflets, it is said to be *pinnate*. The leaflets (or *pinnæ*, as they are sometimes called) are arranged along the side of the *rachis*, or common petiole, in pairs. The leaf is said to be *equally* or *abruptly* pinnate when it ends with a pair of pinnæ, and *unequally* pinnate when there is a single terminal leaflet. Sometimes the leaflets of a pinnate leaf are



Ternate Leaf of Strawberry.



Abruptly Pinnate Leaf.



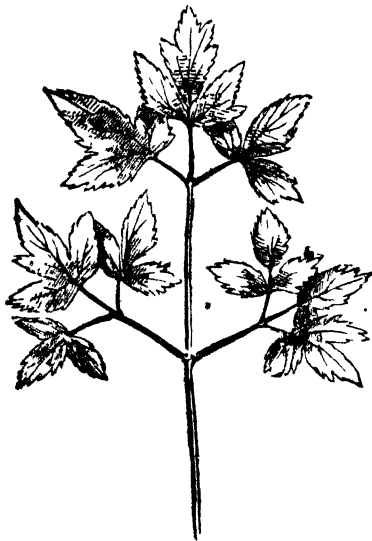
Septernate Leaf of Horse Chestnut.

themselves pinnate; or, in other words, partial petioles having the characters of pinnate leaves are arranged on the common petiole; such a leaf is said to be

*bipinnate*. The secondary petioles—or *pinnules*, as they are termed—may also, in a like manner, become pinnate, and the leaf will then be *tripinnate*. When the division extends beyond this point a *decompound* leaf is produced, examples of which are afforded by many umbelliferous plants.

In a compound leaf with radiating venation the leaflets come from the same point, instead of being arranged along each side of a common stalk. If such a leaf consists of three leaflets it is *ternate*, as in the Strawberry; *quadrinate* if there are four, as in Herb Paris; *quinate*, if there are five; *septernate*, if there are seven, as in the Horse Chestnut; and *multifoliate* if there are more than seven, as in the Lupin. These leaves, like those which are pinnate, may be again divided and subdivided. Thus, if the common petiole or leaf-stalk divides into three partial ones, each of which bears three leaflets, the leaf is *biterminate*, or doubly ternate, as in the Masterwort; but if each of these secondary petioles again divides into three others, each of which bears three leaflets, as in the Bane-berry, a *triterminate* leaf is produced. When further divided, a palmately-veined compound leaf is said to be *decompound*. A few more important forms of leaves have yet to be described; but, as they are connected with the subject of our next paper—namely, the arrangement of leaves upon the stem—we will not consider them at present.

J. C. B.



Triterminate Leaf of Bane-berry



## DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE death of Prince Albert, on Saturday, December 14th, 1861, is felt as a family calamity in every household of the British Empire. The noble and the peasant alike grieve at a bereavement which has so suddenly blighted the domestic bliss that commenced with the nuptials of his Royal Highness and our beloved Queen. All lament the departure from amongst them, in the full strength of his mature manhood, of one who, as a husband, father, prince, and, in the highest sense of the word, "gentleman," was an example of excellence to every person of every rank in the kingdom. Of him it can be truly said, and without the slightest exaggeration—

"If ever Heaven's high blessings met in one man,  
And there erected to their holy uses  
A sacred mind fit for their services,  
Built all of polish'd honour, 'twas in this man."

How few are the years since the name of the Prince Consort was first made known to the English people as the accepted suitor of her Majesty! and, during those few years, how quickly and how firmly have his personal qualities, his great wisdom and discretion, combined with his vast mental accomplishments, won for him the love, and secured for him the admiration, of all classes!

To him, beyond all others, is England indebted for the manifestation of her superiority over all the nations of the earth; not her superiority as the mightiest of military Powers, nor her unattainable strength as mistress of the seas; but in her unsurpassable energies, vigour, skill, resources, and riches in the arts, in trade, in agriculture, in commerce—in the development of all that tends to the well-being, comforts, and prosperity of the human race. The glorious peace-triumph—the Great Exhibition of 1851—was the noble thought of the master-mind of Prince Albert; and to his unflagging zeal in carrying out that thought to its full development was its extraordinary success mainly attributable. He sought, whilst teaching other nations the secret of England's greatness, so to instruct the English people that they might, for the future, perform nobler things than any that had hitherto been successfully achieved by them. In all that affected the mental and moral improvement of the nation, his watchword was ever "forward"—ever "further improvement"—ever "additional knowledge." And thus was he engaged—thus inciting nobles, scholars, artists, mechanicians, to proceed onward, still onward, to the Exhibition of 1862—when, alas! the master-mind is arrested in its progress—the hand that pointed to the time to come is palsied—Death stands within the walls of Windsor Palace—a Queen is widowed—Princes are orphans—and the Empire shrouded in mourning!

"Is there no constancy in earthly things,  
No happiness in us, but what must alter,  
No life without the heavy load of fortune?"

If we would estimate fully the virtues and the excellence of Prince Albert, we can only rightly do so by contrasting him with another to whom, in his death, he bears some resemblance. Anne was Queen Regnant of England when her husband, the Prince Consort, Prince George of Denmark, died at Kensington Palace, on the 28th of October, 1708. Of the latter, all that his panegyrists can say in his praise is, that he "was an illustrious example of conjugal affection among the great." This, too, can be said of Prince Albert; and much more must be added. His virtues survive in his children. His mental accomplishments rendered him as superior to most men he came in contact with as he was in princely rank elevated above them. He was the patron of genius and the fosterer of learning, whilst his energies were untiring in the promotion of education amongst the poorer, and of elevating its standard with the middle and upper, classes of society.

The father of the next King of England has been taken away when he had merely attained the middle age of life; but his presence amongst us will, we trust, for many ages have a happy influence upon the future destinies of England. In "the Hope of the Empire"—the Prince of Wales—the exalting and endearing qualities of the Prince Consort are discernible. In him—as in an apt pupil—we see the teachings of a wise and provident parent—in him are to be found the same love for our glorious Constitution and our ancient institutions—and in him also the same desire to uphold the dignity of the Crown, to respect the rights and guard the liberties of the people—in him are the self-same qualities which characterised every act and word of the lamented Prince Consort, and that rendered him worthy of being the husband of our gracious Queen Victoria.

"Nature pick'd several flowers from her choice banks  
And bound them up in him, sending him forth  
A garland for the bosom of a queen."

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

### JANUARY.



THERE are but few moments more solemnly suggestive than those which follow when the wild wailing of the bells is hushed, and they hold their breath, as it were, to listen as the church clock, in proclaiming the midnight hour, tolls the death-knell of the old year which is just departing from us. Do we not then long for a halting-place on the high road of life, where, pausing awhile in our journey, we may look back over the way by which we have come—may glance at the tract we have yet to traverse, draw up plans for our future guidance, and gain fresh strength ere we trust ourselves on the untried ground which yet remains to be trodden? Ay, but it may not be. There is no *Sabbath* between year and year. We must make all our observations, form all our resolutions, *en voyage*—on, on we must go; the *rest* will be hereafter, and only when time shall be no more. Meanwhile—

And now the bells burst forth with joyous peal in honour of the new-born year, and we are straightway summoned to perform our homage at the cradle of eighteen hundred and sixty-two. Very crowded is his presence-chamber, and very diverse are the expressions which may be observed in the faces of those in attendance, hope beaming in some, despair clouding others, as their possessors give greeting to Time's infant offspring, and welcome him with awe, not knowing what influence he may have over their future destinies; for, although his bumps at present are not sufficiently developed to reward the manipulations of a phrenologist, and his baby features are too undefined to afford a satisfactory study to a political Lavater, his horoscope is such that he will, in all probability, prove a true *annus mirabilis*, one which history and tradition shall impress on the memory of our latest posterity.

We have barely time to wish that all our readers may enjoy A HAPPY NEW YEAR when the prime minister January presents himself before us, a worthy descendant of him who in Spenser's time was

———“wrapped well  
In many weeds to keep the cold away,  
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,  
And blow his nayles to warme them if he may.”

He is said to be a namesake of the Roman deity *Janus*, who was so called, according to some authorities, because he presided over the portals (*janua*) of the celestial regions, and was represented with two faces, because, in his quality of gate-keeper, an additional pair of eyes was of no small service to him. Hence nothing defamatory is implied when we assert that January is “double-faced.” He is so—all honour to him for the same! Whilst looking at the present and the future, he gazes still on the example afforded by the past—a peculiar form of second-sight which might be advantageously cultivated by many of those who sit in high places.

Eight days after the birth of a Jewish child it was subjected to circumcision, in token of its admission into covenant with God, by whom that rite was originally instituted, and the performance of it enjoined upon Abraham and his seed after him “in all their generations.” We read in St. Luke's Gospel (ii. 28) that the babe Jesus was so made subject to the Law, and hence the Church sets apart the first day of the civil year for the commemoration of the festival of the *Circumcision*, when we may contrast our imperfect obedience with the perfection of Him who was thus minded “to fulfil all righteousness.”

The social and domestic observance connected with the season is well known, for—

———"this is Newe yeares day,  
whereon to every friende  
They costly presents in do bring,  
and Newe yeares giftes do sende"—

a laudable custom originating with the Romans, who met us an example of kindly liberality on such occasions which we moderns are not only ready to follow but even to surpass, and testified by the various articles of "bigotry and virtue" which tradesmen find it worth while to provide as fit representatives of the affection felt for us by our richer relatives and friends.

On the 6th of January, twelve days after Christmas, we celebrate the feast of the *Epiphany*, or (as the word signifies) *Manifestation* of the Saviour to the Gentiles, when, by means of a star, wise men were led from the East unto Jerusalem, and thence to Bethlehem, where they beheld the celestial herald standing over the place where Mary and the young child were. "When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy," and, entering into the house, they became the first recorded worshippers of the Godhead made flesh, and presented the holy babe with gold, frankincense, and myrrh, their gifts being typical of—"the gold the tribute to a king, the incense of adoration to a God, the myrrh of recognition as a mortal and a man of sorrows."

The evening of this day, called *Twelfth Night*, is a time of great domestic rejoicing, so that the amount of cake which is consumed at this season in various British households must be something calculated to astonish weak minds and to add strength to the total of doctors' bills. We know not whether housewives still insert a bean and a pea in the spicy mass, so that he whose portion contains the one may style himself king, and she who obtains the other may for a few hours enjoy the title of queen; but we have reason to remember that the custom of drawing for "characters" is not yet discontinued, and are ready to endorse the sage opinion that those "sold by the pastrycooks are either commonplace or gross;" that "when genteel they are tame, when humorous they are vulgar."

The Monday next following Twelfth Day is known as *Plough Monday*, whereon farmers' men go about begging in various ridiculous disguises, and spend the fruit of their importunities in the service of Sir John Barleycorn.

*St. Hilary* (January 13th) signalled himself by his strenuous opposition to the heresy of Arijus, wherefore St. Jerome calls him "the Trumpet of the Latins against the Arians;" and though the fearless profession of his opinions resulted in his temporary banishment from the bishopric of Poitiers, it has gained for him the esteem and respect of all who feel that admiration is due to one of the noblest confessors ever enrolled beneath the banner of the Church. After many years of controversy, Hilary was suffered to return to his see, and there he closed his eyes, and his spirit winged its flight to that better land where "the wicked cease from troubling," A.D. 308.

We doubt if our readers would altogether appreciate that ancient regulation unearthed by Surtees from the register of Nerton Church:—"Marriage co-res in on the 13th of January and at Septuagesima Sunday. It is out again until Low Sunday, at which time it comes in again, and goes not out till Rogation Sunday; thence it is forbidden until Trinity Sunday; thence it is unforbidden till Advent Sunday, and comes not in again till the 13th of January."

The history of *St. Prisca* (January 18th) is shrouded in much obscurity. By some writers she is represented as a young maiden of thirteen years of age, who was cruelly put to death in Rome, A.D. 270. It is probable, however, that several of the same name have shed their blood in the cause of the Cross, and at this distance of time it is somewhat difficult to determine which one of them in particular the Church designs to commemorate.

A dove lighting upon the head of *St. Fabian* (January 20th), when he was assembled with some others to elect a Bishop of Rome, was the cause of his elevation to the pontifical chair, which he filled with credit for some time. It was at his instigation that St. Denys and his companions bore the glad tidings of the Gospel to Gaul. Fabian fell in the persecution of Decius, A.D. 250.

The legend of *St. Agnes* (January 21st) is one of the most ancient as well as one of the most touching of those to which we shall have occasion to allude. This maiden was sought in marriage, when only thirteen years old, by the son of the prefect Sempronius; but she having rejected his suit, and having stated her intention of leading a life of celibacy, adding, "I am already betrothed to a Lover who is greater and fairer than any earthly suitor," the young man took to his bed and refused to be comforted, until his father made diligent inquiries, and discovered that Agnes had

been speaking enigmatically, and that she considered her husband to be none other than Jesus Christ. Then the crestfallen youth arose, and the flame of revenge burnt so fiercely as to overwhelm the gentler fires of love which had before flickered within his breast. She was a Christian, was she? Then she should prove the strength of her faith in the Crucified by suffering such tortures that, if she were not willing to become the wife of her rejected lover, she should dream no more of a celestial Bridegroom, but be only too glad to purchase immunity from pain by entering into the service of the goddess Vesta. So thought old Sempronius the prefect, and accordingly no cruelty was left untried which was deemed likely to bring conviction to the gentle Agnes; but she was miraculously enabled to endure all they chose to inflict upon her, and when her admirer advanced to renew addresses which her feebleness might have made her unable to repel, an invisible hand struck him to the earth, and it was only at the prayer of the maiden herself that he was restored to consciousness. Then the cry grew loud against her, "She is a sorceress and must die;" so, after an ineffectual attempt to put her to death by burning, the merciful sword descended, and the life-blood of St. Agnes satiated the revenge of her enemies. This martyr is looked upon as the special patroness of purity, and she seems to be much respected by those young ladies who believe in the thousand-and-one modes by which they may catch a glimpse of their future husbands, and who recollect that Madeline was told

—"How on St. Agnes' Eve  
Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
And soft adorings from their loves receive  
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,  
If ceremonies due they did aright;  
As supperless to bed they must retire,  
And couch supine their beauties lily white,  
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire."

*St. Vincent* (January 22nd) was by birth a Spaniard, being a native of Saragossa, in Aragon. He was employed by Valerius, bishop of that place, in the work of teaching, and was, together with that prelate, accused as a Christian before the tribune of Dacian, and condemned to torture, whilst his aged companion, who had not bore up himself with the same conspicuous boldness, was compelled to vacate the city.

Weather prophecies are rife at this season of the year. An old rhyme charges us—

"Remember on St. Vincent's Day  
If that the sun his rays display."

But as we do not know the reason of the command, it is probable that the injunction is very frequently forgotten.

*St. Paul* is also thought to have great meteorological influence; and an authority quoted by Hone scruples not to say—

"If Saint Paul's Day be fair and clear  
It does betide a happy year;  
But if it chance to snow or rain  
Then will be dear all kinds of grain;  
If clouds or mists do dark the sky  
Great store of birds and beasts shall die;  
And if the winds do fly aloft,  
Then wars shall vex the kingdom oft."

If our fair readers carefully study these and similar sapient lines, they need no longer invest in the vaticinatory calendar of Francis Moore, but each may be a "*Vox Stellarum*" for herself and her own family.

The *Conversion of St. Paul* (January 25th) is an event which has been long and justly celebrated by our Church, since he was specially "the apostle of the Gentiles;" and it is to his writings, under God, that we owe much of the instruction contained in the New Testament. The events recorded in the ninth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles are too well known to require any of our almost-exhausted sheets, whereon we have only space to take leave of our friends, and to remind them of Voltaire's saying, that kings always get up with a creak in their necks on the 30th of January. Would they know the reason why? We refer them to their prayer-books.

ST. SWITHIN.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THERE is a book of travel which we cannot pass over in this Magazine. It bears the well-known name of Captain BURTON, who is now her Majesty's Consul at Fernando Po, is dedicated to Mr. Monckton Milnes, and is called *The City of the Saints, and Across the Rocky Mountains to California*. (Longman.) It is, of course, mainly an account of Mormon-land and Mormon polity. The "Mormonites" are the only people—not, indeed, that call themselves saints, or that call themselves "Latter-day Saints"—but they are the only "saints" that have a "city" of their own, and a theocratic social polity. Many travellers have visited them, and varying accounts have been given of the way in which that polity works out. Not a single account, however, which has yet been given is held to be true or satisfactory. There are, of course, two grand reasons for this. First of all, readers have prepossessions, and, not liking to believe anything that appears to clash with them, suspect of untruthfulness any feature in travellers' tales that does not square with their views of things. Secondly, travellers have prepossessions, and see through coloured spectacles what they do see—omitting to see a good deal that is relevant. On the whole, we have, ourselves, long ago come to the conclusion that so complicated a phenomenon as Mormonism is not to be fairly reported on by any single traveller, or by any number of travellers acting without concert. It demands, if we are to know all about it, a committee of investigation—a committee composed of representative men of all classes—who should lay their heads together, share their lights, and photograph Mormonism on the "principle of concert." If we should then, after all, be no wiser than before (which is not at all improbable, as twelve men may be as much a puzzle and confusion to each other as one man often is to himself), we should, at least, have the consolation of having done our best. While, however, the complex and doubtful social phenomena of Mormonism were being reported upon by such a committee or jury—or, at least, while the jury were making up their minds—the probability is that some change would have taken place which would render an entirely new, or a very much modified, report of the phenomena desirable. Mormonism, like everything else which has life in it (the quality of the vitality being a question which is indifferent to the mere fact of growth), changes *à vue d'œil*; and it is rather improbable that the American civil war will pass away without affording opportunities, if not downright invitations (couched in the voice of circumstance), to the strange polygamic system of the extreme West to alter its relations to the civilised community with which it is more or less *en rapport*.

The great desire of the Prophet, Brigham Young, is independence. He is fifty-nine years of age, but a "well-kept" man, who looks only forty-five—full of energy and of what is called "indomitable will," and quite capable of

carrying out any scheme, for which an opening occurred, with tremendous vigour. If he can secure "independence," he is bent, it seems, upon a Maine Liquor Law, and upon having adultery punished, absolutely, with death. So much oozes out for Gentiles; but it is quite possible that plausible details like these may be put forward merely as "blinds"—baits to arouse attention—while far other designs are cherished in the background. There is no question that Mormonism has one tremendously strong point—it is, genuinely, a theocratic concern. The people are in the habit of referring everything to the Divine will—are real, not sham, believers in final causes—and "trust in Providence" after a fashion which has been, in the past history of the world, sometimes allied with quietism, and sometimes with the fiercest activity, but most commonly, perhaps, with the latter. "Heaven helps those that help themselves;" and some of those who have the strongest belief that it is "the Lord" who "provides," and who dispose of any practical difficulty, when they have done their best, by saying "The Lord will provide," have been distinguished by their "way," or "knack," of meeting events as they arise, with something so very like inspiration, that the attention of the least superstitious is arrested, and the most matter-of-fact theory of things confused. Of course, what will become of Mormonism, and especially of the Mormon people and Mormon institutions, depends very much upon who may happen to be the successor of Brigham Young; but there is among the "saints" no anxiety upon this subject. "The Lord will provide" is all they say about it; and in that apparent *insouciance*, girt round with trust, there is really a never-failing fount of strength for the purposes of action.

We by no means think, then, that the part of Mormonism is played out, or that it is likely to decay. As for the monstrosities of its origin—the obvious, glaring frauds in connexion with "The Book," and the bestialities of the tipsy, grovelling swindler, Joseph Smith—it must be remembered that "time works wonders," in real life as well as on the stage. Distance softens down the unamiable; and thousands of people are being born into Mormonism, to whom it will come with all the *prestige* of an hereditary creed. It is not astonishing, though it is very amusing, to read in Captain Burton's book that, at the present time, the name of "the prophet" Joe is always spoken by a "saint" with "bated breath and whispering humbleness" amounting to all but worship!

We fear but little reliance is to be placed upon the accounts of the generality of travellers as to the aspect and working of that peculiarity in the institutions of Mormonism which has most excited the curiosity and indignation of noble spirits among the "Gentiles." The Mormon is, it certainly does appear, if he obeys the laws of his religion, very ascetic in his licence. The harem of the West is not a

bower of roses so much as a scullery. Even its queen is, one fancies, less of a sultana than a head-housemaid; and the *raison d'être* of the whole thing is, that there is plenty of work to be done, and "helps" are costly!

Thus, in one form or another, the revival, in modern times, of the patriarchal institution leads to the enslaving of the woman. In fact, the multiplication of the mistresses of a house-

The *hetæra* may be respected by men, for may be cultivated, like Aspasia and others; and it has been insisted by philosophic thinkers that it was in the society of some such companion, freed from household cares, and unsurrounded with sordid circumstantialities, that man, the savage, first learnt the lesson of respect for the sex, which he afterwards brought with him into the household. But the Mormonite surrounds himself with drudges, and calls them wives. In fact, we have, in his scheme, so close a reproduction of the Oriental notion of woman, and her relations to man, that it is easy to foresee that, ultimately, whatever remainder of Teutonic dignity and tenderness now clings to it will drop off, and leave it naked to all the world—loveless, servile, ugly. That a woman can only enter into an immortal life by becoming linked to a man is a very near approach to the doctrine that women have no souls; and the doctrine that adultery is a *crime* (we use the word in its strict, technical sense) has never prevailed in any country or age in which woman was not a chattel. The guilt and shame that attach to it have never been doubted in *any* age or country whatsoever; but, in proportion as woman is respected, and supposed capable of exercising choice, there is a tendency to regard infraction of the marriage vow as *breach of a contract*, from which the law may provide a release, rather than a *crime*—i.e., something which *human* laws forbid and may punish—the real harm of the offence lying deeper down than human laws can pretend to reach. Brigham Young, as we have already said, proposes to make it punishable by death—the usual thing in countries where woman is the *property* of the man. This, then, which looks like a severity in favour of sound morals, is, in fact, a retrograde step of the most ominous character.

Mormonism, especially in the direction we now point out, raises once more, practically and openly, the question whether the pursuit of human good is to find its point of departure in the calculated well-being of communities or nations, or in the growth of the individual man and woman up to their own ideals. We believe it will be found, as it always has been found, that the latter is the true stand-point, as it is certainly the sole Christian one. The abolition of "theocracy" in politics, and the working out of the great problem by the exaltation of the sense of individual responsibility—this is the sociologic form of the teaching of Jesus Christ, against which all adherents of Old

Testamentism (including the "Muscular Christians," though not because they are "muscular") are more or less consciously fighting. Of course, the Mormonites are simply *anti-Christian*, whatever they may say about it.

We could not leave this interesting book unnoticed in our pages, considering the deep interest to women which attaches to the main topic of it; but we are not able to reproduce, in detail, the anecdote, description, and discussion with which it abounds. By far the most curious and suggestive thing within the lids of the volume strikes us as being the following prophecy from the writings of our own Southey, which was printed in March, 1820, in his "Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society," Vol. 1, Part 2.—

"MONTEZINOS.—America is in more danger from religious fanaticism. The government there not thinking it necessary to provide religious instruction for the people in any of the New States, the prevalence of superstition, and that, perhaps, in some wild and terrible shape, may be looked for as one likely consequence of this great and portentous omission. An Old Man of the Mountain might find dupes and followers as readily as the All-friend Jemima; and the next Aaron Burr who seeks to carve a kingdom for himself out of the overgrown territories of the Union may discern that fanaticism is the most effective weapon with which ambition can arm itself; that the way for both is prepared by that immorality which the want of religion naturally and necessarily induces, and that camp meetings may be very well directed to forward the designs of military prophets. Were there another Mohammed to arise, there is no part of the world where he would find more scope or fairer opportunity than in that part of the Anglo-American Union into which the older States continually discharge the restless part of their population, leaving Laws and Gospel to overtake it if they can, for in the march of modern colonisation both are left behind."

After this, we may surely speak, in future, of the prophet Southey instead of the poet Southey, as is now customary! It may interest our readers to know that the pork-pie hat has actually found its way to the city of the saints, and may, any Sunday, be seen in the congregation at their Tabernacle. We may also add that in Mormon-land a gentleman is not permitted to see a lady home. Every attempt at giving precedence to women is "put down," whether at the dinner-table or elsewhere. A more abominable and portentous point of manners could hardly exist in any community. If, after this, anything more need be said to deter cultivated women from going to Utah, let it be added that the climate is so favourable to ophthalmia, that, after a few generations, Captain Burton thinks the people are likely to become tender-eyed—and, we presume, often one-eyed—as Egyptians!

## THE FASHIONS.

By this time our readers will have provided themselves with mourning for the lamented Prince Consort, and it would be almost superfluous for us to enter into details on this subject. However, we have just visited several of the best West-end establishments, and in a few words will jot down some of the articles we have seen for complimentary mourning.

For out-door wear, Tweeds trimmed with black, black repa, both plain and brocaded, black alpacas, and French merinos, are generally adopted for DRESSES. When a toilet *plus habillée* is required, black corded and glacé silks, or moire antique or watered silk, are worn.

We noticed a grey Tweed, trimmed over the hem of the skirt with bands of black plush, put on in a pointed form. Another, with a broad band of black silk velvet at the bottom; the dress being made with a Zouave jacket trimmed with velvet, with a velvet waistcoat and a broad ceinture of the same material. A black silk dress was ornamented on the skirt with diamonds of black crêpe edged with crêpe quillings. Above and below the diamonds was a row of crêpe ruching put on in a pointed form; this skirt looked exceedingly handsome. Another was trimmed down the front with a single band of crêpe on each side, and carried round behind in the form of a tunic, the crêpe being edged on each side with a narrow bugle trimming. Crêpe bows, dotted with bugles, were placed down the front of the skirt.

Black corded silk COATS, cloth SHAWLS trimmed with ermine or chinchilla, are amongst the greatest winter novelties, and are suitable for mourning; whilst black rep and merino shawls, trimmed with bands and frills of silk, still continue in favour. We noticed a very pretty black shawl trimmed with black silk frills edged with white silk Russia braid, and another ornamented with violet-coloured silk frills edged with black velvet.

In mourning BONNETS we remarked that the favourite material appeared to be terry velvet, some black, others black corded with white, and others of a bright lavender trimmed with black, but *all more or less ornamented with small ostrich feathers*, these being the favourite trimming for winter bonnets.

For those who continue to wear the GARBALDI SHIRTS we may mention that those made in black and white spotted foulard are very appropriate for mourning wear, as well as scarlet trimmed with black.

We will now give a description of a BALL TOILET which was prepared for a fashionable Parisian young lady, which was extremely elegant, and would be very suitable for half-mourning. The dress was composed of white tulle; the skirt ornamented with six narrow flounces at the bottom, each flounce trimmed with a row of tiny black velvet. The flounces were headed by a broad pleating of tulle, trimmed at the top and bottom with black velvet. The low body was gathered, and cut square on the shoulders, also

trimmed round with a pleating, and finished off round the neck with a blonde tucker, having a narrow velvet run in it. A headdress composed of black velvet and bunches of rosebuds completed this simple but elegant toilet, which would be very suitable for a young lady.

Should any of our readers feel inclined to make one of these dresses themselves, we would hint that *tarlatane cannot be too little or too lightly handled, and therefore the flounces should be as quickly trimmed and put on as possible. To accomplish this, the flounces should be hemmed and the velvet put on at the same time, by turning the tarlatane once on the right side, and running the velvet on over the raw edge.* In this manner the material need not be much tumbled.

Another more elaborate ball dress was made of white glacé silk, trimmed round the skirt with diamonds of black velvet, edged with black and white blonde. The centre of the diamonds was filled in with puffings of white tulle. The berthe was composed of puffings of tulle, ornamented with diamonds of black velvet, smaller than those on the skirt. The headdress prepared for this toilet was made of scarlet roses, ornamented with black lace butterflies.

In enumerating ball dresses and coiffures for ladies, we must not forget the younger members of the community, who will, doubtless, require evening toilets. For children there is nothing so pretty and simple as white tarlatane, or clear Swiss muslin, either embroidered or plain, which may be made in a variety of ways—either with flounces to the waist, or with double skirts, or with puffings. A broad sash of pinked silk, of some bright colour, makes a pretty finish to the dress; these sashes being generally fastened at the left side. Tiny checked or striped light silks are very pretty where a quieter toilet is required, made with three narrow pinked flounces at the bottom of the skirt, and a gathered low body, finished off round the waist with a sash of the same material as the dress, and pinked at the edges.

For boys' dresses, KNICKERBOCKER SUITS, made entirely of black silk velvet, and ornamented with large white mother-of-pearl buttons, are a very pretty evening dress. White silk stockings and patent leather boots, an embroidered collar, and closed sleeves, with a band of insertion forming a wristband, should be worn with this style of dress.

Before concluding these remarks, we must not omit to mention one or two very useful contrivances for looping up dresses for walking. We all know the discomfort of having to hold up the dress in dirty weather, and the injury that a good silk dress sustains under the pressure of the hand. Petticoats are this winter made of such varied hues, and of such pretty designs, that dresses looped over these have really an elegant and graceful appearance. To obtain this result we can suggest three different modes of looping up dresses.

The first is by making a band to fit the

waist, and attaching to this band six or seven ends of cord, with a loop made at each end. A button should then be sewn inside the dress, to the height of a quarter of a yard from the bottom, on every seam, and the loops of cord buttoned on the buttons. When this arrangement is complete, it has a very elegant appearance. Another style, which is frequently termed *Le Watteau*, is made in the same manner, with a waistband either of velvet or silk, and fastened by a clasp, or by bows or rosettes of ribbon. From this band a long loop is suspended on each side, the dress being drawn through the loops, forming festoons at the back and front. Another and very simple method is to have an elastic band fastened round the waist, and to pull the skirt of the dress through it all round the length required.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

**1. BALL DRESS.**—The headdress is composed of chrysanthemums, with a great deal of foliage. The dress is made of white silk, ornamented with pink and white flounces at the bottom, and an upper skirt of white tulle, spotted with gold. The body is cut very low behind, and is made with a short round waist. The berthe is sloped to each shoulder, and is composed of puffings of tulle and blonde, trimmed with flowers continuing all round. The sleeve is very pretty, consisting of a full puffing of spotted tulle, edged with a pink ruche, and narrow white blonde. A gilt band encircles the waist. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with two pink flounces and one white flounce, each one four inches in depth. All the flounces are edged with a pink ruche. The upper skirt, which is made of white tulle, spotted with gold, is made nearly as long as the dress, and is looped up on each side with wreaths of chrysanthemums and leaves, crossed to form two ovals—a large and a small one. A full-sized paper pattern of the low body illustrated in this figure, tacked together and trimmed, showing exactly the arrangement of it, may be had by inclosing twenty-four stamps to Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C.; and with skirt complete, 5s. 6l.

*This ball dress might be made suitable for mourning, by substituting black for the pink silk, and having a white tulle tunic spotted with black; or, the dress might be composed entirely of black silk, with a black tulle tunic. In either case the flowers must, of course, be black and white, or all white. A black ribbon quilling put on in the same form as the flowers would answer as a substitute, or black velvet might be used.*

**2. WALKING DRESS.**—The bonnet is made of quilted black silk, trimmed with black lace and green ribbon. The bandeau consists of a bow of ribbon, with a gilt buckle in the centre. The pardessus, or coat, is made of black cloth, trimmed all round with a stamped velvet trimming. It is made tightly fitting to the figure, with a collar and revers. The velvet is arranged on the sleeve in a device of a diamond shape. The dress is of violet poplin, trimmed with bands of black velvet and narrow Russia

braid. These bands of velvet are placed quite at the bottom of the skirt. The full-sized paper pattern of the pardessus illustrated in this figure, tacked together and trimmed, may also be had by inclosing 48 stamps to Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C.

*This toilet is also suitable for mourning, by having a black silk dress instead of violet, and trimming the bonnet with black, or a mixture of black and white, instead of green.*

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE BERLIN PATTERN.

CONSISTING OF A BOUQUET OF ROSES, ETC., FOR CHAIR-SEATS, SOFA-PILLOWS, OTTOMANS, ETC.

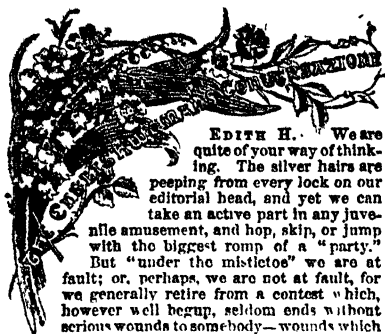
*List of the various shades of wool required to work the Bouquet*—Six shades of a pretty pink; three shades of scarlet, and one shade of orange; four shades of a bright violet; five shades of blue green; five shades of yellow green; three shades of olive or dead green, for the faded leaves; four shades of fawn; two shades of stone colour; one shade of yellow; black and white. *For the violet flowers at the top, we would advise our readers to purchase the ingrain Berlin wool, which does not fade or fly, as is generally the case with this colour. It is double the price of the other shades.*

This very pretty pattern, which we trust will give great pleasure to our subscribers, is composed of an elegantly arranged group of flowers. Our readers need scarcely be told of the various purposes to which a design of this description may be applied, as it is useful for sofa-pillows, music-stools, ottomans, seats of chairs, and, in fact, many other things too numerous to mention.

Whether this pattern is to be worked on medium-sized canvass with single wool, or on coarse canvass with double wool, of course depends on the purpose for which the design is intended. Single wool would be found sufficiently coarse for a music-stool, a small foot-stool, or for the seat of a chair; but, for a handsome sofa-pillow, double wool would be found the most appropriate. Filling in the lightest colours of the flowers with floss silk very much enhances the richness of the work when finished; or with filoselle when double wool is used. The colour of the grounding must, of course, depend on the worker's taste, and the colour of the furniture with which the article completed is to be used. If the colour of the furniture be green, we would suggest a bright maize for the ground, which would harmonise particularly nicely with the flowers. For crimson furniture, a very delicate shade of blue green would work in very effectively, the leaves of the design being mostly dark. White filoselle would assist to throw up the colours, and would have a very elegant appearance; but, for durability, there is nothing so suitable as an invisible claret, or black.

The price of materials sufficient for a music-stool, worked in wool only, and including grounding, is 3s. 5d., forwarded by post for 4s. 3d. by Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road.





EDITH H.—We are quite of your way of thinking. The silver hairs are peeping from every lock on our editorial head, and yet we can take an active part in any juvenile amusement, and hop, skip, or jump with the biggest romp of a "party." But "under the mistletoe" we are at fault; or, perhaps, we are not at fault, for we generally retire from a contest which, however well begun, seldom ends without serious wounds to somebody—wounds which no bandage can heal. As a rule, we think the mistletoe should not be permitted to hang on tempting spots in assemblies of married people; or, the charming young wife that was borne to a Christmas party, happy with her husband and herself, will be likely enough to return home with a throbbing heart, the reverse of happy, because her lord had cast reproachful glances at her when some thoughtless, flashing youth had snatched a kiss from her blooming cheeks as she stood unconscious of her danger "under the mistletoe." *Piancé*s cannot be too cautious in their appropriation of the liberty or licence that is associated with the mistletoe. Do not, however, banish the pretty parasite from your home, but tastefully mix it with the holly in your Christmas decorations; and so employ it that you do not lead into temptation the mercurial spirits abounding at this season.

MARY E.—We cannot at present give instructions in the Art of Illuminating, but we contemplate doing so, on a future occasion, in a most attractive form. We shall be glad to receive, from our lady subscribers, specimens of original work in this pretty art.

ELVIE B.—Can we tell you of some pretty new music? We can; indeed, the only difficulty in complying with your request is in making the selection. But perhaps the simplest thing for us to do will be to describe a few of the last pieces we have heard, they being the freshest in our memory. There is, for instance, "The Yellow Rose of Texas," a negro melody, which has the merit of being sweet and dignified. It is suited to this merry season, and is the very prettiest melody of the class we ever heard. It must become a favourite. "The Gipsy Girl; or, Merrily We'll Sing Away," is a lively and spirited duet, possessing the advantage of being within the compass of most voices—the highest note for the soprano being G. "I was a Dream of my Childhood" is an exceedingly simple and pretty ballad, and so is "I'll Tell You Why I'd Like to be a Rose;" but this requires a good deal of practice to do justice to the nice expression intended by the author. Amongst the dance music, the "Gipsy Polka Mazurka" and the "Carolina Polka" are charming pieces. The Mazurka, when well marked, is an admirable tune for dancing to, and it is not difficult to play. In the Polka, several favourite airs are introduced, the universally popular "Dixey's Land" having a prominent place. We believe all the above pieces are published by Messrs. Cramer, Beale, and Wood, of Regent-street.

ADELAIDE R. (Essex).—A volume might be written upon the peculiarities of pantomimic occupations. If we are not mistaken, a very capital article on the subject appeared in "Chambers' Edinburgh Journal," about two years ago, which answers a good many of your queries. But, as to the immorality resulting from the "mixing of so many boys and girls on the stage," we cannot endorse your opinion, any more than we can bring ourselves to believe that the ordinary English ball-room is a

seed-bed for improprieties. In all our large theatres the nymphs, fairies, and goblins are drilled and disciplined as carefully as if they were private soldiers, and any breach of decorum is punished with instant dismissal. The manager hesitates not a moment to do this; the raw material is always at hand for supplying deficiencies. The juvenile crowds surrounding stage doors—every morning about four or five weeks before Christmas—applicants for engagements in the pantomimes—are very interesting sights; somewhat melancholy to the moralist, perhaps, for there, in those crowds, immorality is rampant, boys and girls, of ages from ten to twenty, are packed in scores as closely as they can be at one of the theatre's entrances. Go gently amongst the crowd, and you will hear conversations that shall make you shudder, so depraved are some of those groups. And when you see the immodest glances from the beautiful girls there—not yet jaded by the ballet—you will at once conclude that virtue is not waiting to be attacked on the boards of the theatre, but that immorality has been familiar to the minds of this young womanhood long ere they thronged to that spot. "Behind the scenes" is no longer synonymous with "Pandemonium," for theatrical managers are equal to any class of men in the care they take of their employees; and we believe any mother is at liberty to visit the theatre for the purpose of keeping an eye upon her child. Undoubtedly there is much to be done, but there is also much doing to make the theatrical world as good as any other. As to your last question about the advisability of "morning performances becoming more general, and being frequented more by adults," we have not space to define the numerous obstacles to such a practice; but for the "little ones" the morning performances are especially adapted, and we would not take children of tender years to any others.

CHARLOTTE is very kind to suggest additions to our "Notes of the Month." We cannot make them now, but we will entertain them for our next series of articles on the Seasons, &c. Her suggestions are most sensible. There is no department of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE which has given greater satisfaction than the "Notes of the Month."

MRS. RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"The Friend," a Tale from the French; "The Present and the Future," from the French; "Double Dealing, or Coquetry;" "A Tale of a Teapot;" "The Mother's Warning;" "The Emigrants;" "Children's Dress;" "A Chat on National Education."

#### PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

"THE QUEEN," an ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL AND REVIEW.—6d. Weekly. The Publisher of "The Queen" begs to inform the public that a Photograph of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was issued with "The Queen" on Saturday, November 2. This Photograph of His Royal Highness, or that of Her Majesty, issued with the first number of "The Queen," may be had through any bookseller, or through the post, together with any number of "The Queen," for 1s.

Besides the special 8-page "Exhibition" Supplements and the Coloured Fashion-Plates which are published fortnightly, with "The Queen," there are in preparation beautifully-coloured Patterns of Fancy Work, including—A Large Banner-Screen in Bead-work and Filoella, Coloured Plates of Flowers to illustrate the Art of Paper Flower-making, Coloured Plates to illustrate the Art of Illumination, &c. &c.

All the back numbers of "The Queen" are now in print, and any one number can be had of any Bookseller. Or post free for six stamps from the Publisher, 218, Strand, London, W.C.

The Christmas Double Number of "The Queen" can still be had.

"Beeton's Christmas Annual" can also be had.



## CHAPTER X.

Now by the ticking of the old Dutch clock, and now by the hard beating of her heart, Constance stood amidst that fearful circle of eyes counting the seconds. As for 'Duke, he had slid from her, and was sitting on the floor with the dead bird in his lap; and, while mechanically lifting the hanging head and stiff claws, was surveying the group round the fire with a good deal of interest and curiosity mingled with his fright. No one seemed to think the children minded being stared at, though Constance trembled and shook in every limb; for it seemed to her that all her secrets were being stared out of her—that she could hide nothing—that this would be the end of her journey and all her hard-thought-out plans.

It is not wonderful that she, child as she was, should be too much overcome with terror of the many strange eyes fixed upon her to be able to discover the different effects their appearance made upon the company. How should she know that more than one hardened heart was softening with pity for her? There was the honest blacksmith, who sat on the barrel balancing his long pipe between his fingers, would have borne twice as much water in his favourite "Old Tom" that he might have his brain clearer to know how to put the little wanderers at their ease. As it was, he only added to their discomfort by staring as hard as the rest. Once Constance turned her wild black eyes to where he sat, but she withdrew them instantly with a shiver; for looking over Simon's broad shoulder was a face worse than strange to her, being no other than that of the inquisitive militiaman who had watched her counting her money in the morning, and whose greedy eyes had haunted her all day. Again, almost despairingly, she looked towards the hostess of the "Fortune of War," whom Simon had designated as Mother Catlin.

Mother Catlin was a gaunt, bony woman of immense height and size, but bent almost double with age, and shaking with palsy. Still she seemed to resist the infirmity that was fast gaining possession of her limb by limb, for she held her sharp-pointed knees pressed tightly together, and her hands, yellow and almost fleshless, lay, locked one in the other, in her lap. Her face was the colour of death, and the more startling that you could never see it sideways or partially, but only

when it turned full upon you, because of the broad cap-frill of yellowish linen that hung over it.

As Constance looked at her, Mother Catlin raised her eyes, faded, but still shrewd and piercing, from where they had been bent upon 'Duke and his bird, and fixed them on the pale face of Constance. Presently, without uttering a word, she stretched out a long, shaking finger, and pointed to a stool by the fire. Constance raised her little brother and drew him towards it, and they both cowered down in the pleasant warmth.

From that instant the position of the children was changed: they were no longer in trembling uncertainty as to whether they would be allowed to remain, or whether they would be turned out again in the cold, dark night. Mother Catlin's gesture had signified that *she* took them in—that *she* would be responsible for them—therefore the company no longer felt called upon to pay them any further attention; and with one consent the smoking, drinking, and, ere long, the talking, went on as hard as before.

Still Constance was sensible of those cold, searching eyes gazing upon them from under the yellow frill.

"Don't you want something to eat, wench?" said Simon, wiping his mouth with his sleeve after a long draught.

"When the child comes in she'll see to them," answered Mother Catlin, gruffly.

Now the simple word "child" greatly comforted poor Constance, for sitting alone with these rough men and this woman, so almost supernaturally old and ugly, made her half believe that she was dreaming some frightful dream.

Presently the door was opened and slammed to again, and Constance turned her eyes anxiously towards the new-comer.

"You've been a very long time, child," Mother Catlin said with severity, turning her head as far over her shoulder as she could. You know I hate you being out at night! What has kept you?"

To Constance's surprise, no notice whatever was taken of the reproof; and Mother Catlin's child bustled about for some minutes at the dark end of the room, emptying her apron of some parcels, and hanging up her bonnet and shawl. Yet the thin figure moved about, Constance thought, not defiantly or in fear, but simply showing total inattention to Mother Catlin's voice. Soon, however, her duties brought her near the fire, and then, for the first time, she saw the little strangers, and they saw her with the red light upon her.

Mother Catlin's child was tall, thin, and angular. Over her head had passed at least fifty years, and, judging from her grey hair, wrinkled brow, and sharp, sour expression of countenance, each year with its full measure of care and trouble. She wore a black stuff dress of a tight-fitting and ancient make. Her head was small and well-shaped, and each feature of her thin, sallow face was peculiarly perfect. Her iron-grey hair, though gathered tightly in a topknot at the back of her head, still retained a waviness which, in her young days, when that hair was bright and parted over an unwrinkled brow, must have been pleasant to look upon, with its varying light and shade. Her dark, restless eyes, too, were not without fire; and altogether, in spite of what time and some rankling sorrow had done to mar it—and they had done much—there was still a natural comeliness visible in her face which made it impossible to look upon her without being carried

back into the vanished years, and thinking how this seeming shadow of the present might have been really a bright light of the past.

Poor Constance, who had pictured to herself a girl of about her own age, let her head droop in dismay.

"Who are they?" asked "the child," in a sharp voice, after a hurried, careless glance.

"No one knows," Mother Catlin answered, frowning sternly at Constance. "Simon Drusley found them on the common."

"They look hungry, any way," said "the child," turning as she spoke, and carrying off all the empty pots from the table. Some of them were loudly recalled, and she filled and handed them back in no very gracious manner, while glancing impatiently at the clock.

Narrowly did Mother Catlin watch every movement of her daughter. The shaking frill was turned after her wherever she went; and if, now and then, one of the rude guests happened to give a more than usually gracious "Thank you, Mistress Rebecca," or "Your health, Mistress Rebecca," the white face grew almost awful in its sternness, and sometimes a shaking finger was raised warningly at the offender. The bitter, half-scornful expression that curled the thin lips of Rebecca each time her mother spoke of or treated her as a child showed plainly what wretched mockery it seemed to her. Heart-hardened and brutish as were many of the frequenters of the "Fortune of War," there were few, very few, who did not respect this pitiable failing of Mother Catlin; and never did rude laugh or coarse jest force upon her the truth which her eyes refused to see, and her ears to hear—namely, that her once-blooming daughter, the pride of her heart, the beauty of the village, was an old and grey-haired woman like herself. It was the one thing her intellect could not keep pace with; and though, no doubt, it flashed upon her at times that Rebecca was changed, that many a year had rolled away since her birth, yet she could never look upon her face and see it as others saw it, for memory would touch the hollow cheek with rose-bloom as of old, give to the thin, compressed lips sweetness, and restore to the grey hair its old luxuriance and happy light and shade. So she watched still over her flower with jealous care, and none reminded her that its bloom had departed and its fragrance vanished.

By the time Rebecca had set before the children two mugs of tea and an enormous plateful of brown bread and butter, the goodly company of the "Fortune of War" began to make preparations for departure, and, before 'Duke and Constance had done eating, Rebecca slammed the door after the last lingerer.

## CHAPTER XI.

CONSTANCE could not help echoing the sigh of relief which Rebecca gave as she swung the heavy, rusty chain across the door. 'Duke had already fallen asleep with his head on her shoulder, and her own eyelids were growing very heavy as she watched Rebecca's abrupt, ungente movements about the room, and waited her opportunity to ask if they might go to bed. She little thought that, before she closed those eyes in sleep, a more bitter trial than her journey had yet brought forth was to come.

When she had finished her work, "the child" took a low stool, and seated herself in front of the fire, between the children and Mother Catlin; and, folding her arms and knitting her brows, gazed into the glowing coals so vengefully and sourly, that it struck Constance that she, too, might have some bitter grudge against the dangerous element, as bitter, perhaps, as she herself had. Thus the girl's thoughts were, almost unconsciously, turned again into the old dark channel, and she was too sleepy to guide them back very soon, so they went groping on and on, lingering, with a dreamy fascination, first on one terrible recollection and then another, till her head turned giddy, and everything seemed to swim before her eyes. The fire danced up and down; and, instead of two, myriads of aged forms danced round it, half with small heads with topknots like Rebecca's, and half with shaking yellow frills like Mother Catlin's. All kinds of conjectures as to what her father would give out at Lympton as the reason of her departure came in crowds, troubling and bewildering her already wearied brain. Once more she looked towards her grim hostesses, and tried to muster courage to speak. Rebecca was still apparently absorbed in gazing out a heart full of bitterness and hatred at some imaginary enemy in the fire. So absorbed, indeed, was she, that, after the first glance at the children, her eyes had never once rested on them for half-a-minute together, and Mother Catlin's attitude and manner might have sent a chill through a stouter heart than that of little Constance.

She was leaning forward in her chair, her head was slightly raised, and she seemed to be listening intently, not to any one particular sound in any particular part of the house, but to an indefinite number of noises, proceeding now from the rat-thronged, windy bedrooms above, and now from the great, unused kitchen below.

Full of alarm, Constance strained her quick ear, but heard not a sound except the incessant creaking of the heavy sign-board without, and the wind whistling down the wide chimney. An involuntary exclamation which she uttered brought Rebecca's sharp eyes upon her.

"Never mind her, little girl," said the narrator, when she saw what caused her alarm. "It's nothing more than what she hears every night."

"What does she hear?" inquired Constance, timidly; "it seems very quiet."

"And so it is quiet now," answered "the child," again fastening upon her enemy in the fire. "But she hears what used to be."

"What used to be?" echoed Constance, in a perplexed whisper.

"Ay, what used to be, long, long ago."

"What was that, ma'am, please?" Constance asked under her breath. "What used to be?"

"I will tell you, little girl," answered Rebecca, slowly and dreamily, and without moving her eyes, as if she were spelling it all out of the fire, and as if she had spelt it out so often to herself, that it was a relief to spell it out to another. "I will tell you what used to be. There used to be a little girl, and she lived in a great house."

"This house, please?"

Rebecca nodded, and continued—

"In a great house, full of fine rooms and fine company. Every day more money used to be taken at that desk than the little girl could count; and

every night, before she went to bed, her father called her to him, and showed her heaps of gold, and told her they were all for her."

"Oh, how nice! What a happy little girl!" sighed Constance, feeling the paper in which her two solitary gold pieces were wrapped.

"Ay, she was a happy little girl," continued Rebecca, in a voice more soft and tremulous than hitherto; "she had everything that heart could wish for—servants to wait upon her, and toys without end."

"And was she good, or did she get spoilt?" inquired Constance.

"I hardly know," answered Rebecca, musingly, as if the question had never put itself to her before. "I don't see how she could help it; but, whether she was or not, her father and mother were very proud of her, and showed her about to all the fine company like a doll, and every one was kind to her, and had a smile for her; and the little girl was very, very happy—sometimes she was too happy."

"How could that be?" Constance asked, unable to imagine a misfortune to her so novel.

"Well, sometimes when she lay down in her bed after saying her prayers, or sat between her father and mother in church, and heard them tell of heaven, it used to strike the little girl that she was having her heaven now, and that when others went to rest, her troubles would begin; and they often found her crying to herself, and no one ever knew why she cried. So it went on long, bright years; and, while she lived like a lady, her father and mother still toiled and slaved every day of their lives to make the heaps of gold larger, that the little girl might be rich against she was a woman. Ah! yes, as you say, the house is quiet now; but you should have been here then, when grand people came down every day to drink the waters—then, when the little girl's fortune was being made. And every night, when we sit here alone, mother fancies she hears all the bustle and noise going on still—she can't get the old sounds out of her ears. She hears the spits creaking in the kitchen, and the plates clattering, and the waiters and chamber-maids flying up and down the stairs, and the bells ringing, and the fine ladies scolding, or, maybe, my lord marquis shouting for his boots—for we had a lord marquis here once—or a hunting party stopping to drink at the door.

"Well, well, the little girl grew up, and it chanced, when she was away from her father's house on a visit, she met one who, in days gone by, had been her father's worst enemy; and, before she knew this, she had listened to his voice, and got to love it so, that she hated every sound that took the ring of it out of her ears. She had looked upon his face, and got every line so by heart, that, long, long after she had gone back home, that face seemed always rising up between her and her father and mother as they sat together at evening; and her heart was always aching."

Rebecca pressed her thin hands, one over the other, on her breast, and a tear stole down her cheek as she went on—

"Aching, aching, night and day, and she grew sick and tired of her old life—sick and tired of everything that used to make her so happy before she met him. At last it fell out, one rainy winter's night, that he came and asked her of her father, and told him how he already had her love. It was a great blow to the old man, and at first they thought that it had struck him dumb—he sat there, in that chair where mother sits now, so white and still. Presently he turned his

## CONSTANCE CHORLEY.

uttering eye on me—I mean on the little girl that was—and griped her by the wrist, and said—

“‘Child, is this true?’

“And she could only own it, and cry, and tremble, and wish herself dead. But when she heard her father speak hard things of him, and call him penniless and unworthy of her, all her heart was turned, and she went over to his side. And her father rose, and opened the door of his house, and said, in a kind of whisper, as he pointed out—

“‘Rebecca, mother and I’ve worked hard for you—we’ve worked hard to make you well-to-do and happy before we died—and I tell you, if you marry this man, you’ll break my heart. But, if your mind’s made up, go! and don’t, for God’s sake, come near me any more!’

“And her mother threw herself on her knees before her, intreating her; but she passed by her—passed by her father, who stood shaking like a reed—and turned her back upon them—upon the house where she was born, and, bareheaded, followed the stranger out into the wind and rain.”

Rebecca ceased speaking, and sat swaying her thin figure backwards and forwards like one trying to quiet some raging inward agony. Stopping suddenly as her eyes once more found the place in that universal story-book of the past—the fire—she continued, her voice rising and falling, wild and plaintive as the wind—

“Hearken, little girl, how she was punished. This man, for whose sake she had broken her father’s heart, *didn’t want her*. He wanted her money! He wanted the fortune that was being so hardly earned for her—the heaps of gold that her father used to show her every night so proudly, as they got larger and larger. As for her—her poor, foolish, bleeding heart, which she had torn away from everything that had been growing round it for years—he spurned it like a stone. Thank God, he let her know it as soon as her father’s door was closed upon them! Thank God, she never knew the shelter of his roof, nor tasted of his bread! She sat shivering on the doorstep of her own home far into the night, trying to lift her hand and knock; but she could not. Pride held it down, and made it as heavy as lead. It would have been as nothing to her to go in and say, ‘Father, I have done wrong to leave you. I am sorry, and have come back to you at once.’ But to say, ‘Father, I am come back because he will not have me,’ was too much for her proud heart. She cried and cried, and kissed the step a thousand times; but before the sun rose she was far away.

“And so she—she who had been brought up so fine and so helpless—had to earn her bread by the labour of her hands. It was many months, and she was half worn out with longing, before she heard any news of home. At last it was talked about the town where she lived that her father was drinking himself to death, and that the house was getting a bad name; and, child, every word was like a knife stabbing into her, for wasn’t it all her work? All! all!”

Rebecca kept striking her clenched hand over her heart as though it still smarted under some living and keen anguish.

“Then she heard that people no longer came to Yapton Wells, but went to Ently to drink the waters; and the change brought great poverty and distress to the village. Next she heard that her father was ruined—and the time had come

when her heart would be still no longer. So she went to them, and told them all, and they forgave her, and received her, and she laboured for them with her hands to keep them, as they had laboured for her, and was to them a comfort in their trouble.

"You think this is all well, little girl, and just as a story should end; but listen. A broken heart never mends—never! never! She had struck the blow—she had broken her father's heart—and now she had to see it bleeding away hour by hour, minute by minute, and to know that all she could do only made it bleed the more. She often felt him looking at her as she waited on the low men in the bar, or did the meanest work of the house; and she knew what he was thinking as he looked—knew that he was thinking, 'And is this my little girl that I spent my best years in working for, so that labour should never soil her hands? Has she come to this?' So she saw him pine and die in the very prime of his life—saw him cut down like a tree in its strength, and knew that her disobedience was the axe that struck the blow. His last words to her were, 'Rebecca, do all the good you can in the world, and I'll tell you how to do it. If you see anybody setting their heart on just one thing, tell 'em it'll bring 'em to misery—it will, girl, as sure as I lay here dying without one hope of my life having come to pass.'"

Rebecca's voice died away, and she bowed her face lower and lower almost to her lap, and hid it with her long, thin arms. After awhile she looked up, and said, in a broken voice—

"Don't cry, little girl—*she* didn't. No; she sat and watched beside his body. night and day till they laid it in the coffin; but she never shed a tear over him—not one. And why? Because, child, there was that in her that dried up every tear; there was that in her that so filled her heart as to leave no room for grief—and that was hate, burning, rankling hate, for him who caused it all!"

At that instant Mother Catlin, who for some time had been listening to Rebecca's voice, with tears rolling down her cheeks, interrupted her by laying her shaking hand upon her shoulder, and saying—

"Child, child, hush! What has brought it all back to you to-night?"

But Rebecca seemed to find such intense relief in this fierce outpouring of long-suppressed passion, and in measuring the strength of her hate by the horror its recital caused in her listener, that she could not cease. She shook her mother's hand off, rose to her feet, and her raised, discordant voice made 'Duke awake and gaze about him in affright.

"I'll tell you, little girl, why it's all come back to her to-night," she said, as if Constance had asked the question instead of her mother—"it's because she's heard news of *him*—heard that he's in sore trouble. He caused a child to turn against her father, and now it seems *his* child is turning against *him*. Look you, his house was on fire a while since; and, though they say he denies it, and tries to hush it up, it's got whispered about that he believes *his own daughter set it on fire*, and he's been obliged to send her from him, a long way off."

There was something more than horror now dawning slowly in her listener's face—an interest too intense to be called forth by mere sympathy. She let go of 'Duke's arm, and leant towards Rebecca as she went on—

"I told you that her heart was too full of hate to hold grief, but it *wasn't* exactly that. It *wasn't* that grief didn't come—that it *doesn't* come still; for it



does—ay, and as fresh and bitter as ever—but it is that it turned to hate as it came; it turns to hate now as it comes. Ay, here the hate burns, and here the grief is always pouring upon it, making it fiercer and fiercer, like oil dropping on fire. I see no rest for me, child, in life or in death—I daren't think of heaven, for I know that my hate holds the door against me, like that chain, only it is harder than any iron to break. God help me, for I don't think I ever can break it!

"There, little girl, I have done my story. I dare say you know why I told it you. It was because I guessed you had run away from home; and when you asked me 'What used to be?' I thought I would tell you what no one has ever heard before. I thought you should know what it is you are doing. Little girl, go back." And Rebecca bent towards her, and laid her hand on her arm, and repeated, in a voice tremblingly earnest, "Go back."

The white, rigid little listening face relaxed—the little figure stood erect, and the childish voice echoed, in a tone half indignant, half despairing—

"Go back! Take him back!" And, throwing her arms round 'Duke, she fell on her knees beside him, sobbing passionately, "Oh, 'Duke! poor little 'Duke God forgive father! God forgive him!"

No sudden consciousness flashed into the dark, restless eyes that watched the little wanderers. They gazed upon them long, and drew in the truth slowly, and then the hot tears blinded them, and Rebecca turned them away, and, laying her hand on her mother's, looked up in her face, and said quietly—

"Mother, they are his—they are Daniel Chorley's children!"

## CHAPTER XII.

"LET me look at him," said Rebecca, when Constance had grown quieter. "Let me look at Daniel Chorley's boy."

She drew him towards her, and, laying her thin arm round his neck, under his light hair, bent down and gazed into his face.

Little 'Duke's was by no means an uncommon face. You could, no doubt, find just such another in any preparatory school for little boys in England, for it was that purely Saxon face, framed with long, light, silky hair, which, though generally despised by the darling himself as a girlish appendage, mamma cannot find it in her heart to have touched by the barber's scissors—a face with half-shy, half-daring eyes, blue as the heavens of the joyful Midsummer holidays; with the open, honest brow, and the complexion transparently pure, which bears as yet no greater sign of dissipation and excess than an occasional pimple, denoting a too-intimate acquaintance with the Wednesday apple-tart man—a face which, though it may have a decidedly turn-up nose, or a very large mouth, or be set as thickly with sun-freckles as the spring fields with buttercups, is invariably loveable, invariably refreshing to look at for its openness, its mingled shyness and daring, and its scorn of its own beauty. Such, then, to stranger eyes, was the face of little 'Duke, but to Rebecca's eyes it was more than that—evidently much more—for the hand on his shoulder trembled.

She had said, "Let me look at Daniel Chorley's boy," partly in defiance of her own heart, because it shrank from the recollections that it feared some well-known characteristic of his face might call forth. She had thought that, armed

with her age and her long-cherished hatred, she could challenge such recollections and overcome them. So, with that iron will of hers, she chose to hold him there in the fire-light, gazing not only at the child's face, but at another's in his. She looked down into it with her hand on the soft neck, and the warm, silky hair lying on her hand—looked into those blue, fearless, but wondering eyes, and, instead of her overcoming the memories she found stamped upon that little face more thickly than the freckles, they overcame her, and sank into and troubled the very depths of her being. She was reminded of her own bright childhood, as well as her happy youth and her strong but wasted love. Still did she gaze, until that face seemed a mirror, reflecting not the past only, but also the dim shores of a future where there was rest for her—where that age and hatred which she had thought sufficient defence against anything the past could show, should crumble and fall off like a withered sheath, while the old youth and the old love would remain for ever. Still unconsciously she gazed, and by-and-by came the warm, unusual pressure of tears at her poor, aching eyes; and, pushing the boy from her and burying her face in her hands, she let them fall freely; and with them fell much bitterness from off her heart.

"Little girl," she said, looking up after awhile, "where are you going? and why is he to be taken from his father? Tell me all about it."

Carefully guarding that one dreadful secret of hers, Constance told her as much of her story as she thought would satisfy her she was acting for the best, and it took little to satisfy Rebecca that the boy was better away from Daniel Chorley than with him.

"Come, little girl," she said presently—"it is time he went to bed."

And, taking a candle, she opened a door and led the way up a wide, carpetless staircase, which, to Constance's sleepy eyes, seemed full of ghosts of flying waiters and chambermaids. On the first landing Rebecca stopped, and, giving Constance the candle, and pointing to an open door, left them without even answering their timid "Good night"—too much absorbed in her own thoughts to remember that what was so familiar to her by day or night was all strange and ominous to her little guests.

Our travellers now found themselves stationed for the night in the ante-room to what had once upon a time been a music-hall, or ball or assembly room, as the case might be, during that period when Yapton Wells was dazzled by the brilliant but brief patronage that caused its ruin. It had also been hired occasionally by the members of a struggling Mechanics' Institution for their lectures.

Here, in this little room, have paced more than one largely-advertised "talented lecturer from London." Here has he donned his white kids, pitched his voice to the right key, practised with his hands, drank his glass of wine, decided how many steps he shall take to the platform, and peeped through the door, and fumed and fretted at the meek secretary about the thinness of the audience or the height of the reading-desk, till the poor fellow, who, besides the cares of secretaryship, has all the boots in the place to mend, is half out of his mind. Here, too, after the lecture, the same meek secretary has been fiercely called to account for daring to interrupt the closing plaudits with his hasty and timid announcement of the next forthcoming entertainment. Ah! those walls which have inclosed so much beauty, which have rung with so much eloquence, and such superb music—those floors, over which have skimmed such light, airy feet—in what state are they now? The

rats riot there; and, by their din and wrangling, one would think they were acting over the scenes they had witnessed through their peep-holes in the wall. The spiders weave so steadily night and day, that it might be said of them, that they, at least, had profited by the industrial teachings given from that reading-desk.

Long after 'Duke had gone to sleep, Constance sat on the foot of the little bed, thinking of Rebecca's story, and more especially that portion of it which so deeply concerned herself. Was it possible her father had indeed let so base and horrible a lie be spoken of her? or, still worse, had *he* spoken it? She sank upon her knees by the bed, but her heart was too sick to pray—she could only kneel there and cry till 'Duke's long hair was wet with her tears—till grief and weariness together overpowered her, and she crept to her rest, and soon a deep and tranquil sleep hid all her troubles from her.

The good blacksmith had spoken truly when he said they were early people at the "Fortune of War." As soon as Constance opened her eyes, she heard Rebecca letting down the heavy chain and unbarring the door of the house.

It was the first day of April, and through the long, blindless window, which still glittered with raindrops, poured a flood of pale, bright sunshine. The birds, just rising from their nests amongst the thick furze of the common, darted hither and thither through the sweet air, carolling with a wild enjoyment of liberty and spring; and now and then, from some far-off wood—for just here the country was bare and open—came, faint but thrilling, the voice of the cuckoo. Awakened by such unwonted sounds as these, the little wanderers arose to resume their journey, with feelings little akin to those with which they had left it off. That which yesterday seemed so lonely and dangerous, to-day began to taste of freedom and romance. 'Duke's eyes sparkled with the anticipation of coming adventures, and he helped his sister to arrange and pack their little all with right good will.

At last, somewhat afraid of the noise they made on the wide, echoing staircase, they ventured down to make investigations as to the progress of breakfast. They found Mother Catlin and her "child" already sitting down to it, and Rebecca pointed them out two seats at the table, and placed two plates of porridge before them. There being no conversation to interrupt it, breakfast was soon over. When Constance stood before her with her bonnet on, and holding something hesitatingly in her hand, Rebecca looked at her, and said, as she quietly put her hand away—

"Are you going, little girl? Take care of him—don't tire him too much; and look you, child, when you get to your journey's end, send me just a slip of paper to say how the boy's doing—I'd like to know."

Constance promised to do so; and after Rebecca had pressed her thin lips to 'Duke's forehead, and Mother Catlin had said, very kindly for her, "God speed you, little children!" they each took their burden and passed out at the door. Few were yet astir in the village, except a group of loungers standing round the smithy, watching Simon kindle his fire, and listening to a somewhat exaggerated account of his last night's adventure. Never were two such mysterious children as he made them out to be. He was a little ashamed of himself as he saw them coming blithely down the road, looking very joyous and child-like; and, his good heart getting the better of him, he came forth and shouted after them, in his tremendous voice—

"Hi! there. Little-uns! a pleasant journey to yer!"

## THE STORY OF AN EASY CHAIR.

ALL are ready to acknowledge that the power of retaining presence of mind, under circumstances of sudden danger, should be possessed by every reasonable being, and yet how few there are who act as though they believed this to be either attainable or desirable !

Men have, generally, far more physical courage than women, and from this fact arises the universal contempt manifested for one of the "nobler sex" whose strength of mind and self-respect may have chanced to be suddenly overcome by a strong sense of personal danger. Doubtless, it is no small assistance to the "lords of the creation" to remember what is expected of them ; and perhaps there are not many who would care to acknowledge how often they have been enabled to maintain outward composure by the timely recollection of the flattering tribute thus paid, by common consent, to their superior presence of mind.

Alas for the "weaker vessels" of the community, who find themselves placed thus low in the scale of self-command ! And yet it must be confessed that too many women give ample grounds for the mortifying distinction. How often do we hear them exclaim, "Oh ! how I should have screamed !" or, "Why didn't you run away ?" when, in all probability, the danger would have been increased tenfold by doing either the one or the other !

It really is humiliating to think that the being suddenly placed in a perilous position should instantly deprive a woman of her common sense ; and what a benefit would be conferred upon the world at large if the acquisition of a little self-control were made a prominent object in the education of young ladies ! Much might be done by precept, but more by example.

There have been noble instances in the history of our own country, as well as in that of other nations, in which female courage has risen above circumstances which might well have tried the strongest nerves. But it is in the occurrences of every-day life that women so often appear to be deficient in this most necessary virtue. Why it should be so, when, on far greater occasions, they find it possible to exercise the courage of a Grace Darling or a Florence Nightingale, is, perhaps, one of the mysteries of our nature yet to be solved.

We remember one remarkable instance of female courage, which occurred about the beginning of the present century ; and although, perhaps, few could undergo a similar ordeal with the same wonderful composure, yet, as the old proverb tells us, "What man has done, man may do," we may hope that there are yet women in the world who could do as much if it were necessary.

At that time there lived in a solitary house on W—— Common a gentleman and his niece, their domestics consisting of a butler and two maid-servants. This gentleman happened to possess a great deal of valuable family plate, and, having occasion to go from home, he gave the key of the strong closet in which it was kept to his niece, requesting that she would herself take charge of it. This she promised to do ; and having every reason to suppose that he was leaving his family under the guardianship of a trustworthy man-servant, her uncle set out on his intended journey.

A day or two afterwards, the butler came to his young mistress, saying that this would be a good opportunity for the spare plate to be cleaned, as he knew his

master was particular about it, and requesting that he might have the key of the closet for that purpose.

Not supposing for a moment that he had any other motive in asking for the key, she was on the point of giving it to him, when something in the expression of the man's eye made her hesitate, and, replacing the key in her pocket, she quietly said that her uncle had left no orders about it, and she should, therefore, prefer its being left as it was until his return. Surprised to find that the butler still persisted in his request, the young lady spoke still more decidedly, saying that she never interfered with her uncle's arrangements; and the discomfited butler went down-stairs, leaving his mistress not a little astonished at his strange behaviour.

That night, after locking her bedroom-door as usual, as she was walking towards the dressing-table, with the candlestick in her hand, she was greatly startled by observing this man crouching down behind an easy chair which stood near the wall. In an instant his conduct in the morning flashed across her mind, and she was no longer at a loss to account for his motive in wishing to possess himself of the key. Determined not to betray, by look or gesture, that she was aware of his presence, she quietly put down her candlestick, and, seating herself in a chair beside the dressing-table, took up her Bible and endeavoured to read, praying most earnestly that she might be enabled to do whatever was right. Human help she had no means of obtaining; for, even were he to allow her to leave the room (which was not very likely), she wisely judged that to call two terrified maids to her assistance would be worse than having no help at all; and, therefore, commending herself to the protection of an all-powerful Deliverer, she remained for some time with her eyes fixed upon her Bible, now and then turning over its pages, and gradually becoming calm and self-possessed.

At length she resolved what to do, and, putting down her book, she proceeded to undress as usual, first taking the key of the plate-closet from her pocket, and laying it down with some little noise, that the man might know just where to find it. She then knelt by her bedside, and, after silently asking for the protection and wisdom she so sorely needed, she lit the rushlight on the hearth, and extinguished her candle; and, as she laid her head upon the pillow, it was in the firm trust that nothing could harm her while under her Heavenly Father's care.

After awhile she heard the chair gently pushed, and, through her closed eyelashes, she could see the man cross the room, and take up the key and the candlestick. He lit the candle at the hearth, and then came to the bedside. She had just time to perceive some kind of instrument in his hand, but lay perfectly still, breathing as regularly as a little child. Not by the quiver of an eyelid, or the slightest flutter of the breath, did she show that she was awake, even though she felt the bedclothes drawn down from her face, and knew that he was stooping over her, watching her countenance most intently. He then went to the foot of the bed, and stood for some minutes shading his eyes with his hand, so as to throw the full light of the candle upon the quiet face before him.

At last, to her intense relief, he appeared satisfied, and left the room, leaving the door ajar; and she distinctly heard him unlock the strong closet at the end of the gallery into which her own and the other principal bedrooms opened. She soon heard him busily employed in packing up his booty, and recollecting that he would probably have left the key in the outside of the lock, this courageous girl instantly resolved that she would try to save her uncle's property, and secure the thief.

Hastily throwing something round her, she stole along the gallery, and, finding the key where she had expected, she suddenly shut the door and locked him in. In vain did the man alternately call, threaten, and promise what he would do if she would only let him out. With the key in her hand, she ran up-stairs to rouse the women-servants, who were not a little amazed to see their young lady standing beside them with such a story to tell. Neither of them wished for any more sleep that night; and, as soon as they were dressed, they all sat up together, watching and longing for the daylight.

When morning came, the thief was soon removed to prison by the proper officers, and admitted, when tried for the offence, that, had he believed it possible for any young lady to behave as his mistress had done, he should certainly have murdered her; but she had completely thrown him off his guard; and when he saw her (as he thought) so soundly asleep, he did not like to do it, for she had been kind to him, and he had no personal grudge against her.

Whilst readily allowing that few are likely to have their courage put to so severe a test, we cannot but think that it would be time and thought well bestowed if women would seriously consider how far it is in their power to conquer nervous fears. These, we know, are never so easily overcome as in early life; and of what real use can any one hope to be who accustoms herself to shrink from everything of which she is afraid? At the same time we sincerely hope that no young lady's peace of mind may ever again be disturbed by the unwelcome apparition of a man behind her easy chair!

M. E. W.

## TO AN INFANT SMILING AS IT AWOKE.

AFTER the sleep of night, as some still lake  
Displays the cloudless heaven in reflection,  
And, dimpled by the breezes, seems to break  
Into a waking smile of recollection,  
As if from its calm depths the morning light  
Call'd up the pleasant dreams that gladden'd  
night—

So doth the laughing azure of those eyes  
Display a mental heaven of its own.  
In that illumined smile I recognise  
The sunlight of a sphere to us unknown;  
Thou hast been dreaming of some previous bliss  
In other worlds—for thou art new to this.

Hast thou been wafted to elysian bowers  
In some blest star, where thou hast pre-  
existed;  
Inhaled the ecstatic fragrancy of flowers  
About the golden harps of seraphs twisted;  
Or heard the nightingales of paradise  
Hymn choral songs and joyous harmonies?

P'rchance all breathing life is but an essence  
Of the great Fountain Spirit in the sky,  
And thou hast dream'd of that transcendent  
presence

Whence thou hast fall'n—a dew-drop from  
on high—  
Destined to leese, as thou shalt mix with earth,  
Those bright recallings of thy heavenly birth.

We deem thy mortal memory but begun;  
But hast thou no remembrance of the past,  
No lingering twilight of a former sun  
Which o'er thy slumbering faculties hath cast  
Shadows of unimaginable things  
Too high, or deep, for human fathomings?

Perhaps, while reason's earliest fount is  
height'ning,  
Athwart thine eyes celestial sights are given,  
As skies that open to let out the lightning  
Display a transitory glimpse of heaven;  
And thou art wrapt in visions all too bright  
For aught but seraphim or infant's sight.

Emblem of heavenly purity and bliss!  
Mysterious type, which none can understand!  
Let me with reverence, then, approach to kiss  
Limbs lately touch'd by the Creator's hand.  
So awful art thou, that I feel more prone  
To ask thy blessing; than bestow mine own.

ANON.

## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XII.

## REST.

THE morning sun was shining through the curtains before I awoke, and, finding that Mrs. White had already gone down, I hastened to dress myself in the clean clothes and the warm merino frock which were placed on a chair by my bedside. It is true that I lay for a few minutes thinking of all I had heard on the previous night—lay looking at the neat appointments of the cheerful room, not without an abiding sense of comfort, but still with a feeling of sorrow which I knew must accompany all the peaceful influences of my new life—a shadow not dark enough for gloom, nor even for grief, but sufficient to subdue me to a grave acceptance of my position—a determination never to forget that I owed it to the unselfish love of her whom I might not see again. Kneeling on the footstool at the window, I prayed that I might be faithful to her—prayed that we might meet before fresh promises bound us to a separation too long to hope for. In the midst of these petitions, so incoherent that I had spoken them half-aloud—more, I think, with a wish to give them distinct purpose than for any other reason—I was startled by the handle of the door turning softly, and springing to my feet, with that indefinable confusion which is not shame, but which all children feel when interrupted at such a time, I saw somebody standing in the passage as though hesitating to come in. Looking at first, through my tears, I thought it was Susan coming to call me to breakfast, but another moment undeceived me. A taller figure came out of the shadow of the entry, walked softly into the fuller light of the window, and, seeing me there, so full of fear and wonder that I must have fallen without help, caught me as I ran forward. The fair hair, smoothly parted now, the dress, poor but clean, the arms still strong as when they last clasped me, the sorrowful eyes with all their sterner light subdued, she whom I had prayed for carried me to the bed, and there sat down with my head upon her bosom. There remained nothing to tell me of the reason for my having been consigned to Mr. Willmott beyond the particulars that I had already learned from Mrs. White. Once, when I ventured to ask where my father was now, the hard, defiant look came back into her face for a moment, and I said no more.

"He may be in London still, for aught I know," she said. "He cares nothing for me, or less than nothing, for he would sacrifice both of us to his own convenience. Do not let us talk of him, for I have only half-an-hour to stay."

More than half of that time must have been consumed in her passionate assurances that she had not deserted me—in my vague endeavours to combat her self-upbraidings. Then I heard how great had been the struggle with which she had consented to part with me—how precarious were the means by which she earned enough for her daily bread by such needlework as she could obtain from one or two shops to which she had been recommended by Mrs. White, and from occasional service in families where extra help was required in times of festivity or sickness. We both grew calmer as she explained to me how our separation must be borne for the sake of the future provision it would insure for me. I cannot now recall the words by which I sought to reply to her appeals, but the feelings with which I regarded her as she sat there, holding me in her arms, come back after the lapse of years so strongly as to bring the blood into my face.

First, a sense that my responses were coldly inadequate to the passionate force with which she told me how she had held out against relinquishing her child, till the fear of want and misery for us both drove her to the sacrifice. Then a sudden apprehension that she might, even now, be in danger of greater want herself by seeing me against Mr. Willmott's conditions. A deep distress and pity mingled with a consciousness that she was strange to me, and yet my mother—that I knew less of her character than I did of Mrs. Bradley's—had fewer grounds for affection towards her than I had for the love with which I regarded Mrs. White—then a burst of sorrow, and shame, and self-reproach, which ended in my clinging to her neck and sobbing there. This last paroxysm had almost worn itself out when Mrs. White, tapping gently at the door, bade us come down to breakfast.

"Come," she said, "Mr. Goodward is already waiting."

"Is Mr. Goodward here, ma'am?" I asked. "Oh, I will wait till he has gone."

"Mr. Goodward brought me," said my mother.

"Yes," Mrs. White replied to my puzzled face. "It would have been a breach of duty for me to have done so, Wayfe; but Mr. Goodward has made no such promise, and said that, if Mr. Willmott objected to it, he would take the responsibility."

"But Mr. Willmott doesn't know it."

"No—nor will he. He has not been home all night—sent a note, indeed, to say that he would stay with his friends till this afternoon, when he wishes to see you, as he intends bringing a visitor with him."

When we entered Mrs. White's room, in which breakfast was already laid, Mr. Goodward's rosy face was quite radiant in the firelight. The morning was bright and cold, so that the table had been drawn near the fire, and he motioned my mother to a seat in the corner, where I had sat the night before; then, taking my hands in his own, led me to an ottoman at her feet.

"You will both feel better and stronger for this meeting," he said, "and need only to know that you are not divided in love and hope, even though it may be long before you meet again. You have made no promise yet to Mr. Willmott?" he said, turning to me.

"No; and I will not make any. I will leave here rather than——"

"Stop, stop!" he said, gravely, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Let your yea be yea, and your nay nay. You must stay here if you wish to perform any work in the world. Your mother is shortly going to some distance—into the country, indeed—and you must write to her—she must write to you. Will you come with Mrs. White to my house next week? then you will say good-bye to each other for some time, perhaps for two or three years; but you will both be happier, and will have a duty to fulfil towards each other."

My mother, with her great blue eyes fixed on his face, seemed to regard the speaker with a child-like trust and obedience much greater than my own. His fresh and healthy bearing, his *unclerical* manner and language, seemed to melt away, by its own genial warmth, that hard expression. The haggard lines of her face softened.

"How do you mean, sir, that I am going into the country?" she asked, with a surprised look.

"I hope you will go," he said, laughing. "I had a letter last night from an old friend of mine, asking me for a plain schoolmistress for a sort of foundation-



school for girls in his district. It seems they have been enlarging the number of the scholars, Mrs. White, at Heathfield, by contributions from the neighbouring gentry and the proceeds of Vernon's sermons; and there will be thirty girls boarded, clothed, and educated instead of sixteen. Most of them are the children, some of them the orphans, of sailors and fishermen."

I saw my mother's eyes brighten. "I'm afraid I shall not be able to teach them enough, sir," she said; "but I should give my heart to it."

"They learn reading, writing, and a few plain rules in arithmetic—writing, and, I think, singing, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon teach them. Then they all learn to cook, and wash, and sew. There are two elder girls to act under your instructions in these things, and to help to teach the others."

"When shall I have to go, sir? and is it certain that I can get the engagement?"

"What! you want to be off, do you?" asked Mr. Goodward, laughing. "Why do you take this sudden interest in the thing? I thought you wished to stay in London."

"Well, sir," she replied, looking down, "it seems as though I should be better employed there—more as Wayfe would like me to be employed—and then, I have seen her, and we are to write to each other—and then, sailors' and fishermen's girls will be like my own, and I shall always be thinking of my child when I'm with 'em. Yes, it's better I should go—better for both of us."

"Then you must come home with me this morning, and see my wife, and I'll write to Vernon to tell him that I've found a governess for his school."

During this conversation Mrs. White had been busy at the breakfast-table, and now stood waiting demurely until Mr. Goodward turned round and saw her holding the plate of hot buttered toast. He interrupted himself, with his own frank face blushing to the very roots of his silvered hair—took the plate from her—handed her a chair—and insisted upon waiting on us all. Then came a delightful half-hour; my mother silent and thankful, as I sat resting against her knee on my low stool. I found that I had been talking to Mr. Goodward about books and the pictures in the library which had interested me so much—about everything that I had ever thought and done—found I had been talking for so long that I suddenly became aware of engrossing the entire conversation, and, hearing the clatter of my own voice in the middle of a long sentence, was covered with confusion, stammered, broke down, and, seeing a smile on the faces both of my interlocutor and Mrs. White, endeavoured to hide my perplexity in the coffee-cup.

"I have not been altogether idle while we were waiting for you, Miss Wayfe," said our guest at last. "You will find two or three of the books on the table yonder, with slips of paper between the leaves. Read them when you want amusement from your school studies, and we'll talk them over together when you come to see me. Now, Mrs. White, we must go; our friend here will go back with me, if she pleases."

My mother's shawl, bonnet, and gloves lay on the settee in the window. She put them on hastily, came and took me in her arms for a minute, and, before I could clear my eyes from the half-joyful tears which had gathered in them, while her kiss was yet warm upon my cheek, Mr. Goodward had led her away, and I stood listening till the door had closed upon them.

"You will hear from Mr. Goodward where to write to her, dear," said Mrs.

White. "Do you feel stronger and more resigned to stay here with me than you did last night?"

I could only reply by clinging to her hand and kissing it. There was no time for dwelling on the strange events of the morning, for it had been arranged that I should go at once to Mrs. Winthrop, and three o'clock was the time appointed for meeting my guardian.

As we walked through some of the West-end streets, the world seemed greatly changed to me. In all my previous life the change of seasons had been associated with some foreboding of inconvenience; the few streets to which my daily walks were confined had been pleasant only by the recognition in them of such familiar objects as had suggested a mute acquaintanceship to my almost friendless childhood. In this way I had found companionable thoughts in the shadowy old nooks which I have already mentioned as amongst my discoveries—in well-known gates of old-fashioned houses, where the graining upon the door-posts, the pattern of the iron railings, the blinking glass in the worn and dusty lamp, had become *features* to me, and seemed to express some sort of human interest quite apart from their real use and purpose. One or two of these were dark and frowning, like unpropitious faces—full of inharmonious lines—and I passed them by; but I knew certain places where the very brick walls had well-known characteristics. Even the hairdresser's, where the live bear was always kept ready for slaughtering (for the sake of his grease), in a very dark and dirty den at the end of the shaving-room, became a romance in my daily life; but, after going round the corner to peep through a little grated window, where I once saw the monster's eyes glisten, I could never quite reconcile the frequent supply of these animals with the violently-coloured cartoon which covered all one side of the house, and represented men in fur caps, blue polka jackets, red pantaloons, and symmetrical boots, seeking the material for pomatum amidst the rigours of an Arctic winter, where one of their company was only saved from destruction by the promptitude of the man with the long spear, who ran his infuriated antagonist through the body.

Any other walks than these had been mostly at night, and in the company of either Mr. or Mrs. Bradley, who, having some destination in view, hurried me through by-streets, where loose paving-stones, hiding slushy deposits beneath them, frequently saturated my shoes with mud. There was very little stopping to look at shop-windows on such occasions, and the house where the visit was to be made having been reached, I was most commonly occupied during our stay in speculating upon the dreary walk homewards, when the shutters were all up in the streets, and the foot-passengers were careless of any wayfarer beneath the level of their own eyes.

On this bright September morning, however, my heart felt lighter than I had ever known it before, and as, clinging to Mrs. White's arm, I traversed the clean, broad squares, and stayed now and then to look at the handsome shops of Regent and Oxford streets, I began to feel that there was a sort of life in the world, after all—a life which might pass through and enjoy the sights even of Vanity Fair, without being enthralled by the glittering show. The milliners' and drapers' shops claimed but little of my attention. I had never had companions to inoculate me with their love of dress, and my own experience had furnished no examples of the satisfaction to be derived from an attention to fashionable clothing; but there were two or three windows where were displayed bronzes, old china, pictures, and

some rare articles of jewellery, from which I had to be gently drawn by my companion, who waked me from a sort of golden dream, I trust before I had begun to covet.

In one of the smaller streets behind these long lines of shops, and leading to a quiet square, we found Mrs. Winthrop's house, and were admitted to a plainly-furnished room, in which the colour of the carpet, curtains, and even the walls, seemed to have faded to a neutral brown. Against this sober background, however, three bright figures stood up to receive us, one of them Mrs. Winthrop herself, the others, two pupils who had but just arrived, and who, after a glance and a gesture of salutation, passed into a room beyond and closed the door. I felt in a moment that I was in the presence of a governess, not from any austerity in her manner, but from an easy ceremoniousness which was evident in all her movements, and with which I at once associated the expression of her face, in which an habitual calm and sweetness was modified by the slightly-contracted brows, and the square, firm lines of the temples. With a profusion of dark brown hair Mrs. Winthrop wore an elegant morning cap, the lace lappets falling over a black satin dress, from beneath the sleeves of which her hand showed whiter than the ivory keys of the piano where it had just rested. There were no explanations then, for the preliminaries had evidently been settled somehow before our arrival. It was only when she came and placed her hand upon my shoulder that I noticed the marks of care and sorrow in her face. She had lost both her husband and her only son together, and, as I learned afterwards, had turned to teaching, not only as the means of support, but to endeavour, by an active human interest, to live down the terrible affliction.

"You may come in here, my dear, and see your future companions," she said, opening the inner door. "They are drawing now, and I understand you will take lessons here of Mr. Pearson."

I was ashamed to go in, for the other girls were older than myself—indeed, the two whom I had seen before were quite young women. I think Mrs. Winthrop felt me shrink, for she stopped, with her hand upon the lock, and looked at my face with a quick, searching glance. "Come," she said, "they are all busy, and, indeed, we are always at work for the four hours we spend together in school. You will sit close to me when we begin to-morrow, and I think I shall have an attentive pupil."

"I have never been to school with such big girls, ma'am," I said, clumsily. "They—I mean, they are grown-up ladies, and I'm very ignorant indeed."

She stooped down to kiss me on the forehead, and while she did so such a tender light shone from her clear eyes—such a world of true womanly pity beamed round her face, that I felt she knew my history, and sought to indicate that knowledge silently.

"If you were not ignorant of some things, my dear, you would scarcely have come to see me," she said, smiling, as she opened the door.

The room was carpeted, but was otherwise bare of furniture, except a few common chairs, four long rows of books on shelves, and a large square table, now drawn up to a broad window, where a middle-aged gentleman was standing, rubbing some water-colours on a palette. The pupils who sat round the table seemed to be in different stages of the art; and one of them, over whose shoulder I could see the progress of her work, was labouring clumsily at the stump of a tree in a pencil landscape; but presently becoming aware of my scrutiny, rapidly sketched upon

the corner of her paper a face of such surpassing hideousness that I was in danger of laughing. We soon departed, however, with the understanding that I should present myself on four days a week, under the escort of Susan, until I should have learned the way well enough to be trusted alone.

Mr. Willmott had been home for some time before us, and, after a luncheon of sandwiches and some wine-and-water, I was summoned to attend him in the library, at the door of which I stood with a beating heart, for Mrs. White had left me there to go in alone. I knocked so softly at first that my guardian grew impatient, and, not hearing me, came across the room, and found me waiting for admission.

There was nothing in his manner to alarm me, for he burst out laughing—if such a description can apply to his quiet exhibition of mirth.

"Come in, come in," he said, taking my hand, "and make your best courtesy, for there is a gentleman here who will be far more terrible than I am. You need expect no sympathy from him, I assure you, until you get over your nervous habits, and can read a French comedy without a mistake. Monsieur le Vicomte Leraud, here is the pupil of whom I was speaking."

I tried to make a low bow, and failed miserably. The gentleman, who had been standing near the fire, came forward to return my salutation; he succeeded admirably, and, so far from entering into the jocularities of my guardian, preserved a gravity which somehow reassured me. He was a short man, of about middle age, with wiry black hair, and a smoothly-shaven face, very blue beneath the temples and on the chin, where a thick beard should have grown. Although his figure was spare, it was upright and active; while the sharp contour of his face was relieved by the melancholy expression of his eyes, which had in them that slowly-moving, almost fixed, appearance common to those who follow studies not always congenial, and often harassing.

"On m'a dit que vous parlez Français, mademoiselle," he said.

"Non, monsieur. Je ne sais—rien," I replied, half guessing his meaning, and, of course, making a blunder.

"Bravo!" chuckled my guardian—"she's profoundly ignorant, viscount—a sheet of blank paper on which to write the first chapter of 'Telemachus.'"

"Pardon, monsieur, the young lady has arrived at the end of all knowledge," replied my tutor. "Here you shall find two little books," he continued, turning to me, and pointing to a small parcel on the table. "On Saturday, at one o'clock, you will please bring to me here the studies I have marked—the exercise to be written after learning the verb. Then I shall also bring a book for reading. You will find it easy, but do not attempt to carry too much at once. On Saturday, at one o'clock. Try to forget what you have learned before to-day, and begin with the verb."

I took the books from the table, and backed towards the door.

"Have you been to see Mrs. Winthrop this morning?" asked my guardian.

"Yes, sir; we have only just returned."

"Did she frighten you?"

"No, not much, sir; I like her."

"Oh!—did you see any of the other pupils? and did they make fun of you?"

"No, sir; they were drawing, and one of them drew a face when I looked over her shoulder."

"Ah! that was meant for your likeness; it was ugly, wasn't it? Well, are

you contented to stay here with me?" he said, coming towards me, and speaking in a lower tone.

"Yes, sir; I wish I could thank you enough for being so kind to me," I replied. As I looked at him the grim smile had vanished from his face, and he regarded me as he had done on the night at Mrs. Bradley's—not without pity, and with a certain tenderness.

"You don't want to go to your mother now, then?" he asked—the smile coming back.

"Not yet, sir."

"Not yet? Hum! Well, you know what you have to do here, and you know from Mrs. White who I am. You will come and dine with me one day next week, when I shall have company; but you need not talk about what you have heard. Your name is Wayfe Summers; and I can love Wayfe Summers better than I could if she had a different name. Do you understand?"

"I think so; and I will remember what you say."

"Will you kiss me?"—and he bent his head down to receive my salute, which left a tear upon his grizzled whisker.

Monsieur Leraud was already at the door to open it for me; and, with a short acknowledgment of his "Adieu!" I ran up-stairs with all my might, and sought Mrs. White in her bedroom.

I record all these details here because, from this time, the even tenour of my life at my guardian's was broken by few occurrences of sufficient importance to enable me to mark its course. When once the regular occupations which were apportioned to me were established, my entire being was subject to gradual influences, none the less certain that their results were slowly consummated. By the judicious teaching of Mrs. Winthrop I soon became sufficiently advanced in general knowledge to justify the intentions of Mr. Willmott in having me educated that I might myself become a teacher. In music I made little progress—not from the want of a correct, and even a sensitive, ear, but from the, to me, insurmountable difficulty of conquering the mechanical necessities of the instrument. A wrong note was always the signal for dire confusion both in ear and hand. With brush and pencil it was strangely different. I had little difficulty in acquiring the merely rudimentary principles of drawing, and the connexion between eye and hand was more immediate. I attained no little skill, and Mr. Pearson kept three of my sketches hanging in his front parlour at Clapham long after I had ceased to be his pupil.

With my French studies I had grievous hardships—not so much on account of any great difficulty in learning the language as from the exactions of M. Leraud. Commencing easily enough, my lessons increased in length, and in the perfection demanded in their accomplishment, until I was almost in revolt. Indeed, on one occasion, I had closed the book, and turned to leave the room, when the sorrow in his melancholy face, as he opened the door for me, called me back for very shame, and I begged his pardon in terms which he accepted simply as his due.

It was a warm summer afternoon, and I had been reciting to him aloud—he sitting comfortably enough on a large chair near the open window, I standing on one particular medallion in the pattern of the carpet, where he could note every gesture. I was hot, tired, and really overcome with fatigue, for the theme was uninteresting, and had been twice read that day. Moreover, Mrs. White was waiting for me to go to Mr. Goodward's. Flesh and blood could stand out no

longer against the utter indifference with which it was regarded ; and to his quiet "Once again from page thirty, ma'amselle," I made the demonstration I have already mentioned. He looked at me quietly enough with those weary brown eyes as he rose to open the door.

"If mademoiselle finds it so tiresome to read this three times, how must it be to me who have heard it read three hundred times, and always so badly?"

I hope that my soul, as well as my mind, expanded in the long rest during which I grew to girlhood—almost to womanhood. I had learned to look at the dark creed and the foreboding misery, which had been so terrible a part of the "religion" presented to me by my childish experience, as a grievous mistake—a discipline, if it had ever been such, intended to bring me from darkness to light. In Mrs. White I found the practical effects of the doctrines preached by every real apostle from St. John downward—the key-note of all the great harmony of creation attuned to praise, and living to the glory of God! "Not that we loved Him, but that He loved us." "Be ye reconciled to God." It needs no effort on your part to reconcile God to you ; He waits to be gracious. These were the teachings before which the dark shadows of an ignorant misbelief fled from me one by one, and left me with a constitution still nervously excitable, and subject to the gloomy influences of an imagination once unhealthily developed—with a better and a brighter hope—a faith which kept by me in all the little daily duties of my life.

Of that dinner to which, as I said, Mr. Willmott invited me, I had an almost mortal dread, which not even the pretty new dress made for the occasion could dispel for more than a few minutes during the first trying on. Mrs. White, however, was to sit by my side, and the affair was, after all, not very terrible. Indeed, there were but four other people present besides my guardian. An old gentleman—I think a solicitor—and his wife, of whom I afterwards learned that she had been a celebrated beauty, occupying the position once known as "a toast," a term which I was very long in separating from thoughts of spiced ale. She was a pleasant-looking old lady too, in a very short-waisted lavender silk dress, and I remember that after dinner she played some old songs on the piano, and that I sat beside her, listening to "A rose-tree in full bearing," and "The Streamlet."

The other guests were the junior partner in the bank, and his wife, neither of whom took much notice of me, the gentleman devoting himself to some very old port wine, in very dusty black bottles, covered with cobwebs, and very dirty ; while the lady entered into conversation with Mrs. White, I believe about some schools in which she was supposed to be interested.

It became a custom for Mr. Willmott to ask, or rather to order, Mrs. White and myself to dine with him twice a week, and, by the time I had been two years with them, he began to expect me to join the company unless I had express orders to the contrary. My position was a strange one ; for, although he always spoke of me as his ward, he made no secret of my prospects, and I found, before long, that I already took the position of "the governess," although I had nobody to teach ; and (which was probably what he intended) that I was politely tolerated, sometimes consulted, but never unduly considered. Two or three times I was allowed to invite my schoolfellows at Mrs. Winthrop's, and these were, indeed, great occasions ; for Mrs. Winthrop herself came and played to us, and once my guardian insisted on our dancing. I visited their houses in return ; but most of

them only went to Mrs. Winthrop's to "finish their education," and there was little time for forming lasting friendships, even apart from the difference of age, which at first prevented them from making my intimate acquaintance.

My really happiest hours were those spent at Mr. Woodward's, or on those rare occasions when he accepted my guardian's invitations, and paid his temperate respects to the cobwebbed bottles. At his house I was always welcome, for Mrs. Woodward was sorrowing for the loss of a little daughter when I first went with Mrs. White to see her, and, in some strange way, out of the love with which her heart was filled, I became a sort of adopted child with them.

Mr. Willmott left the entire direction of my "religious training," as he said, to Mrs. White and her "pastors and masters," so that we had a pew in Mr. Woodward's church, and my novitiate of teaching began in the school amongst children who had no other instruction than such as they could obtain on Sundays. There were glorious winter nights, with books of poetry and fiction, which made a part of our regular reading—some few glorious summer evenings, when we went out for little excursions to Hampstead, Hornsey, or Epping Forest. I mention these, not on account of their frequent recurrence, but because they are the few events which mark the gradations of that happy time; and I love to dwell upon the circumstances which make its recollections dear to me, although for another it would possess no special interest, for it contained no action that was inconsistent with a long, long rest.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A LITTLE EVENT.

SUSAN, our rosy, bright-eyed servant, who, with the cook, was the only domestic in our household, was shortly to be married to a thriving corn-chandler in Surrey, and though I was full of grief at parting with her—for I had always been cheered by her bright, pleasant face, and her kind services, rendered to one who had no claim, and was doubtful as to the propriety of soliciting them—the occasion was one which enabled me to give her some proof of gratitude. The girl's manners had always been so modest and respectful that my guardian gave me permission to spend a little hoard of the pocket-money with which he had furnished me in making up a box of needlework as a present, and Mrs. White added to it so considerably, by the aid of our friend Mrs. Woodward, that a very handsome bundle of both useful and ornamental apparel was lying on a chair at Susan's bedside on the night preceding the great event. Her intended husband, Mr. Polwick, came to tea with her that evening, and Mrs. White had the tray laid in her own room, and left them with cook (who was invited up-stairs), and Susan's married sister from Mitcham, to arrange the next day's proceedings while we went down into the library. Having occasion to go up again for a book which I had been reading, I was rather surprised to see Mr. Polwick start up from his chair, where he had been sitting with a very large bright silk handkerchief spread over his knees, and in so doing overturn a plate of muffins into the fender, at the same time spilling half the tea in a futile attempt to find room for the cup on the table.

"It's jest *aprepo*," said Mr. Polwick, "if I may take the liberty—or perhaps you'd rather, miss, as Susan should speak to you herself—leastways it's all one in point of the favour it 'ud be, I'm sure."

I stood, not quite knowing what was expected of me.

"Do sit down, John, or at least be quiet, please," said Susan, blushing and trying to stand before her lover—an attempt which enabled him to look over her head and enforce her remarks with several contortions of visage, which were, no doubt, significant, but still perplexing.

"You see, miss," said Susan's married sister, who, as a housekeeper of some standing, was encouraged by a gruff "Hear, hear!" from John, who immediately became conscious of cook's eye upon him, and pretended he had been coughing—"you see, miss, we thought you'd excuse the liberty, and 'No' is but 'No';" but Susan she's set her 'art upon it, as the sayin' is, and thought as you'd always been so kind, I'm sure, as you wouldn't mind, with Mr. Willmott's leave."

"Anything I can do to make Susan happier I'll try to do, I'm sure," I replied.

Mr. Polwick rolled his head so violently from side to side that I thought he must be trying to wave it instead of his hand, which was just then engaged in twisting his right whisker.

"John said he knew you'd not be offended at our asking, at all events, Miss Wayfe," said Susan, with her eyes full of tears; "but, if you'd only honour us by bein' a bridesmaid, it would make me happy to see your sweet face at church. My sister's coming back to town, miss, and would bring you back in the coach as safe as I could."

"I've ordered the coach, miss, myself," interpolated John, "and as steady a driver, I do assure you, as ever went; not a drop too much he wouldn't take for nobody alive—and knows town well. There's a goodish sort of breakfast, too—but that aint nothing to a young lady," he added abruptly, still threatened by cook's boding eye.

"I will ask Mr. Willmott when he comes home," I said; "or, what is better, I will persuade Mrs. White to ask him."

I suppose the charm of a "*position*," whether it be derived from wealth or rank, lies in that influence which the fortunate possessor finds it so easy to exercise over others. Certainly it was a new and delightful sensation for me, who had never tasted the sweetness of it before, to find myself of sufficient importance to be solicited to grace with my presence an occasion of such importance; and it was not without a flushed face that I received the vague but sincere thanks of John Polwick as I went down to seek Mrs. White.

My guardian had arrived while I was up-stairs, and, seeing me come in so hurriedly, and with such a smiling countenance, peered at me curiously as I took his hand. Then he drew me to a chair by his side, for we had grown familiar enough by this time, and I believe he loved me as he promised he would.

"Why, anybody would think you were to be married yourself, puss!" he said. "What is there to turn the head of such a chit because a servant-girl wants to go and sell horsebeans in Surrey?"

"I have just been receiving a deputation, sir, and cannot promise my support without your permission."

"The deuce you have! What is it to do?—To subscribe for a pocket-handker-



chief a-piece to the Sunday School, or to get up a new great-coat for Mr. Goodward?—his last one's very shabby, I noticed."

"No, sir; Mr. Goodward's coat will do very well. It was from Susan, who is to be married to-morrow, and she and her husband want me to be a bridesmaid. I said I would ask Mrs. White, and she would mention it to you."

My guardian whistled, walked slowly to the bell, and rang it before I could stay his hand.

"Pray don't be angry with them, sir," I said; "they seemed very doubtful about it, and Susan has always been so kind to me——" The tears sprang into my eyes.

"Why, what a wrongheaded child it is!" said Mr. Willmott. "I'm going to have a word with the man—what's his name?—Pollen, Polwick, or something. Here's Mrs. White," he added, as she answered the bell herself; "we must ask her about it."

Mrs. White saw no particular objection, and declared that she should have been at the wedding herself but that she had to provide for the coming of the new servant who had to supply Susan's place.

Then Mr. Polwick and Susan were sent for, and both came down into the library, where John, by way of variety to his performances up-stairs, thought it becoming (and so it was) to stand with her arm drawn through his own, while he executed a series of bows.

"Oh, I won't detain you a minute, Mr. Polwick," said my guardian, pleasantly; "pray be seated. Susan, will you sit down by your husband?"

"As is to be, we hope, sir, askin' your pardon," exclaimed John.

Susan blushed, and took the edge of a chair.

"I've such good accounts of your future wife, Mr. Polwick," continued my guardian, "that I don't think she ought to come to you quite portionless; and I shall feel obliged if you will accept a bank-note for twenty pounds as a little wedding gift from me on behalf of Miss Summers here."

"If so be," said John, "as I could thank you as I ought, sir, I'd this very moment do so; but if Susan 'ud take the money, sir, and not let me have nothin' to do with it, there's a favour I'd ask from you on my own account."

"And what might that be?"

"That you'd please to let Miss Summers come down to the weddin', sir, if we might be so bold. We'd take that care of her, sir, I do assure you, that nothing could come anigh it; and any time she could come and stay a day or two down at my place, I've a tidyish orchard, sir, and a pretty garden; but that's neither here nor there—it's to-morrow as I've got to ask about; and we'll send the young lady back in a coach with Mrs. Murtey, I do assure you."

"Would you like to go, Wayfe?" asked my guardian.

"I should indeed; for I'm sure Susan is sincere when she says she has set her heart on it."

"Very well; I can have no very great objection. You'll see her back safe, Mr. Polwick?"

"As right as hops, sir," said Mr. Polwick, cheerfully; "and thankee kindly."

Then my guardian slipped the envelope containing the note into Susan's hand, and they retired, John laughing, and his wife elect crying, with gratitude and pleasure.

## HOW DOES IT END?



It isn't necessary for me to record how many years have passed since we were all there at school together. Mrs. Walkintwo is alive yet, and, although her pupils are not so numerous as they were formerly—indeed, I heard something of her retirement from her arduous professional duties—she is still sensitively punctilious in claiming a proper amount of respect from everybody connected with her, I'll be bound.

Cornwallis House—conducted by Mrs. Selina Walkintwo, with the assistance of Miss Eliza Sparrow (needlework, English Grammar, and arithmetic), Madame Celie Rosette Duprez (the French language, deportment, &c.), Professor Strumpf (music and vocal exercise), and Mr. Charles Alfred Portera (drawing and painting in water-colours)—was and is a substantial-looking building, about twelve miles out of London. From the front entrance the high road was half-concealed by six dark and melancholy trees, which looked as though they were perpetually mourning their exclusion from a polite education. Between two of these stood the gate, surmounted by a board inscribed in flourishing German text with the name of the "establishment." Seen through the railings, the very red gravel carriage-drive, hidden by sombre clumps of evergreens in its *détour* towards the tall flight of stone steps, may have suggested to casual passers-by that the grounds of Cornwallis House were extensive; viewed from the altitude of those steps, it

became evident that the drive was skilfully curved round a somewhat weedy-looking grass-plot, and so made the most of.

I had always understood that Mrs. Walkintwo was the widow of an eminent professor of some particular science, or of all the sciences; but, as this fact was always left to be understood, and never distinctly stated, there were not wanting some sceptical minds who rejected it altogether, though we were all willing to admit that her own attainments gave some reasonable grounds for the report. It was certainly admitted on all hands that in the "use of the globes," physical geography, and the elements of natural philosophy, she was an authority beyond dispute; and as there hung in the dining-room a portrait of a gentleman with a very bald head and a frilled shirt, who was represented as sitting before an orrery, with six quarto volumes on the ground at his feet, it became thoroughly established that this was the late Mr. Walkintwo, and that he was certainly somebody.

I suppose that instances are very rare of young people remaining in after-life on intimate terms with their schoolmasters or governesses. There are many barriers to their really unaffected companionship. On one side, the shadow of a respect formerly exacted, but now half-ignored, and yet half-sustained, for want of ability to realise the natural position indicated by a change of circumstances; on the other hand, a restraint which proceeds from the presence of one who formerly submitted to command, but might now consider even advice impertinent. Then the recollection of certain little injustices committed by the one, of little disobediences by the other, both long past, and yet too recent to prevent each from suspecting that the memory of them influences the other. All these things make such intimacies difficult; and happy must be the youth, still more happy the teacher, where the conditions only change—the friendship develops.

In her less dignified moments there were many loveable traits in Mrs. Walkintwo's character. Her ceremonious manners were but the artificial incrustation which she considered necessary for the due discharge of her position. I can remember evenings when she would join us as we sat round the class-room fire, and, bringing with her an amusing book, sit working at an elaborate Berlin wool nosegay while we read in turns. The appearance of the gay skeins of worsted and the wooden frame was an assurance of an extra hour before going to bed, as well as some savoury addition to the ordinary bread-and-butter supper—a matter in itself of considerable interest; for, whatever they may sometimes pretend to the contrary, healthy young ladies have appetites, and, amongst themselves, seldom disregard any proper opportunity for enjoying food.

These evening readings, however, lacked the interest and excitement which gave a zest to the perusal of such novels and tales as we could smuggle into our bedrooms. There was a little snuffy, slatternly shop at the end of the town, about half a mile from Cornwallis House, where a circulating library of many dingy and dog's-eared volumes, and a few modern works of fiction, offered a temptation not easily to be resisted. Brought in cook's basket, or in the reticule of one of the elder girls who had the licence of walking into the town alone, one or two of these books were concealed behind bedsteads, slipped under the fender, or deposited in some other secret place, whence they were taken at night to be greedily devoured. The very limited supply of candle allowed by Mrs. Walkintwo was a source of considerable anxiety, only to be obviated by the secret purchase of composites at rare opportunities during the vacations; but the use of these was dangerous, since

it was the habit of Miss Sparrow—who, finding it necessary to propitiate Mrs. Walkintwo, was, of course, our natural enemy—to come into the suspected room, on the pretence of borrowing hair-pins, just at the time that we should have been in bed. This habit, and a previous sudden irruption of our governess herself, who went to the extent of compelling us to go to bed in the dark for a week after her discovery, led to the institution of a scout, who, seated near the door, and yet not out of hearing of the reader, gave timely notice of approaching footsteps. The unenviable position usually fell to my lot, as I was naturally quick, and, being the youngest of the pupils in my room, could slip into bed without discovery, even after holding the door till the candle was out. Sometimes the position became altogether exciting. The almost expiring light of a candle-end, at a period in the story when our interest was highly wrought, joined to the constant apprehension of Mrs. Walkintwo's nocturnal visit, made up a nerve-thrilling position which even now makes my flesh creep when I think of it.

How well, indeed, I recollect the scene represented in the picture at the head of this paper! Never, never has any book had the flavour of intense interest which pervaded the reading of that one; although Kate R—— read so fast, in order to give us the *dénouement* of the story, that I have to this day only a vague impression that virtue was rewarded, and am not quite sure that vice was adequately punished. The *dénouement*! Ah! what anxiety we all felt to know it! What foolish longings we all have to learn what will come to our own lives in the future, before the flickering flame sinks low into the socket, and the light of youth dies out! Ah me! did one of those girls, as she lay down to rest upon her white bed, ever dream of the real ending of her life-story? All of them are alive but one, and the tale of her short career is soon told. She who peeps over the edge of the book—she of the laughing eyes and rosy lip—lies in Père la Chaise, and on her tomb last year I hung a mournful garland.

See that darker face behind—the active figure ready for flight, or, if need be, for attack—did that high spirit ever dream what claim would be made upon its courage? what a dread calamity should bow its pride? All through the first part of that terrible Indian mutiny, did the memory of happy days at Mrs. Walkintwo's ever come back?

I have her picture before me now—her infant clasped to her bosom, an assassin, shot by her hand, lying dead upon the floor; then she fled, only to hear of her husband's murder. She is in England now; and where could she find a happier or more peaceful asylum than at dear Kate R——'s? At least, she hasn't been Kate R—— for many a day; for she gave herself, bright and loving as she was, to the country parson, and we all go and see them when we like. Even Eliza—— goes—that's her who is engaged in brushing out her once lank hair, and has just been startled by the fancied movement of a bedgown hung against the wardrobe door—I say *even* she goes, because she was the heiress of a wealthy city tradesman, and married a lord, and was presented at court—plain women do these things—but she's kind to our poor soldier's widow—kinder than anybody knows. That Kate should be sitting, with her arm round the neck of one of her companions, must have been an instinct of things to come, for her friend became her brother's wife, and lives in the next parish. So comes the *dénouement* of our lives. My own I cannot tell here; for, see, the candle burns low already, and the page is turned.

## THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARLES II.

I PROMISED to say something more about the Protector—it must be something domestic, of course—so let us turn to Hampton Court, and look at the Lady Claypole, Oliver's favourite daughter, as she lies fading away in those July days; for we may learn, by looking into that house of sorrow, how possible it is for excessive affection and boundless ambition to dwell in the same breast.

"For the last fourteen days," says Thurloe, "his highness has been at her bedside, unable to attend to any public business whatever."

The Lady Elizabeth's meek disposition is said to have possessed singular charms for the overbearing spirit of her father; and her timid piety readily received lessons on theology from the superior experience of the lord-general. Poor, pale sufferer! dying of a most painful and imperfectly-understood complaint—fretting for the loss of her infant child, and harassed at the course her father had pursued towards the late king—no wonder Cromwell abandoned State business, or was absorbed in the deepest melancholy whenever he quitted her apartment; or that his highness, being at Hampton Court, sickened a little before the Lady Elizabeth died! And my lord soon followed—on his own fortunate day, too, the 3rd of September—the day upon which he overcame the Scots at Dunbar, and, later still, the Royalists at Worcester. It was a stormy night, that night when, in the words of the same historian, "Cromwell went up to heaven enbalm'd with the tears of his people, and upon the wings of the prayers of the saints." The violence of the wind increased till it blew a hurricane; trees were torn from their roots in the park, and houses unroofed in the city. So strange a coincidence could not fail of exciting remarks in a superstitious age; and, though the storm reached the coasts of the Mediterranean, it was universally referred, in England, to the death of the Protector. His friends, of course, asserted that God would not remove so great a man without previously warning the nation of its approaching loss; the Cavaliers, on the other hand, intimated that "the princes of the power of the air" were congregating over Whitehall that they might pounce on the Protector's soul.

Of the gloomy enthusiasm which prevailed among the Parliamentary party, nothing marked the manners and the men more distinctly than the rigid severity of the Presbyterians and Independents against all kinds of recreation. Horse-races and cock-matches were prohibited as the greatest enormities. Even bear-baiting was esteemed heathenish and unchristian—though, unfortunately, the sport of it, not the inhumanity, gave offence—and Colonel Hewson, in his pious zeal, marched with his regiment into London, and destroyed all the bears which were kept there for the diversion of the citizens. It is said, indeed, that this adventure gave birth to the fiction of "Hudibras."

The army of the seventeenth century was, of course, the important feature of the period: on pages 174 and 175 we give illustrations of a musketeer and a pikeman of that date. The Commonwealth maintained, in 1652, a standing army of more than 50,000 men; and the pay of the whole amounted to the yearly sum of 1,047,715*l.*; for the foot soldiers had commonly 1*s.* a day, and the horse 2*s.* 6*d.*—such good pay for those times that many gentlemen and younger brothers of old families enlisted in the Protector's cavalry.

If you want a further peep into the domestic economy of those times, I must tell you that the post-office was farmed out at 10,000*l.* per annum; that interest was reduced to 6*l.* per cent.; and that the first mention of tea, coffee, and chocolate is made in 1660. •Asparagus, artichokes, cauliflowers, and a variety of salads, were, about this time, introduced into England. The founding of the colony of New England by the Puritans was also a national work deserving especial notice; and the general binding, by country gentlemen, of their sons as apprentices to merchants, in consequence of the prevalence of democratic principles, was another noticeable event, as by such means commerce was rendered more honourable in England than in any other European kingdom.

There is very little to be said about Richard Cromwell and his times; but a new era commenced when Charles II., after a sixteen years' exile, was unexpectedly placed on the throne of his ancestors; and what between the rigid frugality requisite to support the government under difficulties, and the acknowledged profuse and negligent habits of the king, the domestic doings will be varied enough.

We learn from Sir Josiah Child that, in 1688, there were on the 'Change more men worth ten thousand pounds than there were, in 1650, worth one thousand; and that a jointure of 500*l.* was, in the last-named period, deemed a larger portion than 2,000*l.* in the former. Gentlemen in these days thought themselves well clothed in serge, and such serge, too, as a chambermaid in 1688 would have declined wearing.

The first law for erecting turnpikes was passed in 1662, and Wadesmill, Caxton, and Stilton were the spots where they were first placed. The Duke of Buckingham introduced the manufacture of glass and crystal from Venice into England at this date; and Prince Rupert (to whose invention of etching we have already alluded) was also an encourager of useful arts and manufactures.

Plate, jewels, and rich clothes were multiplied *ad infinitum*, and fine gentlemen wore ribbons, feathers, and shoulder-knots, in imitation of the fashions then reigning in France. Long, flowing wigs of curled and frizzled false hair were then first introduced, and were made so large as to cover the head and shoulders, and to hang down nearly a yard in length. Wigs continued to be worn universally till the middle of the eighteenth century. Even quite young boys wore false hair; and there is an advertisement of this date still to be seen, in which the hair-dresser—and let it be noticed that in those days *women* were hair-dressers, not *men*—boasts that she could cut and curl boys' hair in so fine a way that it would be impossible to know it to be their own hair! The falling cape, made of lace or lawn, and the ruffs that were worn in the reign of Charles I., had been succeeded, during the Commonwealth, by a neat and very becoming collar of white linen. This was now displaced by a cravat round the throat, tied in a great bunch under the chin.

Other French fashions were introduced at this period besides ruffs and cravats; the changes in cookery alone which took place at this time would occupy more space, if we entered into details, than we can spare. It may, however, be interesting to state that what was considered "the best universal sauce in the world," at this time, was prepared with parsley and dry toast, pounded in a mortar with vinegar, salt, and pepper. It was the Spanish ambassador, too, who instructed the Duke of York how to prepare it. A fashionable or cabinet dinner of the same period

consisted of a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen larks in a dish, a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns, and cheese. A celebrated supper dish at this time was a chine of



MISERABLE OF THE COMMONWEALTH.

beef roasted. \* Indeed, "roast beef" appears to have first become celebrated in this reign; for King Charles originated the *sirloin* by knighting, in frolic, a loin of beef one day, which he called *Sir Loin*. (?) The oak table upon which the king performed the ceremony is, or was lately, to be seen at Friday Hill House, in the parish of Chingford, in Essex. Drinking healths was originally a religious ceremony, and is of equal antiquity with the repetition of grace at meals; but the custom of drinking healths was at its greatest height after the Restoration of Charles II.

We have now two matters of vast importance to notice in connexion with this reign—viz., the Plague and the Great Fire. Unfortunately, amidst all the other sufferings and trials of the English people during

the seventeenth century, there was none they had to contend with so frequently as the visitations of plague. In the year 1665 alone there were destroyed by it, in London, a hundred thousand persons; and those whom it spared must have been left, for the most part, in a state that rendered life of little real value.

The fearful year just named was, however, to witness, as far as we can discern, the last of its deadly triumphs. Strange that it was to be stopped by an agency that but too fearfully harmonised with its own terrors—the Great Fire alone stayed the Great Plague. The most awful and memorable scourge of the Plague commenced in December, 1664; in the following May, June, and July it continued with great severity; but in August and September it quickened into dreadful activity, sweeping away 8,000 persons in a week. Then it was that the whole British nation wept for the sufferings of the metropolis. In some houses carcases lay waiting for burial; whilst, in others, persons were seen doubled up in their last agonies. In one room were heard dying groans, and in the next the ravings of delirium, mingled with the wailings of relatives and friends, and the apprehensive shrieks of children. Infants passed at once from the womb to the grave, and the yet healthy child hung upon the putrid breast of a mother. Some of the infected ran about staggering like drunken men, and fell and expired in the streets; whilst others calmly laid themselves down, never to rise but at the call of the last trumpet.

At length, in the middle of September, more than 12,000 perished in one week; and in one night alone 4,000 persons died! The hearers were but dead-

carts, which continually traversed the streets; while the appalling cry, "*Bring out your dead,*" thrilled through every soul. Then it was that parents, husbands, wives, and children saw all those that were dear to them thrown, like the offal of the slaughter-house, with a pitchfork, into a cart, to be conveyed outside the walls, and flung in one promiscuous heap, without the rites of sepulture, without a coffin, and without a shroud. Some graves were dug large enough to hold more than a thousand bodies each; and into these huge holes the living, wrapped in blankets and rags, threw themselves among the dead in their agonies and delirium. They were often found, in this state, hugging the flesh of their kindred that had not quite perished. People, in the intolerable torment of their swellings, ran wild and mad, laying violent hands upon themselves; and even mothers, in their lunacy, murdered their own children. At last the carts were insufficient for their office; the houses and streets were rendered tenfold more pestilential by the unburied dead. Not 68,000, but 100,000, perished by this plague.

After the plague came the fire—the awful fire that broke out September 2, 1666, at Farryner's, the king's baker's, in Pudding-lane. Soon after the morning of the 3rd his house was burning, and the flames spread in so extraordinary a manner that above 300 houses were burnt down by the beginning of the next forenoon. The fire was blown into greater fierceness by a strong east wind, and its career rendered more easy and irresistible by the unusual drought that had prevailed during the past month, which in itself had rendered the timber houses in the narrow streets more than usually inflammable. In the first hurry and excitement of alarm, the terrible enemy met no opposition—the citizens were distracted and bewildered—the Lord Mayor at his wits' end. When Charles sent to command him to spare no houses, but pull down before the fire every way, he was found by Pepys wandering helplessly in Cannon-street, and replied, "Lord, what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses, but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." So the venerable and picturesque city submitted to its fate, and the fire became the first sanitary reformer to whom London was indebted. From the Bank-side, Southwark, Pepys and Evelyn, on the evening of Monday, the first day of the fire, wandered about to gaze on the wondrous spectacle, which at one time appeared as one vast and entire arch, of "a most horrid, malicious, bloody flame." The Thames was covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden, and for many miles the fields were covered with moveables of all sorts, tents being even erected to shelter what people and



LIEKMAN OF THE COMMONWEALTH.



goods could be got away. The air at last became all about so hot and inflamed, that no one was able to approach the fire, and the people were forced to let the flames burn on, which they did for nearly two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke from this tremendous conflagration extended nearly fifty miles in length, and travellers riding at noonday might be "some six miles together in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky." The people walked about the ruins like men in some dismal desert, or rather in some great city wasted by a cruel enemy, and the stench which came from the poor creatures' bodies, beds, and combustible goods was intolerable; the narrower streets could not be passed, and, even in the widest thoroughfares, the ground, air, smoke, and fiery vapour were so intense, that the hair of the passengers was almost singed, and their feet became battered, bruised, and sore. Towards Islington and Highgate two hundred thousand people, of all ranks and degrees, were crowded, lying among the heaps of what they had saved from the fire, deploring their loss, and, though perishing with hunger and destitution, never asking for relief, or making any sign of interest in life, or the sufferings of their companions in sorrow. His majesty and council took, however, all imaginable care for their relief by proclamation for the country people to come in and refresh them with provisions.

The amount of destruction is thus summed up in the inscription that remains to this day on the north side of the Monument erected in commemoration of the event. "Eighty-nine churches, the city gates, Guildhall, many structures, hospitals, schools, libraries, a vast number of stately edifices, thirteen thousand two hundred dwelling-houses, four hundred streets. Of twenty-six wards, it utterly destroyed fifteen, and left eight others shattered and half-burnt. The ruins of the city were four hundred and thirty-six acres from the Tower, by the Thames side, to the Temple church, and from the north-east gate along the city wall to Holborn bridge. To the estates and fortunes of the citizens it was merciless, but to their lives very favourable (only eight being lost), that it might in all things resemble the last conflagration of the world." Well, under the shadow of the Monument we leave you. All England knows that it was erected on the spot where the fire first broke out. Do you also know that this same Monument stands directly opposite to the place where once stood the London house of Edward the Black Prince?

M. S. R.

## GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT!—what a sudden shadow  
Has fallen upon the air!  
I look not around the chamber,  
I *know* he is not there.  
Sweetness has left the music,  
And gladness left the light,  
My cheek has lost its colour;  
How *could* he say Good night!  
And why should he take with him  
The happiness he brought?  
Alas! such fleeting pleasure  
Is all too dearly bought,

If thus my heart stop beating,  
My spirits lose their tone,  
And a gloom, like night, surround me,  
The moment he is gone.  
Like the false fruit of the lotos,  
Love alters every taste;  
We loathe the life we are leading,  
The spot where we are placed;  
We live upon to-morrow,  
Or we dream the past again;  
But what avails that knowledge?—  
It ever comes in vain.

L. E. L.

## BEAUTIFUL BIRDS.



THE BIRD OF PARADISE.

AMONG all the beautiful birds which Nature has created there are none more elegant or graceful than birds of paradise. Their delicate plumage is, beyond comparison, the richest and most harmonious, as well as luxurious, of any of the feathered tribe—hence their name.

In all ages the gorgeous feathers of these birds have formed objects of commerce; and the mode of preparing their skins adopted by the natives of New Guinea gave rise, in ancient times, to many fables. Indeed, with no family of birds has fiction been more busy than with birds of paradise. Till within the last few years all the specimens received in this country were without feet; hence it was stated that they had no power of alighting, but that they passed their whole existence in sailing in the air, where all the functions of life were carried on, even to the production of their eggs and young—the eggs being hatched in a natural cavity in the back of the male. Dew and vapour were said to be their only food; nor were they ever supposed to touch the earth till the moment of their death—never taking rest in any other manner than by suspending themselves from the branches of trees by those curiously elongated, thread-like feathers which form so marked a characteristic of these beautiful birds. To us of the present day it will appear strange that naturalists and sages should have been led to believe and propagate so absurd a story; but this will not surprise us if we understand that

the investigation of the character and habits of birds and animals, and a knowledge of their physical construction, formed no part of the duty of those who compiled books of Natural History, or even of many so-called naturalists, a century ago.

The mode of preparing these birds, it is true, gave some colour to the supposition that they did not possess legs; yet, if the specimens brought to Europe had been minutely examined, it would have been discovered that the wings (the feathers of which are not so brilliant as the rest of the plumage), as well as the legs, had been carefully removed, and the places where they had been cut off covered with considerable skill.

The cause of this mutilation appears to be that in former times the bird was valued, not only for the extreme elegance and richness of its feathers, but because, relying on the romantic accounts of its life and habits, and impressed also with a belief that, on account of its name, it bore a charmed life, the Moors, who wore birds of paradise in their turbans, thought that the charm accompanied the dead bird, and its possessors consequently would be invulnerable in battle.

These birds are natives of New Guinea, but, being birds of passage, are to be found, during the westerly or dry monsoon, at the Aroo Islands, returning again to New Guinea as soon as the easterly or dry monsoon sets in. They fly in flocks of from thirty to fifty in number, and are said to be led by a bird which the natives call the king-bird. In consequence of the light and aerial character of these birds, as well as the singular construction of their plumage, they are unable to fly with the wind, but always direct their course against it. This is a proceeding they are compelled to adopt in consequence of the extreme length and luxuriance of their feathers; for if they attempted to fly with the wind their plumage would be blown over their head, and would materially interfere with the motion of their wings. On the other hand, when proceeding, as they do, in a contrary direction to the wind, the air presses down their plumage, and the long feathers streaming out behind leave the wings free for motion. In rough weather they never venture from their retreat, and at the approach of a storm or hurricane disappear entirely, instinctively dreading its effect.

The females congregate in flocks of some twelve or fifteen, and assemble upon the tops of the highest trees, and cry together to call the males. These, like the males of our domestic fowls, are always alone in the midst of their seraglio. They are a genus of the order *Omnivores*, eating all things, but their principal food is fruit and insects, and the strength of their beaks and feet admirably fits them for a life in the thick forest where they dwell.

Their feeding time is at the rising and setting of the sun. In the middle of the day—for, like most tropical birds, they dread the scorching rays of the sun—they remain hidden in the coolest and most inaccessible recesses of the forests. In general they never perch except on the highest branches of the most lofty trees. When they descend, it is for the purpose of eating the fruit of the lesser trees, or, as we have before observed, when the heat of the sun compels them to seek the shade. They have a fancy for certain trees, and, perched on these, they make the forest re-echo with their piercing calls. The call of the male resembles the words "Voike, voike, voike, voiko," strongly articulated in a sort of barking tone; that of the female is the same, only more feebly pronounced. They have also another note, which appears to be a note of congratulation, and resembles somewhat the cawing of a raven, changing rapidly in a varied scale of musical gradation, thus:

"He, hi, ho, haw;" this is repeated rapidly and frequently, the bird the while playfully hopping on its perch. They are extremely courageous, attacking even birds of prey who attempt to intrude upon their haunts or come near their nests. Of the construction of their nests, and the mode of hatching their young, nothing appears to be known.

M. Lesson, who saw them in New Guinea, gives the following—which, perhaps, is the only authentic—account of these birds in their natural state. Soon after he set foot in this land of promise for the naturalist he went on a shooting excursion. Scarcely had he walked a few hundred paces into the forest—whose sombre trees were the most magnificent and stately he had ever seen—when a bird of paradise struck his view. It flew gracefully and in undulations; the feathers of its sides formed an elegant and aerial plume, which, without any exaggeration, bore no remote resemblance to a brilliant meteor. Surprised, astonished, enjoying an inexpressible gratification, he devoured, as it were, this splendid bird with his eyes; but his emotion was so great that he forgot to shoot at it, not even recollecting that he had a gun in his hand until it was far away.

The neck of the bird of paradise is of a beautiful canary yellow, blending gradually into a fine chocolate colour, which extends over the wings and the other parts of the body. The wings are short, from underneath which long and very delicate gold-coloured feathers proceed, in two beautiful tufts, extending far beyond the tail, which is short, and also of a chocolate colour, having two long, thread-like shafts of the same hue. At the bottom of the jaws, which are of a light blue, the delicate plumage has, at one time, according as the light falls upon it, the appearance of being of a fine velvety black, and at another a very dark green, which contrasts admirably with the bright emerald of the throat. There is nothing gaudy in the bird of paradise, the marked characteristic of the plumage being richness and harmony of colour, as well as extraordinary brightness and elegance.

One of the most beautiful of the birds of paradise is the king-bird, and many stories with regard to it are current in the islands where these birds are found. The king-bird, it is said, differs materially in its plumage, being black, spotted with red. This bird appears to exercise imperial sway over the rest of the flock, who receive his commands with submissive obedience. He constantly flies higher than his numerous subjects, and thence issues his orders for their guidance. The natives go so far as to say that, it having been a practice among them to poison the water where these birds resorted to drink, the king-bird, from that period, always directed the water to be inspected and tasted before he would permit the flock to drink of it.

Some naturalists consider that the notion of the king-bird originated from the casual observation of a strange species among a gregarious flock; and this accords with the accounts that have been given of its being a solitary bird, going from bush to bush in search of its food. If it be so, it is easy to understand that its singular plumage and higher flight would render it conspicuous, and would lead the Indians to think it exercised authority over its more sociable brethren.

The following is an account of one of these birds, as seen in captivity at Macao:—

"This elegant creature," says the author, "had a light, playful, and graceful manner, with an arch and impudent look; it danced about when a visitor approached

the cage, and seemed delighted at being an object of admiration: its notes were very peculiar, resembling the cawing of a raven, only its tones were far more varied. During four months in the year, from May to August, it moults. It washes itself regularly twice a day; and, after having performed its ablutions, throws its delicate feathers up nearly over its head, the quills of which feathers are of a peculiar structure, so as to enable the bird to effect this object. Its food during confinement was boiled rice, mixed with soft egg, together with plantains, and living insects of the grasshopper tribe. These insects, when thrown to it, the bird contrived to catch in its beak with great dexterity. It would eat insects in a living state, but would not touch them when dead."

A drawing of the bird, of the natural size, having been made by a Chinese artist, it was shown to it. As soon as it saw it, it advanced, looking steadfastly at the picture, making a cawing noise as if to welcome its new friend. It did not seem at all excited, but pecked gently at the representation, jumping about on its perch, knocking its jaws together with a clattering noise, and cleaning them against the perch, as if to greet a companion. The best time to see this splendid bird in all its beauty of action, as well as display of plumage, it is said, was in the early morning, when it made its toilet; the beautiful plumage being then thrown out and cleansed of any spot that may have sullied its purity. The wings are at this time extended to the utmost, and kept flapping in imitation of flight; at the same time the delicate long feathers are spread out in a chaste and elegant manner, floating like films in the air.

After expanding its wings it brought them together so as to conceal its head, which it then bent gracefully to inspect the state of its plumage beneath. This action it repeated several times in quick succession, uttering all the time its croaking notes; it then pecked and cleaned its feathers in every part, passing each with great care through its bill, and arranging them to the best advantage. Having completed its toilet it uttered a few notes, and then looked round archly at the spectators, as if ready to receive the admiration that it seemed to consider its elegance demanded.

It appeared to have great power and strength in its feet, for it would turn itself round on its perch without losing its hold. It liked shade, and the sun was a great source of annoyance to it. The bird in question was not at all ravenous in its habits of feeding, but ate rice leisurely, almost grain by grain; and when any of the insects thrown to it fell upon the floor of the cage it would not descend to pick them up, appearing fearful that in so doing it would soil its delicate plumage; indeed, it never descended, except to perform its ablutions in a pan of water placed at the bottom of the cage expressly for that purpose.

Altogether, it seemed to be both contented and happy in confinement, and to be specially fond of admiration; for we are told that no sooner did a stranger approach its cage than it began to wink its eyes and dance on its perch; then, throwing its head on one side, to glance at the visitor, it would utter its cawing notes, or bark loudly, as if to attract attention.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY.



FEBRUARY dawns, the holidays are over, and those who have not "finished" (?) their education since the head of the family described them as "scholars" in the Census returns for 1861 should now renew their allegiance to the goddess Minerva, and again quench their intellectual thirst at the wholesome Pierian spring, instead of continuing the imbibition of those sweet and oft-times sickly draughts of fiction in which so many of the rising generation indulge to an unlimited extent when out of reach of Dr. Knout's cane or of Miss Buckram's novel-confiscating hand. Yes, we repeat, the holidays are over, and peace domestic ceases for a time, for the olive-branches are departing, and who has not experienced the horrors which are inseparable from packing? There is that tiresome boy Charlie, who will insist upon putting up his own things because he considers it more manly so to do, and whom all mamma's eloquence and authority cannot convince that *she* could find a place better adapted to contain the home-made sausages, toffee, and other comestibles which he is taking back for the delectation of "the fellows in our room, you know," than the interior of the said young gentleman's best hat, which he looks upon as a cavity made for the purpose; whilst poor Amelia is groaning over the obduracy of a trunk which refuses to "come to," or to "take in" her reserve (it will not be correct to say *spare*) crinoline, with the most provoking pertinacity. Then there are numerous injunctions to be given to those left behind as to the diet of birds and rabbits, the sowing of annuals, and the frequent interchange of letters. There is papa's parting *tip*, with the accompanying admonition against extravagance, and the usual commendation to industry, with the well-known eulogistic discourse on literary attainments, and a generally prosy enlargement of the well-worn text—

"Learning is better than house or land;  
For when house and land are gone and spent,  
Then learning proves most excellent."

But all these fine things are forgotten when boy and girl find themselves pressed to mamma's breast, and feel the truant tear-drop which steals from her eye as she makes an abortive attempt to look overflowing with happiness, tells her darlings that "the holidays will soon come again," and slips into their hands some kindly addition to the paternal gift which will, we doubt, have little influence in prompting the children to put into practice those rules of economy which her lord and master has been so carefully instilling. Ah, those mothers! How cleverly do they sometimes assume the mask of felicity when they commit their offspring to the stranger's care! A pity that masks do not conceal the eyes—those "indexes of the soul" do tell *such* tales!

Time will not permit us to follow our young friends to academies, seminaries, or to the educational establishments of any denomination whatsoever, where they may be making their acquaintance with the classic authors of Greece and Rome, and the scholastic writers of our own land. Were we writing a *Tirocinium* the case might be different; but as we are, or rather ought to be, working up our NOTES OF THE MONTH, we can only hope that all who are *in statu pupillari* may have a happy half-year, and that the efforts of preceptors to "teach the young idea how to shoot" may be crowned with even more than their wonted success.

The weather of the present month will be more inclement than that of the past, say the weather-

wise—a theory which *may* be founded on a careful examination of meteorological tables for anything we can assert to the contrary, although our own private speculations would lead us to conclude that the atmosphere at this time has no greater lack of caloric than that of its predecessor, but that our blood stagnates and threatens to freeze in our veins for want of the pleasant jokes and merry laughter with which we ushered in the new year, and celebrated the Twelfth Night festivities.

In the time of Numa, February occupied the place of our December, and was dedicated to the shades below; the Decemviri, however, thought well to give it its present position in the calendar, though the expiatory sacrifices, called *Februa*,\* which were particularly appropriate for the closing year, were not discontinued when the change was made, for the Romans were firm believers in the spiritual benefits to be derived from offerings and lustrations, and it was quite as much in accordance with the religious feeling of the age that men should seek to appease the *manes* while the year was yet young as when it was within a few days of its expiration. The former was certainly, if anything, the more striking illustration of the fact, noted by thoughtful men of all ages, that “in the midst of life we are in death.”

Having alluded to the rites performed by the inhabitants of the City of the Seven Hills in the worship of their mythic deities, we are led insensibly to think of those which God Himself prescribed for the observance of His chosen people, who in their very food were charged “to make a difference between the clean and the unclean.” He who performed the last offices for the dead was accounted as one ceremonially defiled—there was contamination in his touch—and, unless he made speedy use of all the means which were appointed for his cleansing, the Lord declared “that soul shall be cut off from Israel, because the water of separation was not sprinkled upon him.” So also, after the birth of a babe, must the Jewish mother scrupulously fulfil the several requirements of the Levitical Law; and thus originated that festival of our Church in which we commemorate the *Purification of the Blessed Virgin* (February 2nd), as, when those days were accomplished which Moses had appointed for the purpose, Mary brought the young child to Jerusalem “to present him to the Lord, and to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the Law of the Lord—a pair of turtle-doves and two young pigeons.” A sufficient proof of the poverty of her to whom Christ was subject, when we learn from Lev. xii. 8 that these small offerings were only accepted from those who were not able to bring a lamb. It was on this occasion that Simeon and Anna recognised in the Babe of Bethlehem that Messiah for whom they had long looked, and that the former uttered that memorable prophecy, “A light to lighten the Gentiles,” which, coming as it does in a portion of Scripture employed in this day’s service, suggested to Romanists that this would be an appropriate season for the consecration of the *candles* employed by them in their ceremonies, and hence we have *Candlemas Day*.

This is the orthodox time for ejecting the evergreens with which we decorated our houses in the glad Christmastide, for Herrick charges us—

“Down with the Rosemary, and so  
Down with the Baies and Mistletoe,  
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall,  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least branch there left behind;  
For look how many leaves there be  
Neglected there—maids trust to me—  
So many goblins you shall see.”

Furthermore we are told—

“The Holly hitherto did sway,  
Let Box now dominere,  
Untill the dancing Easter-day  
On Easter’s Eve appeare.”

The weather proverbs relating to Candlemas are so numerous that it would be useless to attempt to cite them all, even if such quotation were in the least desirable, though a very slight study of them will convince the reader that we must not wish to go out without an umbrella on the 2nd of February; for—

\* “According to Varro (on Rustic Matters, Book 5), this word was of Sabine origin. It probably came from ‘ferreo,’ to be hot, inasmuch as purification was effected through the medium of heat.”—*Riley*.

"If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,  
Winter will have another flight;  
But if Candlemas Day be clouds and rain,  
Winter is gone and will not come again."

The dire effect of Sol's appearance on this day, compared with the affection borne by a herdsman to his spouse, is shadowed forth in the lines—

"On Candlemas Day, if the sun shines clear,  
The shepherd had rather see his wife on the bier."

Well, there's no disputing tastes.

*St. Blaise* (February 3rd) was Bishop of Sebaste, in Cappadocia, and is the subject of many remarkable legends. He left his charge during the persecution under Diocletian, and sought refuge in the fastnesses of the mountains, where the wild beasts respected his person as though he had been a very Daniel, and crouched submissively around him whilst he prayed. He relieved an unfortunate youth who was choked by a fish-bone, and considerably restored an old woman's pig, to which a rapacious wolf had taken a fancy. Hence *St. Blaise* was thought to be propitious to cattle, and a certain cure in cases of stoppage in the throat. Hone quotes a prescription of the Greek physician Aëtius, which directs operators on those who are afflicted with an obstruction in the œsophagus to "hold the diseased party by the throat, and pronounce these words—"BLAISE, the martyr and servant of Jesus Christ, commands thee to pass up or down!" This saint is called the patron of woolstaplers, on account of his having been tortured in a most barbarous manner by means of the iron combs which the members of that fraternity employ in the operation of "combing." He was martyred A.D. 289, but is still assiduously commemorated at stated seasons in Yorkshire—more especially at Bradford—where a septennial festival is held in his honour.

The virgin *St. Agatha* (February 5th) was a native of the fair island of Sicily, and, like *St. Agnes*, she was unfortunately so beautiful as to attract the attention of one high in authority—even of Quintianus—whose vices had so recommended him to the Emperor Decius that he was made governor over the province of Trinacria. When this wicked man found that his suit was not accepted, and that the maiden even fled from his presence, he exerted his sovereign power in the vilest manner, and ordered her to be subjected to every possible temptation which might lead her to retract her words and to consent to his prayer. But *Agatha* was firm as ever, and at length he glutted his revenge by putting her to most exquisite torture, and she bore it with a fortitude which Divine grace could alone supply, until, being bound hand and foot and thrown into a blazing fire, the silver cord was loosed, and her spirit was at rest.

We would that we knew more of *St. Valentine* (February 14th) than that he was a presbyter of Rome who performed the miracle of restoring a blind girl's sight, and was slaughtered by order of Claudius, A.D. 270, because such being, doing, and suffering is a generic attribute of nearly every saint in the calendar, and it may cause some little surprise that we have nothing novel to tell of him whose festival has such a material influence on the manufacture of lace-edged paper, and on poetic outpourings in which "thine" and "mine" rhyme pleasingly with the good priest's name, which has now become a synonyme for the object of one's affection in the month of February, and for the elaborate billets in which the *confessio amantis* is made. We may, however, interest our readers and defend the memory of a holy martyr from damaging aspersions by showing that we do not think that this ecclesiastic had anything whatever to do with the billing and cooing which is now carried on, as it were, under his protection; for, long, long before he was either born or thought of, "the Roman youth drew the names of girls in honour of their goddess *Februata-Juno* on the 15th of February," for which observance Christians substituted the festival of a less mythical personage, and transferred the day of rejoicing to the 14th. But it is just possible (is it not, young gentlemen?) that those converts from paganism who had not arrived at the dignity of "elders" did not see the wisdom of the change, but rather liked the old custom, and "all that kind of thing," and so still continued the lotteries, without, however, permitting them to have any connexion with the haughty queen of heaven. For many years after people still drew for *valentines*. Our old poet, George Turberville, tried his fortune—

"With others I to choose a Valentine—  
Address myself: Ech had his dearest friend—  
In Scrole ywrit among the reast was mine."



And he adds—

“The Papers were in covert kept from sight;  
In hope I went to note what hap would fall;  
I chose, but on my Friend I could not light—  
(Such was the Goddesses wil that wilds the Ball).”

Chatty Samuel Pepys had also much to say of his fortunes on *Valentine's Day*, although he had already enrolled himself in the ranks of the Benedicts. But the gifts which were bestowed on the chosen fair of the 17th century were not the sixpenny and shilling productions of speculating stationers which are so general in the present day, but really useful articles which might serve to keep the donor in remembrance—a hint which has not been lost sight of by the inhabitants of Norwich and the neighbourhood, who send very pretty presents to their friends on each recurrence of the 14th of February. Folk-lorists say, “You'll marry the man or woman—as the case may be—that you meet the first on Valentine's morn.” This will remind the readers of Scott (and who does not read him?) of the opening chapters of the “Fair Maid of Perth.”

The Sundays, *Septuagesima*, *Sexagesima*, and *Quinquagesima*, are so called because (in round numbers) they are *seventy*, *sixty*, and *fifty* days before the feast of Easter.

*St. Matthias* (February 24th) was chosen by lot to be an apostle in place of the traitor Judas. Being of the number of the men who had “compained” with the chosen, all the time that the Lord Jesus went in and out among them, he had enjoyed every opportunity of knowing his Master's will; and, though we know but little concerning the acts of his ministry, we may feel assured that, when the cruel hands of his countrymen were stained with his blood, he would be ready as a good and faithful servant to give an account of his stewardship.

Fortunately for the sterner sex, the days of February, 1862, are

———“Twenty-eight alone.”

“Fortunately! why?” asks some dear little innocent. Well, if she doesn't know, shall we tell her? Yes—no—yes—no. We are sadly tempted, but we think not; so she may *pop the question* to Cousin Charlie, and see if he will say anything to enlighten her. Remember—for we have had it on good authority—that if the young gentleman do not give a favourable answer to her suit, and she can exhibit a scarlet p-t-t-c—t, he is bound to make her a present equivalent to the value of the dress she has on, be it silk, satin, or of even more expensive material. All of which is very mysterious, is it not, our Innocenta?

ST. SWITHIN.

## TIMES GO BY TURNS.

THE lopp'd tree in time may grow again;  
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flowers;  
The sorriest wight may find release from pain;  
The driest soil suck in some moistening showers;  
Times go by turns, and chances change by

From foul to fair—from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow—  
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb,  
Her tides have equal times to come and go—  
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web—  
No joy so great, but runneth to an end;  
No hap so hard but may in fine amen.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring—  
No endless night, nor yet eternal day;  
The saddest bird a season finds to sing,  
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:  
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,  
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win what by mischance was lost;  
That net that holds no great, takes little, fish:  
In some things all, in all things none are  
cross'd;

Few all they need, but none have all they wish;  
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;  
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

ANON.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

FRANCES BROWNE—known to all the world as the blind authoress of some very striking poems, and of at least one good novel already published, namely, "My Share of the World"—has printed another, "The Castleford Case," which we take as the Book of the Month on this occasion. Some years ago a poem of hers, entitled "Is it Come?" attracted the attention of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose interest in it had consequences not wholly unsubstantial, and to him has Frances Browne dedicated both her novels. The theme of her poem—the theme of many of her poems—is the outlook which the poor, tired world keeps, age after age, for the good time—the theme of Mr. Tennyson's "Golden Year," only interrogatively treated. A case of cynicism might, indeed, be urged against Frances Browne—or, rather, against her writings—and, if that were successfully repelled (as we dare say it might be), nobody could deny that she has a grasp of what it is customary to call "the stern facts of life" which is very unusual in a woman, and which, in her peculiar case, raises our wonder. How could a lady who has been blind from six or seven years old "go about" and mix with the world sufficiently to pick up so many of those bitter windfalls from the Tree of Knowledge which are blown about society, and readily picked up by people with the use of their five senses? It is not easy to say. In referring to the fact that a deaf aunt in this story misses all knowledge of the procedure of a niece of hers, Frances Browne says—"It is true, though strange, that the sounds of this world are apt to enlighten us more than the sights, at least on its private and underhand doings." But this, having candidly thought it over, we conclude to be a rash generalisation founded on her own special experience. The truth of the case lies elsewhere. A young Irish poet (whose name we forget, but he was connected with the Rebellion) says to "Blind Mary," in one of his poems—

"Ah! grieve not, sweet maiden, for star or for sun,  
For the mountains that tower, or the rivers that run!  
For beauty, and gladness, and glory, and light,  
Are seen with the spirit, and not with the sight."

And the measure of truth (conversely stated) which this verse contains (of course it is *only* a measure) is the clue to Frances Browne's knowledge of the thing which is. Yet we hold that her misfortune—if we must call it one, though it irks us ever to call genius unfortunate—has been the cause of her falling into a capital error in one of her expositions of the facts of life in the present novel. "The Castleford Case" opens with a conversation between the Honourable Mrs. Berkley and her niece, Miss Windham, about marriage; and Mrs. Berkley—whose opinion, as it is allied to the moral of the tale, we conclude Frances Browne adopts—is that "no other possession can make up for the deficiency of grace and beauty to a

woman in the matter of love." Mrs. Berkley goes on to say that "in the relation of man and woman the external holds the first place—it is the law and constitution of things;" and then adds, "However tastes may differ, no man ever loved the woman he did not think fair. To no other excellence is that offering really made. Montaigne laments the fact in very plain language, and time has made no alteration in it since his day." The clause about difference of tastes, while it seems a saving clause, is, in reality, stultifying; for it just brings the matter to this—As nobody can possibly tell what a man's "taste" may be, any man may love any woman, whatever judgment may be pronounced by others about her "externals." To average people, this is, in truth, quite as far as human observation goes. No man loves the woman he does not *think* fair; but, inasmuch as a standard of "grace and beauty" is always supposed, it is another thing to say that only "grace and beauty" can attract or hold love. Nor is that all. Let us ask, Do women only love the men they think handsome? And, if Frances Browne excludes them from her generalisation, let us ask again, When may a man be said to "think a woman fair?" Elizabeth Barrett Browning says—

"A man may love a woman very dearly,  
And yet by no means ignorantly maintain  
Another woman has not larger eyes."

Was the lady wrong? Surely not; on the contrary, she might have gone much further, and said, confident in the result of an appeal to observation, that passionate, undying love may exist in a man's heart for a woman's soul and body too—soul *in* body, and body *in* soul, for that is the whole sweet mystery of love—along with an exact critical appreciation of the faults of her person. And as for them, it must be remembered that "the external," applied to the human frame, is a phrase which covers large ground—in fact, about five feet by fifteen inches—and that tastes differ less, perhaps, as to what is beauty than in localising it. It is well known that it is only very *young* men who think most about a "pretty face," as tastes go in the matter of prettiness!

Mr. N. P. Willis maintains that—

"Up to kissing, farther even,  
A woman's love may have its feet in heaven."

We entirely concur, and assert, besides, that up to kissing, farther even, a *man's* love may have its feet in heaven, and keep them there so long that he may be totally unsuspecting that even a thread of passion is woven into the web of his feelings. Indeed, love, in the strong, beautiful sense, *never begins*, as we believe, in "the external." But this is too big a subject to be pursued under our monthly heading; and we will only sum up by saying that, although no man can be happy with the woman whose person he dislikes, the grounds on which men form attachments to women's persons are too obscure for any hasty

criticism to touch, and incapable of being summed up under any such words as "beauty and grace," used in their ordinary sense. There is, however, so much true wisdom in Frances Browne's writing, that she may well be excused for indistinctly stating what she means upon a very difficult question of mainly speculative interest. Let us draw closer to the novel itself.

*The Castleford Case* (Hurst and Blackett) is a novel of the old school. It has a real *plot*, in which people try to get the better of each other by almost any means; and events march and countermarch, in mysterious order, to regular *dénouements*. In novels like "The Mill on the Floss," the tangles, such as they are, appear to be born of the circumstances, rather than the wills of the actors in the story; but here we have the old-fashioned regimen in full operation—the villains high and low, the good people high and low, and the comic men and women, all laying their heads together for different purposes; so that a genuine conflict is kept up until the time when the mistress of the puppets thinks proper to disperse the combatants. This is, doubtless, the kind of tale which commands the largest public, and excites the most "thrilling interest;" though, as the development of character counts in it for less than plot, it seldom contains so much thought as the novel of circumstance, and is not often read twice. Frances Browne, however, is a woman who has good things to say about everything; and her novel is interpersed with reflections and observations which arrest the cultivated reader, in spite of the anxiety which he feels, in common with others, to get to the untying of the knot before him. The leading characters are Mr. Hope, widower, with his reputed daughter Annie, and his niece Jessie; Mr. Leiton, his cousin; Simon Frazer, Annie's lover; a mysterious old man, Mr. Johnstone, who is always following up Annie, and, on the break-down of Hope's fortunes, lodges in his house; and Miss Windham, afterwards Mrs. Leiton, though ugly and some years older than the gentleman. She is, however, an heiress; and, partly because it is convenient, partly because he is excited by a "row," in which he has to play protector to her, and partly under family pressure, he marries her. His character is not very distinctly drawn; but, such as it is, we are ourselves of opinion that its weakness and shallowness excluded the love which the man is afterwards represented to have had for Jessie. So selfish and worldly a fellow could never love a woman. Mr. Hope is a mercantile gentleman of fine character and tastes, and dearly beloved by Annie and Jessie. As a man of business he is unsuccessful; but he is next heir, after Leiton, to the Castleford estate, and ends his days in clover.

The excitement of the plot turns upon points easily indicated. Leiton is unhappy with his wife, and gets into a quasi-amatory intimacy with Jessie. His wife finds this out, and disappears on his birthday. A body resembling hers is fished up in the river, after a fortnight, and a tombstone is put up for her. Leiton then marries Jessie, and has a little boy by her. In the meanwhile, Annie has fallen in love with

Simon Frazer, a young engineer, of Presbyterian connexions; but the course of her wooing does not run smoothly, for Simon one day rebukes her own and her papa's "worldly" tastes and habits, and there is a quarrel which, aided by aggravating little incidents of one kind or other, keeps the young couple apart for years. Then Mr. Hope has troubles—breaks his arm, and is made a bankrupt; Annie plays the heroine; and old Johnstone behaves very oddly, actually asking her to go and be his "adopted" daughter, and promising to leave all his large fortune to her.

While all this is proceeding, Castleford is haunted by the ghost of the former Mrs. Leiton. In other words, that person had never died, but had secreted herself, and resolved to harass her husband and her successor. One day she burst out of her hiding-place (a wonderful cellar in the ancient house), and frightened Jessie out of her senses by trying to snatch away her child. It was believed the poor woman had seen a ghost; and the end of various suspicious circumstances in the private career of Leiton is, that he is arrested and tried for the murder of his first wife. By a curious "concatenation accordingly," that now insane and grizzled hag is produced, Leiton is acquitted, and the corpse mystery cleared up at the cost of one Ned Coster, who had murdered another woman. Jessie never recovers her senses, and her child soon dies. Leiton is now a saved, but, of course, not a happy man; having, as he naively says, two mad wives, and an accusing conscience.

The story now turns round to Hope, Johnstone, and Annie. Johnstone was Annie's real father after all; Hope having married his unwedded wife, with one daughter, and obeyed her dying command that he would never let her know she was *not* his own child. The old father, however, breaks his arm and dies, and leaves his money to Simon and Annie, who have made it up, and are finally married. This is the essence of a story of many ins and outs, and more complication in the matter of relationships than we can remember.

There are characters in this novel which we have not mentioned, because they have no necessary connexion with the plot. There is an old skintint of a woman, who is extremely well drawn; and the servants are very pleasing sketches. It is too bad to call the authoress "cynical," for she believes in absolute disinterestedness, and in consciences, as well as homes, without skeletons—not, indeed, without griefs; but "skeletons" are cupboard griefs, that must be kept under lock and key, instead of coming out of the dark corner to take their chance of dilution by love and sympathy. Yet, on the whole, we do think there is more goodness in the world than she seems to fancy. If we are right, it would be a meet reward for her efforts to increase it, that events should disclose it to her in its true proportions. On one side or the other of the frontier of the Silent Land that reward awaits this lady, to whom we respectfully offer thanks for a deeply-interesting novel, well conceived, and carefully written.

## NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

## SONGS.

*Meeting and Parting.* Words by George Powell, and Music by G. Rennie Powell. 2s. (R. W. Olivier.)—This song is of average merit, both as regards the music and words.

*I Never Can Forget.* Ballad from Mellon's Opera "Victorine." 2s. (Chappell and Co.)—Perhaps the fact of this song having been so well sung by Santley may have had something to do with the success it has obtained. However, it is a charming and graceful ballad, and really deserves, to a certain extent, its popularity.

*The Bell-Ringer.* By Wallace. 2s. 6d. (Chappell and Co.)—This song appears to have passed through three editions, which is a sufficient guarantee that it is not altogether devoid of some pleasing qualities.

*English Ballad Album.* 4s. (Chappell and Co.)—This album contains many of the most popular ballads of Balfe, Wallace, Glover, Linley, and other favourite composers. As a collection of songs like the one before us is so complete, and forms such an elegant book, it will not fail to please the society of any drawing-room into which it finds its way. This album forms a charming and inexpensive present, and is elegantly and tastefully bound.

*The Sailor-Boy.* Tennyson's New Song from the "Victoria Regia," set to Music by Claribel. 2s. 6d. (Boosey and Sons.)—This exquisite song of the great poet is charmingly set to music, and will form a valuable addition to the list of popular drawing-room ballads.

*Sweetheart, Come Back to Me.* Ballad. Words by Jessica Rankin. Music by M. W. Balfe. 2s. 6d. (Cramer, Beale, and Wood.)—This song we can recommend to those who desire something easy and effective. The air is pleasing, and, with the words—although they scarcely seem to accord well with the air—we must not find too much fault.

*Pretty, Lowly, Modest Flower.* Song from Balfe's Opera of "The Puritan's Daughter." 2s. 6d. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)—This ballad is a gem of melody and expression, and is exquisitely sung by Miss Louisa Pyne in Balfe's deservedly popular opera. It is needless for us to enter into rhapsodies on the beauty of this song, as enough has already been said in favour of it by our best critics.

*Bliss for Ever Past.* Ballad. 2s. 6d. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)—This song is another of the gems of Balfe's new opera, and is an appropriate and pretty ballad for the drawing-room. Santley quite excels himself—if we may make use of the expression—in this lovely air, and has been rarely heard to greater advantage than when singing it. Amateurs will find this song easy to sing; and, being arranged

in two keys, they will be able to choose that key which best suits the compass of their voice.

## OPERATIC MUSIC.

*Favourite Airs from M. W. Balfe's Opera, "The Puritan's Daughter."* Arranged for the Piano by William Hutchins Callcott. In Two Books. 5s. each. (Addison, Hollier, and Lucas.)—These pretty airs are arranged with Mr. Callcott's usual taste and simplicity. They are not dressed up with variations and additions, which too frequently render the original air unintelligible, but are given in a simple and true manner, so that the composer's meaning is well interpreted. The same gentleman has also arranged these airs as duets, which are as simple and as effective as the solos.

## PIANOFORTE PIECES.

*Une Fleur de Fantaisie.* By Jul. Handrock. 3s. (Cramer, Beale, and Wood.)—This piece, as its name implies, is a fanciful composition; it is light, graceful, and not difficult to play.

*Osborne's Fallen Leaves.* In Three Books. 4s. each. (Chappell and Co.)—These three books include a series of twelve compositions by the very popular author, Mr. Osborne. One or two of these pieces, brilliantly played, would be sure to gain many admirers, and would please much more than long pieces of twelve or fourteen pages, which, in nine cases out of ten, weary and fatigue listeners, unless played by very brilliant performers.

*The Wreck.* Romance for the Pianoforte. By Emile Berger. 3s. (Boosey and Sons.)—This *morceau* is charmingly illustrated by Brandard. It is what would generally be called a pretty piece, and does not require a great deal of execution.

## DANCE MUSIC.

Our space will not allow us to notice all the dance music we have on the table; we select two or three of the newest and most popular pieces.

*Sweet Violets*—Waltz, by Prociada Bucalossi, 4s.—(Cramer, Beale, and Wood)—is one of the prettiest waltzes of the season, and will not fail to gain many admirers. The cover is charmingly illustrated with a coloured lithograph.

*"Simon Boccanegra" Quadrilles.* By Chas. Coote. 4s. (Cramer, Beale, and Wood.)—These quadrilles are illustrated by a very smart and striking coloured lithograph. The airs on which these quadrilles are founded are selected from Verdi's opera "Simon Boccanegra," and are well arranged by Mr. Coote. An accompaniment for the cornet is included in the piece.

## THE FASHIONS.

In glancing over the daily papers, our readers will have, no doubt, observed an announcement that the public are not expected to remain in mourning for his Royal Highness the late Prince Consort after the 9th of this month. Our readers will, therefore, be able to resume, after that day, their ordinary colours.

For the last few weeks, as none but half-mourning toilets have been adopted for evening parties and balls, we propose describing a few very pretty-coloured EVENING DRESSES, which we have seen made up, and ready to be worn after the term of mourning has expired. These consist principally of turlatane, glacé silk, and tulle, both figured and plain. The latter material, apangled and starred with silver or gold, is now exceedingly fashionable, and is very effective made as a tunic over a silk skirt.

Crêpe dresses, made of three distinct shades of one colour, are being much worn; and a dress made in this manner, which we are about to describe, was very *distingué*. It was composed of crêpe, of three exquisite shades of mauve, and was made with three skirts of the three different shades, the darkest, of course, forming the bottom skirt. Each of the skirts was pinked at the edges, and looped up at intervals with white roses and black velvet leaves. The headdress to complete this elegant toilet consisted of white roses mixed with black velvet leaves, and lace lappets.

Another ball-dress, which was really very stylish, was made of white tulle, with two skirts, the upper one forming a tunic. This tunic was looped back on each side with bunches of gold wheatears and scarlet ostrich feathers. The body was ornamented with a berbe of puffed tulle, with gold wheatears and scarlet feathers in the centre. The headdress was, of course, made to correspond with the rest of the dress, namely, of feathers and wheatears, which were mounted on a narrow velvet, pointed in front.

We may here mention that small ostrich feathers form, this season, a very favourite trimming for ball-dresses, as well as for bonnets; in fact, these pretty finishes to a toilet never seem to have been so much used as they are this season.

Turlatane is one of the favourite materials for young ladies' evening dresses, as it is so simple, elegant, and inexpensive. Dresses made of this material have flounces or tunics, pinked at the edges, the former being sometimes headed with puffs laid over a band of coloured ribbon. Coloured ruches of silk are also much used for ornamenting turlatane dresses.

Before concluding our remarks on evening dresses, we will notice another suitable for half-mourning. It was made of white turlatane, with three skirts, the upper skirt being looped up with black lace lappets and mauve feathers. The body was trimmed with black lace and feathers; whilst the headdress consisted of a bunch of feathers, worn quite on the top of the head, with the hair dressed in small frizzed curls.

LES VESTES, or CHEMISES RUSSSES, which resemble a tightly-fitting waistcoat, closed in the front, continue in great favour. They are made in white and coloured cashmere, braided, and are sometimes worn underneath the Zouave jacket. One of these *vestes*, which was remarkably elegant and *distingué*, was composed of black velvet, ornamented with very handsome cut steel buttons, and was richly embroidered in silk, with a few steel beads introduced in the embroidery.

*Les chemises Russes* are frequently made of the same colour as the skirt of the dress with which they are worn. For instance, a *veste* of violet cashmere, braided with white, was worn with a violet cashmere skirt, trimmed at the bottom with cut-out velvet piped with white. For demi-evening dress, these *vestes* are very pretty made in white silk braided in gold, and worn underneath a black velvet Zouave, and black moire antique skirt.

On turning over our letter from Paris, we notice that the Empress has introduced the use of powder for the hair—so reviving a very old-fashioned custom. There seem to be several kinds of powder, for we see no less than four different sorts mentioned—namely, *la poudre blonde*, used by the Empress; then there are gold, steel, and silver powders, all of which are, this season, called more or less into requisition. The fashion commenced last winter at the French court, but this season the *furor* for powder is much greater than it was last year. To dark-haired beauties, the gold, silver, and steel powders would be exceedingly becoming; whilst the Empress, as we have seen, being of a fair complexion, chooses the white powder.

We have noticed some very pretty toilets for children of various ages, a description of which may be useful to some of our readers.

A toilet suitable for a little girl of five or six years of age consisted of a dress and long jacket of the same material, and a little white quilted satin hat, bound with black velvet, and trimmed with a black and white feather. The dress and jacket were made of grey tweed, ornamented with black velvet put on in the Greek key pattern.

A pretty little blue velvet dress, suitable for a boy two years old, was made with a low body cut square, trimmed round with handsome open embroidery. The hat that was worn with this dress was of blue velvet, trimmed with a long white feather tipped with blue.

Little boys from six to seven years of age wear knickerbocker suits made entirely of black velvet, with silk stockings and patent leather boots.

At an evening party we noticed two little girls very prettily dressed. They had on little white silk dresses, covered with white turlatane, looped up with large coloured silk rosettes. The bodies were low, and cut square, and were trimmed round with a ruching of ribbon. The sleeves consisted of one large puff, confined at the bottom by a ruche of silk the same as that round the top of the body.

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED  
PLATE.

**BALL DRESS.**—The wreath is composed of geraniums, is made full and high in the front, and open behind, terminating on each side with a spray of flowers. The hair is plaited behind, and dressed in loops. The dress is exceedingly elegant when made up, and may be composed of turlatane, crêpe, or silk, or a mixture of crêpe and silk. As the latter is by far the prettiest mode of making this dress, we will give the description of it in those materials. The under skirt is composed of white glacé silk, ornamented at the bottom with four puffs of cerise or pink silk, each puff being edged with narrow black blonde. The upper skirt, which is of white crêpe, is *as long as the silk skirt*, and is looped up on each side, just above the top puffing, with large bunches of geraniums and wreaths of the same flowers, which are carried to the point of the body. The body is made of plain white silk, and the berthe of white crêpe, cut pointed, and ornamented with two rows of quilled silk ribbon, edged with black blonde. The sleeve consists of one large puff of white crêpe, finished off at the top with a small bunch of geraniums, whilst a bouquet of the same flowers ornaments the dress in front. This dress would look very pretty made entirely of crêpe, with pink crêpe puffs, or it might be composed of turlatane, the latter material being the most inexpensive to use for a ball dress. Blue trimmings might be used with good effect for a *blonde* complexion. The full-sized paper pattern of the body shown in this illustration may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., by inclosing 24 stamps; with skirt complete, 8s. 6d.

**EVENING DRESS.**—The wreath is composed of graduated roses, finished off behind with two hanging sprays. The dress is of green turlatane, figured with black leaves, and trimmed with black velvet. It is made with three skirts, trimmed with plain sarsenet ribbon, edged with broad and narrow black velvet, there being four rows on each skirt. The body has a round waist, is quite plain, with simple puffed sleeves, and a green silk band. The braces, which cross behind and before, are of green ribbon, trimmed with black velvet, the braces being shaped to a point at the waist. The full-sized paper pattern of this body may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., by inclosing 24 stamps.

## DAISY TRAVELLING OR OPERA HOOD.

**MATERIALS** required to make one hood:—An ounce and a half of single white Berlin wool; two ounces of a *very bright* shade of Alpine rose; half an ounce of single Partridge wool; six skeins of white sewing silk; half a yard of Alpine rose ribbon for the bow behind; a d'oyley frame, with brass pegs, twelve inches square, and one four inches wide and twelve inches long.

This pretty hood, which is so useful for travelling wear, or for putting on in coming out of a theatre or place of public amusement, is

made in the same manner as the daisy d'oyleys which used to be so much in vogue.

The hood has a white and speckled head-piece, bordered all round with a bright rose-coloured border, with strings of the same. The head-piece is not cut after it is removed from the pegs of the frame; but the border and strings have half of the wool cut in the same manner as the daisy mats, to give it a *fluffy*, soft appearance.

The wool is wound on a frame, and each square is secured by a cross-stitch in wool. The head-piece consists of a simple square, the wool being wound crosswise on the frame, from corner to corner, so that, when finished, the diamonds lie in the proper direction.

Four rows of white wool must be wound round every other peg, and over this three rows of white sewing silk; the other pegs require two rows of white wool and two of Partridge wool.

When all the wool is wound, the squares must be secured with white wool, threaded in a long netting-needle, slipping the wool on the wrong side to form a square underneath; or, to explain ourselves better, *securing the squares the straight way of the frame*.

When this square is completed the head-piece is finished, and the border must be commenced on the long, narrow frame.

The front border and strings are made in one piece; and, as the frame is not long enough, it must be accomplished by four separate windings. *Take seven skeins of the rose-coloured wool, fold each skein into five lengths, fasten each skein on to the pegs of the long side, winding the wool that is to be continued, round the opposite pegs, to keep it secure. To form the squares, loop two pieces of wool in and out the short way of the frame, and over that three pieces.*

It will now be seen that the squares are formed, which must be secured with the same coloured wool; and, when this portion of the work is completed, three of the threads cut on each side of the stitch, to form a little tuft, or daisy.

When removed from the frame, the border is finished by the loops on each side, which make a pretty edging to the strings. Three more lengths of border must be done in the same manner, until the wool is used up.

Half the quantity of border is sufficient for the hood behind. The border must now be sewn on in front, *holding in the cap* a little at the top, to give it a round appearance. After it is sewn on behind, a piece of plaited Partridge wool should be run in between the stitches on the wrong side, so that the hood may be drawn in to the required size.

The price of materials sufficient for one hood, exclusive of frames, is 8s. 6d., which may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, who will also forward a hood complete for 8s. 6d.

In the coloured illustration of this hood, our readers will see that the border is composed of four windings of wool only. The reason for this is that, if there had been seven rows shown, the character of the work would not have been so easily seen, on account of its minuteness.

## COLD MEAT AND FISH COOKERY.

## TURBOT A LA CREME.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold turbot. For sauce, 3 oz. of butter, 4 tablespoonfuls of cream; salt, cayenne, and pounded mace to taste.

*Mode.*—Clear away all skin and bone from the flesh of the turbot, which should be done when it comes from table, as it causes less waste when trimmed hot. Cut the flesh into nice square pieces, as equally as possible; put into a stewpan the butter, let it melt, and add the cream and seasoning; let it just simmer for one minute, but not boil. Lay in the fish to warm, and serve it garnished with croûtons or a paste border.

*Time*, 10 minutes. *Seasonable* at any time.

*Note.*—The remains of cold salmon may be dressed in this way, and the above mixture may be served in a *vol-au-vent*.

## FRIED SALT BEEF.

*Ingredients.*—A few slices of cold salt beef, pepper to taste, quarter lb. of butter, mashed potatoes.

*Mode.*—Cut any part of cold salt beef into thin slices, fry them gently in butter, and season with a little pepper. Have ready some very hot mashed potatoes, lay the slices of beef on them, and garnish with 3 or 4 pickled gherkins. Cold salt beef, warmed in a little liquor from mixed pickle, drained, and served as above, will be found good.

*Time*, about 5 minutes.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 4d.

*Seasonable* at any time.

## STEWED BEEF WITH OYSTERS.

*Ingredients.*—A few thick steaks of cold ribs or sirloin of beef, 2 oz. of butter, 1 onion sliced, pepper and salt to taste, half a glass of port wine, a little flour to thicken, 1 or 2 dozen oysters, rather more than half a pint of water.

*Mode.*—Cut the steaks rather thick, from cold sirloin or ribs of beef; brown them lightly in a stewpan, with the butter and a little water; add half a pint of water, the onion, pepper, and salt, and cover the stewpan closely, and let it simmer very gently for half an hour; then mix about a teaspoonful of flour smoothly with a little of the liquor; add the port wine and oysters, their liquor having been previously strained and put into the stewpan; stir till the oysters plump, and serve. It should not boil after the oysters are added, or they will harden.

*Time*, half an hour.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 1s. 4d.

*Seasonable* from September to April.

## OR FOWL PATTIES.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast chicken or fowl. To every quarter lb. of meat allow 2 oz. of ham, 3 tablespoonfuls of cream, 2 tablespoonfuls of veal gravy, half a teaspoonful of minced lemon-peel; cayenne, salt, and pepper to taste; 1 tablespoonful of lemon-juice, 1 oz. of butter rolled in flour; puff paste.

*Mode.*—Mince very small the white meat from a cold roast fowl, after removing all the skin; weigh it, and to every quarter lb. of

meat allow the above proportion of minced ham. Put these into a stewpan with the remaining ingredients, stir over the fire for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, taking care that the mixture does not burn. Roll out some puff paste about a quarter of an inch in thickness; line the patty-pans with this, put upon each a small piece of bread, and cover with another layer of paste; brush over with the yolk of an egg, and bake in a brisk oven for about a quarter of an hour. When done, cut a round piece out of the top, and, with a small spoon, take out the bread (be particular in not breaking the outside border of the crust), and fill the patties with the mixture.

*Time*, quarter of an hour to prepare the meat; not quite a quarter of an hour to bake the crust.

*Seasonable* at any time.

## STEWED BEEF AND CELERY SAUCE.

*Ingredients.*—3 roots of celery, 1 pint of gravy, 2 onions sliced, 2 lbs. of cold roast or boiled beef.

*Mode.*—Cut the celery into 2-inch pieces, put them in a stewpan, with the gravy and onions, simmer gently until the celery is tender, when add the beef cut into rather thick pieces; stew gently for 10 minutes, and serve with fried potatoes.

*Time.*—From 20 to 25 minutes to stew the celery. *Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 6d.

*Seasonable* from September to March.

## HASHED PORK.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of cold roast pork, 2 onions, 1 teaspoonful of flour, 2 blades of pounded mace, 2 cloves, 1 tablespoonful of vinegar, half a pint of gravy, pepper and salt to taste.

*Mode.*—Chop the onions and fry them to a nice brown, cut the pork into thin slices, season them with pepper and salt, and add these to the remaining ingredients. Stew gently for about half an hour, and serve garnished with sippets of toasted bread.

*Time*, half an hour.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 3d.

*Seasonable* from October to March.

## CURRIED MUTTON.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of any joint of cold mutton, 2 onions, quarter lb. of butter, 1 dessert-spoonful of flour, salt to taste, quarter pint of stock or water.

*Mode.*—Slice the onions in thin rings, and put them into a stewpan with the butter, and fry of a light brown; stir in the curry powder, flour, and salt, and mix all well together. Cut the meat into nice thin slices (if there is not sufficient to do this, it may be minced), and add it to the other ingredients; when well browned, add the stock or gravy, and stew gently for about half an hour. Serve in a dish with a border of boiled rice, the same as for other curries.

*Time*, half an hour.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 6d.

*Seasonable* in winter.

*Mrs. Beeton's Household Management.*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS,

**SPECIAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—Communications arriving later than the 10th of the month preceding that of publication cannot be replied to in the forthcoming number of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*.

**M. E. RICH.** See "Manuscripts" in the "Conversations," Part 19.—**MADEIRA** sends us the following useful cosmetic:—"Half a pound of soft soap, melt over a slow fire with a gill of sweet oil, add two or three tablespoonfuls of fine sand, and stir the mixture together until cool. The shelly sand sifted from the shells has been found the best."—**S. H. R.** The word *manipulation* is derived from the Latin word *manus*, a hand.—**J. B. C. B.** We have no opening for what you propose.—**M. A. WILKINSON.** A boy's frock requires little trimming, unless handsome work and insertion be excepted. There is nothing so pretty as a white frock trimmed up the front, apron fashion, with insertion and work in open embroidery. Shoulder-knots and broad sash of some bright colour, either scarlet or blue, for a boy, would enhance the appearance of the frock.—**MARY.** A very fashionable mode of looping up dresses for walking is to slip a portion of the skirt on each side through two long loops attached to a band fastened round the waist. The length of these loops should be half a yard, and they should be placed exactly at the side. When the dress is looped in this manner it has a pretty effect, particularly when worn over a pretty petticoat.—**E. G. 1. No. 2** To the office.—**ELLEN.** It is necessary for you to have last April's cheque before you can send them in.—**DRAMATICUS.** Neither the "Yellow Rose" nor the "Old Man in Love" has been dramatised; but the "Son-in-Law" has, by Tom Taylor, under the title of "Still Waters Run Deep."—**BELLA.** To remove freckles, take one ounce of lemon-juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, and half a drachm of sugar; mix them, and let them stand a few days in a glass bottle, till the liquor is fit for use; then rub it on the hands and face occasionally. Do not be disheartened if the freckles do not go away; they will not stir off some complexions.—**HELEN.** The cheques are, in each month's Magazine, lettered A.A.A.A., B.B.B.B., &c., &c.; they are easily recognisable.—**J. M. L.** The pattern of a Zouave Jacket was given in No. 1, Vol. 1, of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*.—**MARY IS CRYING.** The cheques are only given with the monthly numbers.—**LADY JULIET MONTAGUE.** 1. You must cut the cheques out and send them up by post. 2. Of course.—**S. R.** Brillat Savarin's "Physiologie du Gout" may be procured at Messrs. L. Hachette and Co.'s, King William street, Strand, W.C.—**B. F. S. Mr. J. H. Mintorn,** Soho-square, supplies materials for making paper flowers.—**LILLIE WHITE** wishes to know if *EVA SINCLAIR* has found the preparation of gum benzoin answer her expectations, and if the colour which it produces disappears when the face is washed.—**GRACIOUS W.** "The Family Secret" runs from Nos. 1 to 16.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** The third volume of Beeton's "Dictionary" cannot be bound in two volumes.—**MAL.** Westwood and Humphrey's book on moths is a showy and expensive work, but not of much use. Stainton's manual (published by Van Voorst, Paternoster-row) is very much cheaper, and is the only other work published. For white hands, apply to Mr. Breidenbach, 178, New Bond-street.—**E. DAVIES.** We are overdone with MSS., or we should be happy to look at yours. You must believe us when we say we are sorry it is not possible to oblige our numerous applicants for employment.—**Mrs BADHAM THORNHILL.** The flower sent has suffered greatly in the transit, and we cannot say certainly to what species of *Tropeolum* it belongs. We imagine it to be a flower of the *T. minor*, or small

*Peruvian nasturtium*.—**ISABELLA.** The Empress of the French was at a bull fight at Biarritz.—**MARY STUART.** You must send us the little cheques on the green wrapper of the Magazine.—**ANNIE.** The London address of the "Society for the Promotion of Employment for Educated Women" is Langham-place, Regent-street, W.; Miss Beattie Parkes, secretary.—**IGNORAMUS** in our next.—**LOUISE.** The Grecian Hair Dye sold by Sangers, of Oxford-street, is unsurpassed.—**ANNIE.** On the sheet given with No. 3, Vol. 1, of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, your name is given in very pretty embroidery.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** The feathers should be sewn on to muslin, and are then ready for arranging into any article that may be required.—**M. T.** The box pattern is frequently worked on canvass.—**A SUBSCRIBER.** Sponge black silk with gin.—**Mrs DAVIS.** We pride ourselves in not being "negligent," but it is an absolute impossibility to attend to every trifling wish of our subscribers. We should have thought, amongst the hundreds of patterns that are issued with the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, you would have found something to suit you. Turn to No. 419 on the sheet with Part 20, Vol. 4.—**GURNEY LILY.** For the meaning of all Abbreviations see Beeton's "Dictionary of Science, Art, and Literature."—**Mrs. PAGE.** Thank you for your offer, but we have no room.—**ELLIE.** Do not use rouge on any account.—**EMMA.** We are sorry to say we have had a good many silly questions put to us this month, which we decline answering, and yours are of the number.—**A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.** Mrs. Wilcockson, of Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road, will supply you with what you want.—**HARRIET BURNBY.** We know of no better book for your purpose than Harriet Martineau's "Household Education."—**EMILY and SUSAN B.** We would advise you not to work a wreath in Berlin wool work, as it is so ancient. We should have given a pattern of a wreath, but they really are not *à la mode*. Next May we shall be able to please you, for then will appear a beautiful pattern for a music-stool, for *bead work*, which is now so much in vogue. The Editor has not the slightest doubt that *EMILY* and *SUSAN B.* will be delighted with this pattern.

**CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED.**—"Memory;" "The Widow's Diary;" "The Haunted Well;" "Fate;" "To —;" "Solitude and Sorrow."

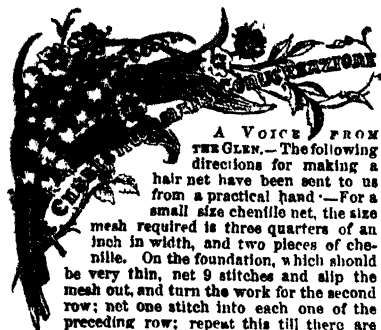
*A mass of Correspondence stands over till our next number.*

Volumes I., II., and III. of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*, elegantly bound in green and cloth, are now ready, with the Coloured Berlin and Fashion Plates complete, and 150 Designs for Embroidery and other Needlework. *Price 6s. each*, free by post on receipt of postage stamps or Post-office order for this amount. The Title-page, Preface, and Index for each Volume may be had separately, price 1d. each.

Covers for Vols. I., II., and III. of the *ENGLISH-WOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* (New Series), with Title-page, Preface, Index, Envelope for holding the Pattern Sheets, Berlin Patterns, &c., and directions for binding, are now ready, price 1s. each. Sent free by post to any address on receipt of 12 postage stamps.

\*.\* Subscribers are respectfully invited to give their orders at once to their Booksellers for the regular supply of the Numbers of this Magazine, so as to be certain to receive them as soon as published, with the Fashion Plates and Berlin Wool Work Patterns complete. The Publisher begs to notify that he cannot guarantee the supply of the Fashion Plates and Coloured Berlin Patterns in the current numbers beyond a month after their first issue.





**A VOICE FROM THE GLEN.**—The following directions for making a hair net have been sent to us from a practical hand.—For a small size chenille net, the size mesh required is three quarters of an inch in width, and two pieces of chenille. On the foundation, which should be very thin, net 9 stitches and slip the mesh out, and turn the work for the second row; net one stitch into each one of the preceding row; repeat this till there are netted 18 rows, which will form a square; round this net one stitch into every loop and two into every corner stitch; this will form a sufficient increase. 8 rows should then be worked all round one stitch into every loop with any increase, and the net will then be the size required. Should the material or mesh be finer or coarser, the number of stitches netted on the foundation must increase or decrease according to the size of the mesh. The number of rows for the square always being twice as many as are netted for the foundation, when nets are made with beads, one, two, or more beads may be put on the silk of each stitch before knotting, and the number divided in the next row by the knot coming between them. These nets, when made in white cotton narrow braid, are extremely nice used instead of a nightcap.

A CORRESPONDENT from Norfolk sends us the following "Game," she calls it, which we are delighted to insert. We think we have assisted at a similar one, when we were young, in Devonshire, at a harvest frolic; but it was a coarser game, quite unsuited to modern days. The one now given is quite the reverse. Here is an extract from our correspondent's letter:—"Far into the night we score of happy mortals danced, and sang, and played old-fashioned games, one of which was of so novel a kind that I will tell it you, thinking it more than probable that those of my countrymen and women who are ignorant of it will be glad to know it. This was it. The violins struck up a merry tune—"Le Petit Tambour," which suited admirably the required purpose. Old and young, indiscriminately, then joined hands in a circle, and danced round as they sung to the music the following refrain:—

"We'll be jolly together, dark spirits sha'n't come here,  
And hobbing and nobbing, young and old we'll hope to meet next year."

This was sung, the first time, very softly indeed, in a sort of confidential tone; the second time right loudly, and the dance quickened to the utmost speed grandmamma was capable of attaining. At the conclusion of the above couplet the ring was broken, and each one stretched his arms at full length, shaking his opposite neighbour with the right hand, and shaking his left hand behind him at the same time. This movement was indicative of welcome greeting and driving away 'dark spirits.' The second pantomime consisted of shaking heads in the middle, and subsequently the postures were varied at the mercy of the M.C. Finally, we were requested to 'put the right leg in the middle and the left outside, both raised from the ground simultaneously'; this being found impossible, the game was up. 'Dear me, dear me,' said grandmamma, 'I am ill with laughing.' And she was not alone. It will be at once seen how easily this game may be modified to suit any jovial company.

E. WARRINGTON.—The best way to skeletonise leaves is to put them into an earthen pan with a

lot of old cabbage-leaves; these will get up a speedy fermentation and putrefaction. It is always better to operate upon large quantities, merely washing them afterwards to remove the cellular tissue. The use of chemicals is to be avoided if fine specimens be desired. Two or three leaves will not rot of themselves.

A VENTURESOME FEMALE writes us—"Now that Gretna Green is done away with, are there any means of being married secretly and expeditiously? We will ask her full attention to the answer. Yea, several; but it is not our business to teach persons how they may evade the laws. We could imagine circumstances where we might, in confidence, impart the coveted knowledge; but we would rather not be asked.

MABEL.—The Photograph of the late Prince Consort published with "The Queen" is, undoubtedly, the cheapest and most faithful yet produced. We have had so many applications for it, that we have arranged to supply it in a variety of ways. Subscribers to the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE can have the Photograph of the Prince Consort, separately, with any "single" number of the Magazine for One Shilling, or together with that of Her Majesty for One Shilling and Sixpence. With a "double" number of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE, Sixpence extra. The enclosed prospectus gives particulars of the several other advantages offered to the purchasers of our books in obtaining these beautiful Photographs, which are mounted on tinted cardpaper of a convenient size for framing.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—MSS. rejected will be kept in hand one month after they are rejected, when, if not applied for, and stamps forwarded for their return, they will be destroyed.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Sweet Summer," "Lines on the New Year," "Lines on the Death of the Prince Consort."

In answer to many inquiries, the publisher of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE begs to say that he will bind, in one volume, Mrs Beeton's "Book of Household Management" at the following prices:—

	Cloth.	1/2 Roan.	1/2 Calif.
Town Subscribers ...	1s. 9d.	2s.	3s.
Country Subscribers ...	2s.	3d.	4s. 10d.

\* \* \* The parts may be sent through any bookseller, or direct to the publisher by post.

For the above-mentioned prices country subscribers have their volume returned carriage paid.

#### PHOTOGRAPH OF THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.

"THE QUEEN" an ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL AND REVIEW.—6d Weekly.

The Publisher of "The Queen" begs to inform the public that a Photograph of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort was issued with "The Queen" on Saturday, November 2. This Photograph of His Royal Highness, or that of Her Majesty, issued with the first number of "The Queen," may be had through any bookseller, or through the post. For price, and more ample information concerning these Portraits, see the Prospectus in this Magazine.

Besides the special 8-page "Exhibition" Supplements and the Coloured Fashion-Plates which are published, fortnightly, with "The Queen," there are in preparation beautifully-coloured Patterns of Fancy Work, Coloured Plates of Flowers to illustrate the Art of Paper Flower-making, Coloured Plates to illustrate the Art of Illumination, &c. &c.

All the back numbers of "The Queen" are now in print, and any one number can be had of any Bookseller, price 6d. Or post free for six stamps from the Publisher, 218, Strand, London, W.C.

The Christmas Double Number of "The Queen" can still be had, price 1s.

"Beeton's Christmas Annual" can also be had, price 1s.





## THE FASHIONS

Expressly designed and prepared for the  
*Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine.*



### CHAPTER XIII.

"It's going to rain," said 'Duke; as, after a good hour's walk, they found themselves turning off the common into a wild, open road; which, in case of such a calamity, promised but little shelter.

"Oh, no," Constance replied in a confident tone, as if she feared to have such a thing suggested to the weather lest it should take advantage of it; but at the same time she began to walk faster.

"Oh, I dare say it isn't!" said 'Duke, with his face turned skywards. "There! Did you feel that?"

"Just one big drop, right in my eye, that's all," answered Constance, cheerily. "Let's see what this milestone has got to say—oh! five miles and a half to Iversham."

Whilst they stood looking at it, the white stone became spotted with enormous rain-drops.

"Ah, Miss Conny! who's right now?" 'Duke said, pointing down to it.

Just then they heard in the distance a low, angry howl that seemed to be close to the ground, as if the wind were crouching like a lion before its spring; then on it came in one mighty, deafening rush; bending every blade of stubby grass, every solitary tree and dry herb that clothed the ground, from where the children stood, right to where the grey, flat country merged into the grey sky. It was as if all the earth bowed under the anger of the heavens, and lay prostrate, while the rain fell down upon it in spears rather than drops, straight, sharp, and penetrating. The children looked wildly round them for some place of shelter. As far as they could see down the road there was nothing save that far-spread, slaty roof from which the spears descended. They had left some way behind them, on the border of the common, a kind of ruined barn, and now their only chance was to run for that. It was soon reached, and, once beneath its shelter, they looked out, flushed and laughing, at the pelting spears.

The only occupant of the shed besides themselves was a newly-painted cart which had been put there to dry, undisturbed by the inclemency of the weather. There being no better rest available, the children climbed up into it, and sat down on their bundles; and soon 'Duke, at least, began to think the rain rather a happy

adventure than otherwise; and climbed in and out of the cart, scratching the gay wheels in a way which "Peter Leeson, Greengrocer," whose name and profession the cart bore, would not at all have admired.

Constance, however, for more than one reason, was very uneasy at being detained so long near Yapton Wells; and when two hours elapsed, and the rain still kept on as straight and determinedly as ever, it was all she could do to restrain her impatience. Up to this time, 'Duke had found ample employment in playing at being Peter Leeson taking his family for a Sunday drive to the Wells; and, as he lashed and chatted at some imaginary obstinate horse, the delay troubled him but little. But when poor Constance grew too weary to support any longer the part of Peter Leeson's garrulous old grandmother, who was always afraid of tumbling out of the cart, 'Duke became fretful and weary; and, sitting down in the bottom, kicked at it with his heels in a manner that, could he have witnessed it, must have considerably alarmed its proprietor.

"Do put down that map, Constance, and play at dinners," he cried, impatiently snatching it from her.

"If you like, dear," said Constance, cheerfully; "only I was afraid it might make us hungry, and you know we've only got half a bun."

'Duke was quite aware of the fact; and, to tell the truth, he did not care in the least for playing at dinners just then, but he particularly wanted his share of the bun. Constance made as much as she could of laying the cloth, which process consisted in spreading a clean handkerchief at the bottom of the cart, and setting on it two oyster-shells, one containing a mud pie, and the other a heap of stones for potatoes.

"Now, then, we'll take up dinner," said Constance, opening the basket. No sooner had she lifted the lid than she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and her dark eyes grew more and more sparkling and moist, and at last filled with tears. 'Duke did not know what to make of her; but, fixing his own eyes on her face with a severe, searching gaze, gave voice to the terrible foreboding that was breaking over him.

"Oh, Conny! you don't mean it's gone? You don't mean you've been and eaten it?"

"Oh, how good! how kind!" cried Constance, in a trembling voice. "Look, darling, look!" and she drew forth from the basket, first a little pile of sandwiches, and next two enormous apple tarts.

"Oh, isn't she good?" Constance continued, more deeply moved by this little touch of motherliness of Rebecca's than by all her wrongs. "I never thought of this when she took the basket away. 'Duke, how kind every one has been to us! I'm sure we oughtn't to be frightened any more."

But 'Duke, instead of moralising on the subject, sent the mud pie and stone potatoes flying; and, brandishing his pocket-knife over the sandwiches, declared that "this was the jolliest part of it all!"

There are some of us destined never to know the effects of our good actions in this world, and it would seem that Rebecca was one of these. Why it should be so it is hard to say, for surely it would have done her poor heart good should she have known the pleasure she had given to these wandering little children.

Apple turnovers, though the largest of their species, cannot last for ever; and when these were finished the children were as much at a loss to know how to

the time as before. The rain still continued—indeed, there seemed every prospect of its continuing throughout the day. They had but one book to amuse themselves with—the history of Tom Thumb and his six brothers. This Constance read aloud three times; but when, at the third reading, she came to the part where the hero and his brothers find themselves homeless by night, it had such a gloomy effect upon 'Duke's spirits that she was obliged to stop and put away the book. The hours rolled slowly and heavily by, and still the rain beat on. Matters were, undoubtedly, getting serious. What was to become of them if the rain continued? Five miles and a half of rough road lay between them and Iversham. They had chosen a roundabout way over the common from Yapton Wells that morning, but it was little more than a mile distant by the road, Constance thought. 'Duke strongly advised their going back there for the night, but this his sister as strongly opposed; still, what was to be done?

The sky grew darker, whether with increasing storms or coming evening they had no means of telling; but the darker it grew the more unwilling did they feel to remain in this dreary and isolated place. Their eyes grew uncertain, and began to see shadowy spectres moving about in the dark corners of the shed, shadowy horses attaching themselves to the cart, and galloping away with it over the wild, rainy common.

"Let us go, Conny," said 'Duke. "I hate this cart. The rain wont hurt us, so let's go."

"It wont hurt me, darling; but oh!" she said, half crying, as she wrapped a plaid shawl tenderly about him, "suppose it should lay you up, 'Duke, what a hindrance it would be!"

'Duke stepped back into the cart as far from her as he could go, and for some time surveyed her quietly without speaking as she gathered the things together.

"Conny," he said presently, "I wish I'd never come away. I wish you'd let me go back to father."

Constance looked up in amazement, letting her basket fall. 'Duke hardly required the evidence of her reddening cheek and starting tear to know that the reproach was well aimed. It had not been altogether a childish or involuntary one, but chosen and edged to cut its way right to the very core of his sister's heart.

"Oh, 'Duke!" she cried, kneeling before him, and throwing her arms round his neck, "don't say that again, darling—pray don't! You make poor Conny so miserable. I'd never have brought you away if I hadn't felt obliged; I'd never have come for myself—I wouldn't indeed. It's all for you, darling, that I've given up home, and father, and everything; it isn't for myself—it's all for you!"

To do 'Duke justice, he fully believed this. Whenever he thought about it he believed in his secret mind that what his sister was doing was for his good—that it was right; and 'Duke, from principle, preferred doing what was right; he had an understanding with himself that it was the safest course in the end. But then, from babyhood, he had been so used to having the path of duty cleared and made easy and pleasant for him by Constance, that at last he began to look upon her as an instrument sent into the world for that express purpose. So he accepted all her self-sacrifice and devotion as a matter of course. It was only natural she should bring him away if she said it was for his good to do so, but it was a far more heroic thing in him to go; and he wished Constance to see it in this light, and behave accordingly.

He thought she had been not a little selfish in refusing to return to Yaptow Wells; and this and her careless speech about his being laid up made him determine to administer what he considered a just and wholesome punishment. Constance, though she could not see the working of that little mind of 'Duke's, felt, from that moment, a weight at her heart which she could not get rid of—a vague foreboding that this would not be the last time 'Duke would pain her. When he saw her crying he felt a little uneasy; but this very uneasiness, when it had gone, only caused him to be more satisfied with himself, as he felt he had actually performed a duty which had been unpleasant to him. However, seeing that his punishment had taken effect, he yielded very graciously to his sister's entreaties to "make it up;" and they kissed one another, and scrambled out of the cart the best of friends.

By the time they reached that spot on the high road to Iversham from which they had turned back, the rain had altogether ceased and the wind lulled. Before long they saw two black clouds growing white and silvery at the edges, and then the moon rose between them, and lit up all the wild, drenched country that lay on either side of the road. Our travellers trudged along without speaking to one another, for, after the noisy tumult of the wind and rain, the sudden hush greatly awed them. There was no sound to be heard but the rushing of swollen rills, and the splash of their own feet in the wheel-ruts of the road. The world seemed so desolate, and silent, and wet, that it made them feel as if there had been a great flood, which had carried every one away save their two selves. They tramped on, cold and very frightened.

There is no fright like that which children feel; perhaps it is because their imagination is wilder than ours, and extends to a world which we dare not try to penetrate. Fairy land and all its wonders may be explained away, but they find no human lips to explain away the mystery of the awful spirit land. It creeps upon them as the darkness creeps upon them; and they not only believe in it, but will lie for hours, their whole souls engrossed and fascinated. Ah! how is it that these hours—which, for aught we know, may be the links that hold them to another world—how is it these are made hours of cruellest torture by the hideous stories and traditions that seem invented expressly for the pure, believing ears of little children? Do we forget all that we ourselves have suffered in the dark nights of long ago, when the candle has been taken away and the door closed, and the great trees have thrown their shadows on the blind? Do we forget that it goes on still, or how is it?

Yes—our little benighted travellers are frightened; not at anything human or tangible, but rather because of the absence of everything human. They fail to speak, but their hands clasp one another very tightly, and their little feet, as if for companionship, without effort step together. Splash—splash; it is the only sound they hear, and they listen to it till it seems to become a part of the watery silence. It is almost like the beat of a monotonous pulse, and they have become so used to it that their lips involuntarily count it. "One, two—one, two;" and each "one, two" clears about half a yard of the five miles. Weary little feet!—when will their journey end?

Suddenly they become aware that this pulse of the silence is not keeping the same time—that is to say, they are counting three instead of two. They tighten the hold of each other's hand and look down at their feet, still counting. The left have moved forward, "one;" now the right, "two;" and now, before the left again

moves, there is a third splash. They dare not look back ; they go on just the same, but their hearts beat more quickly. They feel they are not alone—some one or some thing is journeying with them along the dreary flats. Who or what is it ?

The wind has ceased, yet the night is wild and ghostly. Clouds, huge and dark, roll over the sky in many a fantastic form. Even the tranquil stars add to the wildness of the scene, for, as they appear through small openings, they seem to be the eyes belonging to those cloud-giants. The moon is high and at its full, and is hung around by clouds of snow. It floods all the level, drenched country with its white light. Here it lights up wet, glistening heaps of broken stone, and the black mouth of a stone quarry ; here a field in which lies the dead body of a sheep that has died of the rot, and which, at the first peep of day, will bring the crows screaming over the flats in ravenous armies. Here a blighted, skeleton-like tree is reflected vividly in a black, glassy pool by the wayside, and there the shadow of the finger-post projects itself right across the watery road. Then there is the road itself lying across the black-looking country like a curving stream. It is visible for miles, and for miles there is nothing upon it but three figures—two little ones on in front, and a larger one following behind.

As is generally the case in moments of great fear, the ears of the children have become exceedingly sharp ; and they notice that the mysterious splash, which has been getting nearer and nearer, and is now almost close up to them, has something strange about it. Though the splash itself is heavy, they do not hear the crunch of the boot on the loose stones ; it is like the fall of a naked foot. Closer and closer it comes ; they are too frightened to run—too frightened to stop ; so they go on as best they may, and presently, looking down on the wet road, they see, lying there beside them, the shadow of this unknown fellow-traveller. It is that of a man, short and thick-set ; and he carries a stick over his shoulder, with a pair of boots slung at the end. They stop—the shadow stops too ; they begin to run, and the shadow also runs, and a gruff, drawling voice calls after them—

“ Don't be afeard o' me ; I'm on'y a poor man as 'ud be glad o' yer company, my young lady and gen'l'man, in these yer lonesome parts.”

They hesitate and lag a little, but still keep in advance of the man, who, by his shadow, seems to limp a good deal.

“ Come now, I say,” he goes on in the same drawl, “ you surely aint afeard on a poor man as don't want no more'n company ; for now I don't see no 'arm in a young lady's and gen'l'man's stomics a-turning agin their A B C. Mine turned agin it allis, and, if so be their stomics turned agin it, why I say as it's on'y nat'ral a young lady and gen'l'man shud make off. I say as it's a plucky thing on 'em to do ; and I aint the one to split on 'em, not if I knowed their schoolmissus, and their schoolmissus says to me, ‘ John Hollis,’ she says, ‘ here's two made off from my school, and if you'll bring 'em back you shall be 'andsome rewarded.’ No, I aint the one to split on 'em if I did know jest where they was, and 'ad seen 'em yesterday mornin' a-sitting under an 'edge a-playin' with soverings, and then had the pleasure o' spendin' a evenin' in their company at a public—not I !”

Constance turned and looked at the man, and the man looked at her, with a mocking leer on his face. She recognised him at once. Mustering up all her courage, she turned towards him, and said, faintly—

“ What is it you want, please ?”

“ Well, come now, I say,” drawled John Hollis, keeping up with them with



some difficulty, and breathing hard between each sentence; "I aint a beggar, yer know, but I'm a poor man as 'listed when he wasn't hisself for drink, and broke his poor wife's 'eart; and now, in consequence of hinjered 'ealth, 'as got 'is discharge from the army, and is now returnin' 'ome to 'is native willage, and 'is broken-'earted wife, and twelve starvin' children, without a penny in 'is pocket; and, as I said, he aint no beggar, but I make bold to say he aint above acceptin' 'elp from a young lady and gen'l'man as can play with soverings under an 'edge."

Though Constance thinks Mr. Hollis is remarkably young to be the father of so large a family, and though she looks in vain to discover any signs of the "hinjered 'ealth" he speaks of in his broad red face, she does not hesitate to draw out her purse, in the hope that a shilling will rid them of this unwelcome and loquacious companion.

"Indeed, sir," she says, "we have very little money to take us such a long way as we've got to go, but if that will be of any use——" And she held it out to him timidly.

"Well, really, now," he says in his satirical drawl, stopping their way, and holding the shilling in his great, coarse hand, and looking down at it with his head on one side—"well, really, now, what a kind young lady and gen'l'man to spare a shillin' to a poor fellow! Very 'an'some indeed! very 'an'some. I wonder what my wife'll say to me a-bringing 'ome such a lot o' money. Why look here, my dears, I'll tell you what she'll say"—and laying one hand on Constance's shoulder and the other on 'Duke's, he leans upon them with all his weight, and bends down till his hot, impure breath, smelling of onions and tobacco, defiles their faces—"yes, I'll tell you what she'll say—when I go home my wife'll say—I just hear her a-sayin' of it—'John,' my wife'll say, 'what have yer got to feed yer starvin' children with?' she'll say. 'A shillin',' I'll say, 'as was giv' me by a nice young lady and gen'l'man a-taking a walk one night on Markham's Medders, and as I'd seen in the mornin' a-playin' with soverings under an 'edge.' Then my wife she'll say, 'Yer fool, I'd 'a' laid hold on the young gen'l'man's arm,' she'll say"—and, to illustrate his meaning, he takes hold of 'Duke's arm in a playful manner, and fixes his eyes on Constance's pale face—"and I'd 'a' twisted it round and round,' she'll say." He gives 'Duke's arm a twist, and the boy utters a sharp cry, more in apprehension than real pain; but it is acute agony to Constance to hear it, and, throwing down her basket and bundle, she clutches the man's sleeve with both hands, and gazes into his brutal face with white lips and pleading eyes.

"Leave him alone! Oh, don't hurt him! You shall have more, only don't, don't hurt him!"

"'I wouldn't 'a' minded no singin' out,' my wife'll say; 'for no one wont hear ever such a singin' out in Markham's Medders; but I'd 'a' twisted it round, and round, and round till the young lady kindly forked out them soverings and every other farden she had got about her, and giv' 'em me in a purty manner,' she'll say."

Constance has fallen on her knees on the wet road, and 'Duke is still quivering in the man's grasp. One more twist of the tender arm, one more sharp cry, and soon all their little fortune lies glittering in the man's hand.

"Thank yer, my dears; I aint a beggar, but, as I said, I aint 'above acceptin' 'elp when it's forced upon me by a young lady an' gen'l'man like you. Good night."

Another moment, and he is setting off across the country in a halting run, alone.

Alone! No, no, John Hollis, not exactly alone. There is a little hand clutching at your sleeve, a faint child's voice ringing in your ears, a sweet upturned face, pale and beseeching, pictured on your guilty heart; and the hand, and the voice, and the face shall haunt you till your dying day. Never, never more, shall you be alone!

#### CHAPTER XIV.

THE good people of Iversham boast of being the earliest risers on all the country side. Whether or no this boast be, in a general way, well grounded, it is certain that the dawn of one charming April morning found the village a very picture of life and bustle.

It was, at the time of our story, a picturesque little place enough, but its picturesqueness was due entirely to its position, being in the heart of a most exquisitely cultivated valley, for the village itself was so stiff and prim that it might well be taken for the original pattern from which those toy villages in boxes are made.

It was Saturday—market-day at the old town of Todness, some eight or nine miles from Iversham—and waggons, laden with the produce of those rich market-gardens, were lumbering in single file through the village, shaking its very foundations. The cracking of whips, the shouting of the waggoners, the neighing and stamping of heavy horses, the sawing and hammering in the carpenter's workshop, the nasal cries of the idiot shepherd-boy as the sheep and giddy lambs ran under the waggons, and in every direction but that in which he was trying to guide them, through the open gate of the meadow, where, standing in the bearded grass, which faintly gleamed with the earliest unexpanded buttercups, and nibbling the sweet, crisp hawthorn buds, the cows were being milked—all these noises united in making the place a perfect little Babel before Nature herself was quite awake. To all the broad valley which lay like a garden around it, sleep seemed to cling lovingly. Even the sunbeams lay, as in a dream, aslant the wet fields and lightly-clad trees, and went stealing at a lazy pace through the pale fairy network of the woods to kiss open the eyes of all the beauteous company keeping the festivities of the season down there. A breeze of morning stirred; and the sweet hyacinth began to shake her azure bells, and the anemones and primroses all in white and star colour to lead the dance up the bank; and young ferns in palest green swayed to the music; and the hidden violet awoke with a sigh that made the breeze sink in sudden languor; and the thrush on the spray high above breaks off at his sweetest note; and the happy carnival of the woods begins.

There is another event, besides the fact of its being the market-day of Todness, which makes the village so early astir this morning; and this event is no less a one than the hoisting of a new sign-board at "The Waggoner's Rest." All the inhabitants, from the oldest to the baby in arms, have turned out to witness it, for it is to them a phenomenon as great as a total eclipse of the sun, or the appearance of a comet; and, indeed, they know that it would not come to pass now, had not good fortune brought hither a young journeyman carpenter of artistic ability in the shape of the landlord's nephew.

"The Waggoner's Rest" is a little white house, with a pointed roof, surmounted by a showy gold weather-vane in the form of a greyhound, and with door and window shutters of dark green. Before it is a square of well-kept grass, fenced

in by low white palings; and high above the little white gate is the iron suspender for the new sign-board. A strip of snowy stone extends across the grass from the gate to the porched door; on either side of which is a box-tree, cut and grown like a square table; and Mrs. Humphrey Standish, the landlord's wife, and the heaviest woman in the parish, boasts that each of these trees will bear her weight without "giving in." Through the low open window, left of the door, that lady's buxom form may now be seen moving about over preparations for breakfast. It is a very busy morning for Mrs. Standish—Saturday morning always is busy, for the extra hands that come over from Todness on a Friday to help pack the waggons sleep and breakfast there. Through the window, on the right of the door, they are seen sitting round a snowy table at breakfast, discussing the scraps of news they pick up from the greasy *Todness Chronicle*, which somebody brought over yesterday with sandwiches wrapped in it. The door is open, and you can see right along the red-bricked passage to the garden at the back, where pretty Madgie Standish and the painter of the sign-board are pulling radishes under the apple-trees. Old Humphrey Standish himself sits out on the grass-plot in front, with a slate on his knees, smoking his morning pipe, and bawls out every now and then some question to his wife, as he casts up his accounts.

In the road, a little to one side of "The Waggoner's Rest," stand two gigantic chesnut-trees, with seats round them. In the morning the children generally have the seats all to themselves to play on; in the afternoon the young girls take their needlework, and sit and gossip there; and of an evening they are left to the veterans of the village, who meet there to discuss the affairs of the nation over a friendly pipe. But on this particular morning the chesnuts shade a most mixed and motley assemblage, in which three generations are represented. The seats are filled for the most part by old grandmothers and grandfathers, with their hands crossed over their staffs; while grouped round them stand the mothers with their children; and several boys have climbed up into the trees above for the purpose of obtaining a better view of the important proceedings about to take place at "The Waggoner's Rest."

Old Humphrey glances at them from time to time with no very kindly eye.

"What's Kit about?" he inquires of his wife through the window. "How much longer is he going to keep a mob round the place? Confound him! I wish I'd never had the thing done!"

Mrs. Standish throws down the loaf and knife she has in her hand, and soon she is seen careering down the narrow red-bricked passage like a ship in full sail; and now, completely blocking up all view of the garden as she stands in the back doorway, shading her eyes with her hand, calls loudly—

"Kit! Kit, I say! Here's your uncle wantin' to know when you're a-comin' to put up your pictur'. Dont 'ee know that all the parish is at the door to see it? Come, lad, come! As for you, Madgie, you must have left your wits in your bed this mornin', to be wastin' the blessed time like this, when here's your dough all a-reasin over the top of the pan, and me got all the breakfastin' on my hands, as oughtened to have nothing to do at my time o' life. Let the radishes alone, do! and don't stand there hinderin' your cousin as is got livin' to get, if you haven't yours, more's the pity. You may as well let the radishes alone, I tell you; they're too late now; Peter Bludget, as wanted 'em, has had his breakfast and gone his ways. This comes o' sending two to do a thing because one's in a hurry."

"But really, aunt," Kit is heard to protest as he approaches her, dangling a very small bunch of radishes, "we haven't been long—see, here's a bunch as big as Peter Bludget's head. I'm sure Madgie pulled most of 'em."

"Ah, Kit," says his aunt, taking them from him with a smile and a shake of the head, "you do encourage that gel in laziness and story-tellin' as if the Old Gentleman had promised you a profit on her if you get her over to him. There, go along, and take out your pictur', and I'll send Jemmy to fetch the ladder."

As Kit passed by her up the passage, Jemmy came out of the washhouse with his hair standing on end, and his face bearing signs of a very vigorous application of the jack-towel. He was a spare little man, with one leg shorter than the other, and was deaf and dumb, yet he had served as ostler and general drudge at "The Waggoner's Rest" ever since old Standish came into the business. Jemmy was one of the most industrious, faithful, steady, punctual old servants it was ever a landlord's good fortune to meet with, while he had his own way; but put him out of that, and his equal for dogged stupidity, obstinacy, and ill-temper was not to be found in any donkey that ever brayed. Old Standish himself seldom interfered with his ways; he saw he did his work well, and for lower wages than any one else would do it, and what more did he want from an ostler?

But between Jemmy and his mistress things did not go along so smoothly. Scarcely a day passed but terrible altercation, in dumb show, took place in the back premises, which Jemmy looked upon as his own private domain, and divers nooks of which his mistress was constantly appropriating to domestic purposes.

Now, it has been one of Jemmy's ways, for no one can remember how long, to disappear into the back kitchen immediately after his breakfast, and, issuing from it with his face and hair in the state described, to make at once for the stables, in which he has a comb hidden nobody knows exactly where. No earthly power can induce him to do a thing between the two processes of washing and combing; if anything be demanded of him on his way from the washhouse to the stables, he never, by any chance, understands.

When, therefore, on this busy and important morning, Mrs. Standish, with her usual disrespect to Jemmy's ways, lays hold of him by the breast of his coat, and indicates to him by expressive movements of her feet, suggestive of mounting a ladder, what it is she wants, Jemmy, with that peculiar facility of his of not understanding when he doesn't choose, limps doggedly on. His mistress looks after him unutterable things as he wends his way amongst the chickens in the stable-yard, which lies a little to the left of the garden.

Jemmy does not enter the great stables, but pauses before the door of a small compartment under the hay-loft. This is no longer used as a stable, on account of the wall at the back having given way and exposed it to the road; so it is now made a receptacle for empty sacks and old horsecloths, and smells agreeably of hay and old bass. Jemmy opens the door, takes one step forward, then limps back about two yards with a rapidity that astonishes his mistress.

"What's the matter with the old fool now?" she says to Madgie, who is looking up the passage after Kit.

What Jemmy saw must be told in another chapter.

## THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARLES II.—“THE MERRY MONARCH.”

WE left London flaring and in flames last month—let us now contemplate the restoration of this noble city, a work confided, in a great measure, to Sir Christopher Wren; for, of the eighty-five churches destroyed within the city walls, fifty-one were erected from Wren's own designs, besides his new church of St. James's, Westminster, and the two that he rescued from the general ruin—viz., St. Andrew's, Holborn, and St. Clement Danes. These churches are chiefly remarkable for their beautiful towers and steeples. But the most popularly known of all Wren's churches (except, of course, St. Paul's) was Bow Church, Cheapside—that adaptation from his favourite classical authority, the Temple of Peace, at Rome. The beauty of another of his celebrated erections, St. Stephen's, Walbrook, is well known, and no mean authority has declared that, “had the materials and volume of that church been as durable and extensive as those of St. Paul's Cathedral, Sir Christopher Wren had consummated a much more efficient monument to his well-earned fame than that fabric affords.”

A pleasing anecdote is told in connexion with the rebuilding of St. Paul's, which will, probably, be new to most of our readers; and, as it is quoted by Sir Christopher himself in the “*Parentalia*,” we shall not hesitate to repeat it. “An incident was taken notice of,” he says, “by some people as a favourite omen: when the surveyor, in person, had fixed upon the place for the dimensions of the great dome, and settled upon the centre, a common labourer was ordered to bring a flat stone (such as should first come to hand) from the heaps of rubbish, to be laid for a mark and direction to the masons; the stone, which was immediately brought and laid down for that purpose, happened to be a piece of a gravestone, with nothing remaining of the inscription but this single word, in large capitals, *Resurgam* (I shall rise again).” The good omen was fully realised, the dome alone of the modern St. Paul's being enough to enable the building to stand up in rivalry against the mighty reputation of its predecessor. The only artistic decorations of the cathedral worth notice are the carvings of Grindling Gibbons, which are very beautiful, especially the wood-work of the choir. Nicholas Stone, the greatest sculptor of the seventeenth century, has nothing to be noticed there; and, if we desire to see the finest of his works, we must examine his Sutton Monument in the Charter House, or the memorial of Sir Dudley Carleton in Westminster Abbey.

One very famous appendage of the old cathedral, which had fallen before the Great Fire, did not rise again—we allude to St. Paul's Cross, the “Cross in the churchyard, which had been for many ages the most noted and solemn place in the nation for the gravest divines and greatest scholars to preach at.” Now we are touching on Sunday subjects, it may be as well to refer to the statute of Charles II. against labour on Sunday, which contains an exemption in favour of cookshops, and which has since been extended to the baking of meats, puddings, and pies on that day, it being held (on the general exception contained in the act in favour of works of piety and necessity) that the act of the baker did not fall within the statute, Mr. J. Wilmot observing that it was “as reasonable that the baker should bake for the poor as that the cook should roast or broil for them (i.e. the magistrates).”

One other Sunday subject, and we will close this sacred section. We cannot conclude without a reference to the innumerable sermons preached at this period against long hair. Archbishop Tillotson, who was the first English prelate represented in a wig, says—"I can well remember since the wearing the hair below the ears was looked upon as a sin of the first magnitude; and when ministers generally, whatever their text was, did either find or make occasion to reprove the great sin of long hair; and if they saw any one in the congregation guilty in that kind, they would point him out particularly, and let fly at him with great zeal." As far as the women were concerned, there was nothing to blame in this innocent fashion of long locks let free from unnatural constraint; and the glossy ringlets of the young gentlewoman of 1640, confined only by a simple rose, jewel, or bandeau of pearls, was one of the most elegant headdresses ever invented to please the eye of man; this, as is well known, is the style that has been transmitted to us in the bewitching portraits of the beauties of the court of Charles II. The decorations of the men's heads were not anything half so simple, for, after the frizzing up the hair from the forehead, and then suffering it to fall in the wild luxuriance that called forth the censures of the clergy, they next proceeded to ornament themselves with borrowed hair, and the odious invention of the peruke, or periwig, made in imitation of the long, waving curls of the "Grand Monarque," came next into fashion. Charles II., it is well known, adopted this fantastic fashion; and very soon not a gentleman's head or shoulders were complete without the French wig.

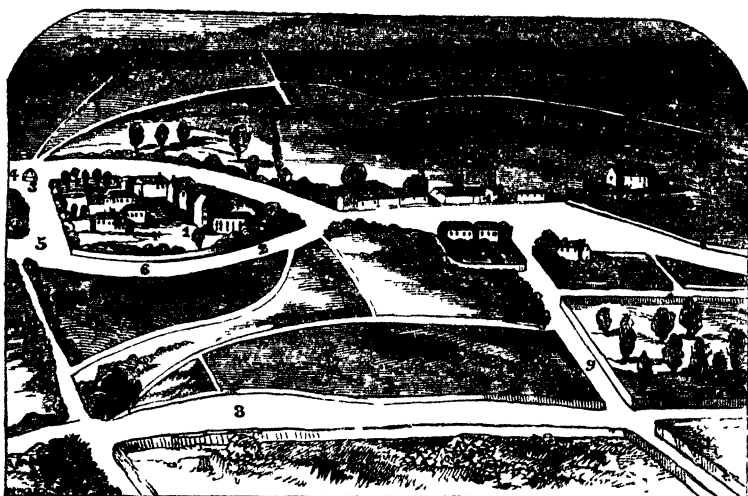
The farthingale of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth century was, as our readers, no doubt, well know, the originator of the hooped petticoat of the eighteenth and of the crinoline of the nineteenth century; but in many respects the men offered a still broader mark for the satirist, the Cavalier being adorned in silk, satin, or velvet of the richest colours, with loose, full sleeves, slashed in front; the collar, too, of this superb doublet was of the costliest point lace; his sword-belt, of the most magnificent kind, was crossed over one shoulder, whilst a rich scarf, encircling the waist, was tied in a large bow at the side.

Charles II. curtailed the doublet of its fair proportions, made it excessively short, and opened it in front to display a rich shirt bulging out without any waistcoat, wearing at the same time Holland sleeves of extravagant size and fantastic contrivance. The sleeves of the ladies' dresses, however, and the drapery and ornaments of the bust, continued in admirable taste throughout the greater part of the century.

At this period of the history of our country, most of the trade of London was carried on by itinerants, then a more respectable and thriving class than at present; though, as now, they had their peculiar cries; but, singular to say, their vociferations were more than rivalled by those of the shopkeepers. Among the street trading classes who have disappeared are the medical mountebanks, men who, during three centuries or more, travelled about with their wonderful appliances for the cure of all diseases. At market and fair, or any other crowded place, they exhibited pills and powders, endeavouring to sell them to the people by means of humorous or bombastic speeches.

If we turn from the people to the town in which they dwell, and look particularly to London, we shall find some parts undergoing greater alterations than ever, rapidly as London has been changing under the Great Fire, and the days before that. This is particularly true if we direct our attention to St. Giles's, or

as it was called in the days of buttercups and daisies—the days of stiles, and meadows, and of long grass—St. Giles's-in-the-Fields. This spot, in the time of James I., formed a separate hamlet adjoining Westminster. In the seventeenth century, however, it was rapidly losing its rural character, and was in eminent danger of becoming a part of the rapacious, ever-growing, monster city, by the erection of a range of continuous houses between the two. There was one feature of St. Giles's that made it but too well known in England—viz., that all criminals, on their way to Tyburn to be hanged, were used to stop at this rural abode to receive their last draught of ale. The house of entertainment for *man and beast* which so entertained the stranger bore the appropriate name of St. Giles's Bowl.



ST. GILES'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.

1. The first St. Giles's Church. 2. Remains of the Walls anciently inclosing the Hospital precincts. 3. Site of the Gallows, and afterwards of the Pound. 4. Way to Uxbridge, now Oxford-street. 5. Lide Strate, since called Hog-lane. 6. Le Lane, now Monmouth street. 7. Site of the Seven Dials, formerly called Cock and Pye Fields. 8. Elm Close, since called Long Acre. 9. Drury-lane.

With regard to the two cities of London and Westminster, it is well known that for many years they were totally distinct and separate cities—the one inhabited chiefly by the Scots, the other by the English. It is believed that the union of the two crowns conducted not a little to unite these several cities; “for,” says Howel, an old writer of this date, “the Scots greatly multiplying here, nestled themselves about the court, so that the Strand, from the mud walls and thatched cottages, acquired that perfection of building it now possesses;” and thus went on the process which made London, according to the quaint fancy of the writer just named, like a Jesuit's hat, the brims of which were larger than the block; and that induced the Spanish ambassador, Condomar, to say to his royal mistress, after his return from London, and whilst describing the place to her, “Madam, I believe there will be no city left shortly, for all will run out of the gates to the suburbs.”

How different that London must have appeared from the London of the present day may be readily gathered from the following fact—viz., the excessive

narrowness of the streets, which rendered it more than possible, that is, remarkably easy, for people to hold conversations, and to shake hands across the *streets*, with their opposite neighbours; and that this uncomfortable state of things continued much later than the days of the Charleses is evident from Gay's verses, in which he well describes the locality:—

"Where the fair columns of St. Clement stand;  
Whose straiten'd bounds encroach upon the Strand—  
Where the low penthouse bows the walker's head,  
And the rough pavement wounds the yielding tread

And, strung in twines, combs dangle in thy face  
Summon at once thy courage, rouse thy care,  
Stand firm, look back, be resolute, beware.  
Forth issuing from steep lanes, the collier's steeds  
Drag the black load; another cart succeeds;  
Tram follows tram, crowds heap'd on crowds appear,  
And wait impatient till the road grows clear."

We have spoken, in a former number, about the pest-house in the fields at Westminster, of which the following engraving conveys a correct notion. Our



THE PEST-HOUSE, TOTHILL FIELDS.

readers may like to know that this lazaretto was built by Lord Craven for the reception of the victims of the terrible Plague that preceded the Great Fire. Lord Craven was not, however, satisfied with building this pest-house for the reception of the unhappy victims of that awful scourge, but he sheltered many of the richer sufferers by that terrible disease, who had residences only in the doomed city—he himself remaining, "with the same coolness with which he fought the battles of his beloved mistress, Elizabeth of Bohemia," to the very last in the midst of the pestilence, to preserve order, and mitigate the horrors of the disease. This well-known and universally-admired nobleman rebuilt Drury House, thenceforth called Craven House. The earl died in 1697; but this famous residence stood till very lately, when it was taken down by the late Mr. Astley, who purchased the site for the construction of the "Olympic Pavilion," in which he exhibited his equestrian performances.

With Craven House is associated the memory of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of James I., mentioned above, and who is supposed to have been privately married to this very Earl of Craven. Whether this tale is a true tale or not is of little consequence—the noble deeds of the knight admit of no cavil; and we are happy in being able to add, that this good man survived long enough to witness the extinction of the Plague, and to see the rebuilding of London on a really substantial foundation.

But perhaps no part of London has so completely changed since the seventeenth



century as that quarter of London now allotted to the lawyers—Lincoln's Inn. This once elegant neighbourhood was, in the time of King Charles II., rendered notorious by a boarding-house which stood in Whetstone-park—a place behind Holborn-row—where women were untaught all modesty or chastity, for which purpose they were provided with a *two-handed* volume of impudence, loosely bound up in greasy vellum, which was tied to the leg of a wicker chair, and so was always ready to give plain instructions and directions in all matters relating to immorality or irreligion. At last the wickedness carried on at this notorious den of infamy so excited the people, that, early one Saturday in 1682, some five hundred apprentices, and such like, met in Smithfield, went into Lincoln's-inn-fields, where they drew up, and, marching into Whetstone-park, fell upon the lewd house there, where, having broken open the doors, they entered, and made great spoil of the goods; of which the constables and watchmen having notice, called to their aid (being weak, and not strong enough in themselves to quell the tumult!) a party of the king's guard, who dispersed these righteous rioters for a few hours, when the mob again attacked the house, making worse havoc than before, breaking down all the windows and doors, and cutting the feather beds in pieces.

Mr. Malcolm also gives, in his "*Customs and Manners of London*," a highly interesting account of the lower orders of desperadoes in Charles the Second's time, adding another proof, if other proofs are needed, to prove the reality of the assertion that there is nothing new under the sun.

These various deceivers were known under the different names of *rufflers*, *anglers*, *wild rogues*, *palliards*, or *clapperdodgeons*, *fraters*, *Abram-men*, *whip-jacks*, *mumpers*, *domerars*, and *patricos*. The latter were strolling priests, every hedge being their parish, and every wandering rogue their parishioner; every imaginable sin their practice, and every good gift their aversion. Palliards were women who sat about the public streets with their own, or, failing any of their own, with borrowed or stolen children, and, in the name of these unhappy bairns, winning "*for the fatherless*" a great deal of money, whilst their comrogues lay begging in the fields with clunes, or artificial sores. These sores were made by sperewood or arsenic, which will readily draw blisters; and it was not unusual to take unslaked lime and soap, mingled with the rust of old iron. These being tempered well together, and spread thick upon two pieces of leather, they applied to the leg, binding it thereunto very hard, which, in a very little time, would fret the skin, so that the flesh would appear all raw and fit for exhibition.

The ruffler was a wretch who assumed the character of a maimed soldier, and begged from the claims of Naseby, Edgehill, or Marston Moor. Those who were stationed in the city of London were generally found in Lincoln's-inn-fields or Covent Garden, and their prey was generally people of fashion, whose coaches were attacked boldly. If the owners denied affording these beggars the relief demanded, they were instantly told, "'Tis a sad thing that an old crippled cavalier should be suffered to beg for a maintenance, and a young cavalier, that had never heard the whistle of a bullet, should ride in his coach."

It is not now known what occupation the Abram-men followed, but they were sometimes called *Tom-of-Bedlams*—a not at all inappropriate name for men who so strangely and antequely garbed themselves; instead of a feather they wore ribbons and long tapes from the tops of their hats, or occasionally a fox's tail hanging down, and a long stick with ribbons streaming besides. They were in

the habit of stealing as they went from place to place; and it is a phrase with the vulgar to say, even at the present day, of certain men, that they "sham Abram."

From the beggars we may legitimately turn to Nell Gwynn, the beautiful orange-girl—the best, as well as the only really illustrious, of all the king's mistresses, for to her prudence and her forethought the nation is indebted for the suggestion, if not actually the foundation, of Chelsea Hospital. The site, which had been occupied by a college that had never prospered, and had, indeed, during the civil wars, been broken up, was purchased by Charles, who himself laid the first stone of the new building (which had been designed by Wren), in the presence of the chief nobility and gentry of the kingdom. This building was completed in 1690, at a cost of 150,000*l*.

Without attempting to enter into any description of this establishment, we may add, in passing, that it boards, lodges, clothes, and pays more than 500 military invalids or pensioners, providing also pay for 85,000 out-pensioners, distributed throughout the country, each in his respective home. It was such acts as these that assisted so largely in establishing the popularity of Charles II., of whom one of the wits of his court said, only too truly—

"Here lies our sovereign lord the king,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one!"

The exception before alluded to proving, we presume, the rule.

Charles's entire freedom from suspicion and pride, and his never showing any fear of his people, was another trait that excited universal admiration. He was fond of the park at St. James's, and that part of it called the Bird-cage-walk he caused to be planted with trees, on which birds in cages were hung. He would sit for hours on the benches in the walk, amusing himself with some tame ducks and his dogs, amidst a crowd of people, with whom he would talk and joke. It is fancied by some persons that no dogs are now left of the breed popularly called King Charles's breed, except a few very beautiful black and tan spaniels belonging to the late Duke of Norfolk, and which used to run riot over Arundel Castle much in the same way that their canine forefathers were formerly racketed about the palace at Whitehall. Charles was foolishly fond of these dogs; he had always ever so many in his bedroom and his other apartments; as also so great a number of these pets lounging about the place, that Evelyn declared the whole court was made offensive and disagreeable by them—an aggravating accusation to make in the face of two such little fatties as those we have chosen, not inappropriately we hope, for a tail-piece to this chapter.

M. S. R.



## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## A NEW FACE.

THE great event in which I was expected to take part was sufficiently interesting to keep me awake long after I had gone to bed, and very soon after daybreak I had taken a book into Mrs. White's sitting-room, and stayed there reading until Susan found me, and insisted on helping me to dress on that the last morning of her stay. As I thought I could assist her in turn, I consented readily enough, and I suppose our mutual efforts were satisfactory, for, on our meeting cook upon the stairs, as we went down to breakfast, that worthy soul fairly cried with a faint rapture of admiration.

Very plain, yet very pretty, was Susan's bridal attire; for it had been chosen by a committee of taste, consisting of Mrs. White and Mr. and Mrs. Goodward. My own adornments were simple enough, for I had been well supplied by my guardian with a wardrobe which was ample, but not conspicuous for richness. My own choice, too, was generally in favour of dark, unpretending dresses for ordinary occasions, and for uncommon festivity such light, fine muslins as made the contrast in attire a marked one. The addition of a bracelet and a brooch of plain gold and turquoise was sufficient in the way of decoration.

We had scarcely finished the breakfast of which Mrs. White insisted on our partaking when Mrs. Murtey arrived in the coach, for the wedding was to be held at some distance, and John Polwick was the very mirror of punctuality. By the time she had done her part towards fixing Susan's bonnet and scarf we were nearly late; and when Mrs. White had waved her last good-bye from the door, the coachman spun us down the street with a rattle and clatter of hoofs which completely startled the neighbourhood, and even brought up a charwoman from the depths of a house which I had learned to regard as empty, if not haunted.

This pace continuing, we were first at church, although we called on our way for Mr. Polwick's sister, who was a dressmaker living in the main road, and so elegantly attired that I was surprised at her condescension in taking the back seat of the carriage.

Still more was I surprised when, the various articles of her dress having been freely admired by Mrs. Murtey, she gave us the full benefit of an appraisal of them all, and evidently made so light of them, that, had it not been that I detected, even in this, a peculiar sort of vanity, I should have wondered for what reason she had exhibited an appearance so distinguished.

The little church looked so tranquil under the morning sunlight, which flickered through the leaves of the tree outside the vestry window, and made that dull room quite cheerful, that I was glad we were in such good time. Mr. Polwick appeared, however, at the right moment, accompanied by a florid young gentleman in a sky-blue stock and yellow hair, and followed by the young gentleman's sisters, two fine girls gorgeously arrayed in blue and white, and with such a rare show of jewellery that I fancied they must make a clanking noise as they walked up the aisle. On being introduced to them, however, they seemed a little shy of me, I feared in consequence of some report of Mr. Polwick's; and their brother became so intensely florid and restless as I held out my hand that I was rather alarmed.

We were soon marshalled for the ceremony, however, for the clergyman coming in at the moment, and, as I suppose, requiring a little space in the crowded vestry for the purpose of putting on his gown, the pew-opener formed us into a party by an arrangement which allotted me to Mr. Polwick's henchman, who instantly stumbled over a hassock, perversely in the way, and was covered with confusion; especially as John, who was preceding us with one of the sisters, desired him to "hold up there," after the manner of drivers to their horses on a frosty day.

Looking upon the ceremony as a solemn one, I prepared, when we had assembled at the altar, to listen attentively and with due reverence to the service; but I found that it was impossible to dissociate the whole occasion from the series of awkward little mistakes which I have since learned are the regular accompaniments of a wedding.

First, the unfortunate gentleman who had already displayed such trepidation could never be brought to kneel at the right places in the service until seized from behind by the pew-opener, and, when once this was effected, and his head well down, it was equally difficult to get him up again until after everybody else, when he would look wildly round him and smile feebly. Then the clerk persisted in presenting to Mr. Polwick the hand of one of the young ladies in blue, and would have succeeded in marrying him to her had it not been that John was capable of great presence of mind, and dodged away until he could get hold of Susan and bring her forward. Finally, the whole service was suspended for a minute or two by the sudden appearance of a spectator with a wooden leg, who came quite up the centre aisle, in spite of the pew-opener, and made such a noise on the stones that the responses became inaudible.

It was all over at last, however; Mr. Simms was finally shaken up from off the flounce of my dress; Mr. Polwick took Susan's hand under his arm; and we all followed into the vestry, there to sign the books, and, in the case of the Misses Simms and Mrs. Murtey, to administer consolation to the bride, who didn't look so very unhappy, after all.

Mr. Polwick might well have been excused some natural pride on account of the wedding breakfast. There were all sorts of real country delicacies and honest hospitable profusion. The arrangements had been completed under the superintendence of Mr. Polwick's aunt, an apple-cheeked, soft-eyed old lady, who was continually suggesting some refreshment to everybody.

She took instant possession of me, and, before I could get my bonnet off, had brought a tray containing some wonderful cherry-brandy and a plateful of macaroons, two of which I furtively slipped into my pocket in the utter impossibility of refusing, or, on the other hand, of eating them. The breakfast was a pleasant one, for Mr. Polwick was a capital host, and Susan had me to sit near her, placing Mr. Simms on my left hand. The conduct of this gentleman was so embarrassing that I should have been quite uncomfortable if I had been sitting near a stranger. I suppose he thought it necessary to erase the remembrance of his previous awkwardness by assiduous politeness; and as I believe Mr. and Mrs. Polwick had made me a more honoured guest than their own acquaintances, he regarded me continually in a watchful silence, with the intention of anticipating my every wish. This grew so overpowering at last, that I was afraid to move, or even to look across the table, for on whatever dish he imagined my eyes to rest he would be out of his chair in a moment, bearing it towards me—a line of conduct which had

the effect of accumulating all the eatables at one end of the table, until they could be replaced by the servant hired to wait on the occasion. Becoming conscious at last of a titter from his sisters, and a queer grin on the features of John Polwick himself, he turned with confusion to his own refreshment, and, I am bound to say, with no apparent loss of appetite.

Susan's new home was a pretty, lightsome little house, with gay paper on the walls, a sweetly-smelling garden and small orchard at the back, and a neat shop in front, pervaded by a fresh flavour of beans, peas, and new hay. Breakfast over, it was announced that John and his wife were going for a drive, and that Mrs. Murtey would bear them company with me in another coach—an announcement which pleased me the more as I had no desire to be left, after the departure of my friends, to the long sitting which would only lead to a still longer talk of matters which possessed but little interest. Besides, the day was bright and balmy, and the carriages already at the door; so, with a great deal of leave-taking, in which Mr. Simms once offered to kiss the bride, but thought better of it and sat down, we drove away through the country lanes. Arrived at the road which led back to London, I saw Mr. Polwick stop his driver to wait till we came up, upon which I conjectured we were about to separate, and, when we had overtaken them, jumped out to say my last farewells.

"Good-bye, dear, dear Miss Wayfey," said Susan, holding me in her arms, and crushing her white bonnet out of all shape; "and if ever you want to go for a little while in the country, or if ever you should want to stay somewhere for a time, or I can do anything for you, do you come here to us. John knows what I'm saying, and he means it all the same."

"That's gospel truth, that is," responded John, warmly; "for weal or for woe, for richer or poorer, for better or worse," he continued, the marriage service running in his head. "You come, an' you shall be as welcome as the flowers in spring."

I could only thank them by tears, and, hurrying back to the coach, where Mrs. Murtey was already waiting, rode back to town, not without a feeling of loss and separation.

My companion exerted her powers of conversation on the road to the extent of informing me that both she and Susan had been left orphans, that she had endeavoured always to perform the part of a sister, and that, let what would happen, she found comfort in the fact; the latter disclosure appearing to indicate that she regarded the event of the day as an assertion of independence to which she had not become quite reconciled; indeed, she concluded this portion of her subject by remarking, not without a certain gloom, that young people never did know when they were well off, and that the sagacity implied by such knowledge was, all things considered, not to be expected. This, by an easy and natural transition, led to certain confidences, almost in the nature of a soliloquy, respecting the exactions and eccentricities of Mr. Murtey, who was not easily satisfied, although she (Mrs. Murtey) had "toiled and moiled from morning to night" to keep together a thriving business in the sheep's-head, cow-heel, and trotter line; that he too frequently quitted the domestic hearth and the society of his wife and children for the attractions of a club called the "United Harmonists;" that, though not what would be called a drinking man, he was surely not in good company if it kept him away from his natural duties; and finally, that, after all,

there were many worse fathers of families—goodness forbid she should say there wasn't—but still what changes did women ever have but nussin' and glavin' continually? At this point her good-humour—sourer, perhaps, for the moment by the recollections of her own wedding-day and the realities which had come after it so suddenly—was restored.

"An' here am I a-goin' on, miss, to you, as you must think I'm I don't know what; an' you a young lady with the world all afore you, as the sayin' is, where to choose. An' if here aint your own street, too! Might I take the liberty of one kiss, dear, to say good night? I'm a mother myself, and my eldest girl's nearly thirteen years old, if you'll believe me."

I returned the good creature's salute—not without a certain feeling of envy directed towards the eldest Miss Murtey—and the coach having stopped before Mr. Willmott's door, prepared to alight.

The evening was still light as I ran up the steps, so that I saw a stranger standing at the open door to receive me. It was the new servant, and I involuntarily glanced at her face, and as involuntarily passed her without repeating my scrutiny.

"Oh, you're the young lady that was expected home, miss, I suppose?" she said, looking at me with a disagreeable smile which extended the corners of her mouth with a sort of grim derision. "You've enjoyed yourself, I hope?"

I looked at her again now; for, notwithstanding my strange experiences—perhaps in consequence of them—it was no part of my nature to shrink from any face or eye. By what occult reasoning is it—or is it from some subtle instinct—that we reach an almost momentary estimate of character from a face? I have endeavoured in vain to analyse the process, or even to distinguish what particular feature is answerable for the result. It is a question to be solved, I think, neither by Lavater nor Spurzheim, since both systems are discredited by constant experience, although each may be partially, though only partially, true. Something wanting in the general harmony which belongs to goodness, much in the pervading expression which may influence features, however regularly beautiful in themselves, without permanently altering their shape. Whatever may be the influence, its warnings are often sure, even though they may be, at first, dismissed as unjust suspicions.

The woman who stood before me now had nothing peculiar in her features, save that grim smile, and an eye which, returning my glance with a look of defiance that seemed to challenge my ill opinion and to return it, looked at me, as I turned to go up-stairs, from under a half-closed lid. For the rest, she was apparently about thirty years old, with a pale but not unhealthy-looking face, and a profusion of rather coarse black hair carelessly pushed back into her cap. Her whole appearance struck me at once as being so ill-suited to her situation, that I said, in answer to her greeting—

"You have been engaged by Mrs. White to supply Susan's place, I believe?"

"Yes, miss; I'm the new servant, at present. You seem to have been all very fond of Susan, I must say; you've been to her wedding, I hear?"

There was something so offensive in her words, or more, perhaps, in the defiant tone in which they were uttered, that I gave no reply, except to inquire if Mrs. White was up-stairs; and, hearing that she was, ran up immediately, and found her sitting thoughtfully at the window in her room.

"I'm very glad you're at home, dear," she said as I went in. "And how did the interesting ceremony go off? I hope you had as good a breakfast as Mr. Polwick promised."

I gave her such particulars of the whole proceedings as I could remember, not even omitting the performances of poor Mr. Simms; but she still looked so thoughtful, that I ventured at last to ask her if anything had happened to disturb her.

She had just had a letter from her son, who was shortly coming to London as a candidate for a medical appointment in some public company, she said; further than this there was nothing to disturb her, except that she had had some difficulty in obtaining a servant to fill Susan's place.

"That was the new servant who let me in, of course?" I said. Without knowing why, I spoke in a low tone.

"Yes," replied Mrs. White; and, turning round to look into my face, she must have seen some lingering aversion expressed there. "Do you think she will suit us?"

"I don't like her," I answered; "but I can't tell why. She is a respectable woman, of course?"

"Well, I had a written character with her, and a recommendation from a West-End shopkeeper; but, to tell you the truth, Wayfe, I can't overcome some sort of prejudice I formed against the girl herself. Still, it would be very wrong to give way to groundless impressions to the injury of another."

"I don't know, dear Mrs. White; I only saw her for a minute, but I began to dislike her directly. It's very unfortunate. Do you really think it is wrong to act upon these impressions? because I can't help it."

"I think it would scarcely be sufficient reason for refusing her a trial, Wayfe. She may be able to overcome our hasty opinions by her conduct."

"Perhaps so, ma'am; but I'd rather not have her wait much upon me, if you please. She needn't quite do as Susan used, I think—need she?"

Mrs. White laughed and shook her head, and I jumped up to go and take off my dress.

"I can't help it, indeed," I said, as I ran to the door; "I've always had these strange first impressions about people whom I ever liked or disliked."

As I opened the door I heard a faint rustling on the landing, and a shadow glided down the staircase wall.

I don't think even the worst ghost of my childish days ever affected me as much as this indication of a repulsive living presence. I felt my heart stop—the blood rushed from my face—and I thought I should have choked. I reflected, however, that she might have come from one of the other rooms—that I had no right to assume that she was listening—which I had, at first, accepted as the only explanation of her sudden disappearance—and determined to keep my own counsel.

I could not repress a sickening feeling of dread, however, as I shut myself into my own room, and began to take off my shawl and bonnet. Some faint shadow of old sensations came over me as I went stealthily to the door and re-opened it, to make sure that she was not outside.

The strangest part of my sensations was the almost certainty that, in the event of my discovering her there, she would be either crouching down or standing bolt

upright behind it—the certainty, also, that I should be impelled, through very terror, to seize upon her, and at once commence an attack with all my force. I was in no particular dread of the woman herself, except in her character as a listener, which had in it something so stealthy that I felt as though she carried a concealed weapon, and sought to take me at a disadvantage.

I saw no more of her, however, until she brought tea into Mrs. White's room, and then her manner was sufficiently respectful; although, once looking up while Mrs. White was busy at the caddy, I noticed that she greeted me with the same defiant smile which had so disagreeably impressed me at first.

This sort of recognition was exercised whenever I happened to meet her alone in any part of the house; and it was so frequently accompanied by an assumed familiarity, that I was compelled, at last, to ask her why she thought it necessary to speak to me so differently when in Mrs. White's presence, or in that of my guardian—at the same time disclaiming any wish to offend her feelings by my question.

I had become accustomed to her now; and even though I had two or three times run against her in the passage, on the sudden opening of the door, her propensity had faded, in my mind, from the regions of dread to the common-place of dislike. There came an occasion, however, when her manner changed to downright hostility.

Mr. Willmott had been a great deal from home, and we had, consequently, seen little company; my studies continued, however, with their usual regularity; and I was wondering whether any change would come to me now that their course was so nearly completed—wondering, too, as I looked back at my former self, and saw how great an alteration my long refreshing rest had wrought. One evening Mr. Goodward had come in to tea with us, and I had been reading to him my last letter from my mother, who wrote to me regularly, and with such cheerful confidence as I felt could only be the result of useful and salutary occupation. The school had improved under her guidance—she had received an increase of salary—and an influence had been established amongst the children almost maternal.

She carried to them some of that love which was still all mine, she said, and it was sorely needed by some of them, who had, perhaps, been suddenly bereft of all the love and kindness of their childish world.

In this letter she mentioned my father, for the only time either in speaking or writing to me; it was but a line, and contained a warning. "Should he ever see you, and speak to you in the street," she wrote, "get away from him; if you meet a stranger whom you think resembles him (for you told me you had seen him twice), go any other road than his, for I know he would not scruple to injure you if he thought he could, by so doing, either annoy or injure Mr. Willmott, and, at the same time, gain anything for himself."

After finishing this letter, at which, and especially at this part of it, both Mrs. White and Mr. Goodward became thoughtful, I got up to go into my own room. It was nearly dark, and, as I passed out, the light from the lamp upon the table shone through the door—shone full upon the crouching figure I had so long expected to see, which now gathered itself up and confronted me. I had shut the door again without a word, and stood before her undismayed, for the presence of Mr. Goodward seemed for me a protection against evil both spiritual and temporal.



"Why do you continually listen at that door?" I said. "Are you not ashamed to play the part of a spy? or do you think you are always the subject of conversation?"

Her bold face darkened, and the eye, which quivered for a moment, looked at me with hard defiance and hatred.

"No, Miss *Willmott*—no. I have been listening to a much better subject," she replied, hissing the words in a whisper—"to your ma's letter. What is it she says about your father?" she added, attempting to lay hold of my arm.

I had stepped back into the shadow of the passage, and eluded her hand.

"Dare to touch me," I said, suddenly roused to unusual passion, "and I'll call out; not because I am afraid, but because I do not choose to struggle with you."

The woman seemed surprised. I believe she had fancied that my disposition was one of those pliable ones which would yield to the force of her coarse manner, and to her knowledge of my relationship to my guardian, and all that it implied. She was mistaken.

"Now," I said, "whatever you may have learnt by listening, keep it for what it is worth; but go down-stairs instantly, or I'll speak loud enough to bring everybody in the house up here."

"Don't say anything about this, then," she said, hoarsely. "Swear you won't say anything. I know more than you think for, perhaps."

"I make no promise, and care nothing about you. Go!"

And she went down, slaking her hand at me over the stair-rail.

Mrs. White called me to her the next morning into the library.

"My dear Wayfe, what has happened between you and Anne?" she said. "Cook came up to me this morning to say that she couldn't stay in the house, for Anne had come down last night, looking so white and evil that she asked her what was the matter, and she broke out into a torrent of bad language—cook says cursing and swearing—against you, and threatening all sorts of disclosures about something she is supposed to know."

Then I told Mrs. White of the occurrence of the evening, little thinking how soon I should again encounter my late antagonist.

My French lessons were nearly concluded, and much of my time was occupied in reading such books as Mrs. Winthrop had advised me to master for the purpose of consolidating my knowledge; indeed, although my time was fully occupied, I felt vaguely that I was approaching some change for which my avocations were but the preparation—felt it, too, not without a sense of uneasiness lest the life I had led so long should altogether be broken up, and some sort of bondage—not harsh, but cold and unsympathising—be my lot.

Mr. Willmott began to receive company again, and I was conscious that he frequently sought opportunities of drawing me into conversation—an ordeal to which I was particularly averse; but it was evident that he took some strange sort of pride in my acquirements, poor as they were, as being, in a manner, connected with himself, and reflecting credit upon his judgment.

The society at my guardian's table was never particularly lively, however, and conversation, on any other than ordinary topics, languished after a few attempts.

I was surprised, early one morning, by being summoned to the library, where Mr. Willmott stood at the window, with an open letter in his hand.

"Come in, puss," he said, as I stood at the door; "we shall have company to dinner; and who do you think it is?"

I mentioned two or three names of our less frequent guests, but he only shook his head.

"You know that I have a daughter, I suppose, Wayfe?"

"A daughter, sir?" I repeated. "Pardon me, I don't understand you, although, of course, you are jesting about something."

"Not at all, child. Has Mrs. White never mentioned Mrs. Donhead to you?"

"I have heard the name, certainly; but she isn't your daughter; she's the wife of a clergyman somewhere in Cornwall, I think; and Mr. Donhead was here a few days ago."

"Indeed but she is my daughter, and her husband's waiting for her at an hotel in the city. When she arrives they'll both take up their quarters here for a week. What's the matter, child?"

I couldn't have told him, but a chill shadow seemed to fall upon me as I stood. I had believed that, notwithstanding the distance he maintained with regard to my relationship, I was yet the creature who was nearest to his heart, if only by the unalterable tie of kindred, when here was a superior claim of which I had never heard. Struggle against it as I would, my eyes brimmed over, and my lips trembled.

He looked at me rather sternly at first, then smiled satirically, frowned, and finally held out both his hands as the rigid lines in his face softened. Strangely enough, he always looked older under this aspect, or, if not older, weaker, and less sustained by the effort of a strong will.

"Tut, tut, silly child! you thought I had no love to spare for you, I suppose. Why, Sophy has been married these ten years, and I've only seen her twice in all that time, though she has three children who wouldn't know their grandfather if they saw him on the top of the Monument. Do you remember what I told you so long ago?"

"I remember the directions you impressed upon me when I first came here, sir. I should scarcely be likely to forget them."

"You have been so harshly treated, you mean, I suppose?"

"You *know* I don't mean that; but they seemed intended to make any claim of relationship between us quite hopeless."

"Quite," he repeated, with his face set seriously again; "but remember, too, that I said Wayfe Summers might have a very definite place in my regard. Now kiss me, and run away to help Mrs. White in getting the large spare bedroom ready. You won't dislike Sophy, believe me."

"One question, sir. You said I *might* have some place in your regard—have I?"

"Come here," he replied; and, as I stood beside him, he took a gold chain from a drawer in his table, and threw it over my neck. There was a little watch attached to it, on which was engraved—"From Richard Willmott, as a token of affection to his ward, Wayfe Summers."

As I bent to kiss his hand, with mingled feelings of grief and pleasure, he once more encircled me with an arm which trembled as it had done on the night when he had first adopted me at Mrs. Bradley's.

## DETERMINATION.

If a man is never a hero to his valet, to what domestic servant is her young mistress ever a sylphide, an ethereal being, a thing of beauty which is a joy for ever?

"To see the way that Miss Angelina do screw herself in is raly sick'nin', cook."

"Well, whatever the capt'in were about when he took up with Miss Halice is a myst'ry—she's regular made up, like a figger in a 'airdresser's."

"There may be some that thinks her pretty, and I don't say she aint, but she knows how to make the most of her good looks, does Miss Arybella—fine feathers makes fine birds."

That these are the too-just criticisms of the people who have ample opportunity for contemplating the mysteries of modern fashionable toilets is scarcely to be wondered at. Even as one who has passed through the necessary term of bondage to imperial fashion, I can do nothing more than submit when I hear a cry on behalf of liberty.

Cruel was my own slavish subjection in my younger days—the days of wooden and steel busks, of short waists, of scanty skirts, of overwhelming sleeves, of general suffering and barbarous torture. That old lady in the picture is smiling grimly benevolent as she remembers the horrors by which her own youth was encompassed—pangs endured with a smiling face. Has she not recollections of staylaces tied to bedposts for better purchase, and breaking at the very moment when the refractory hooks and eyes were likely to approach each other? Does she forget the consequences of a too-rapid dance, the fainting-fit likely to ensue, the rapid retirement, the ultimate fainting, the *sal volatile*, unconsciousness, a sudden report sounding in the ears like a pistol-shot, a glorious sense of expansion, of recovered breath, of life, and then the awful discovery that the lace had been cut, and it was necessary to go home, from the sheer impossibility of fastening the dress again? I believe that hundreds of women have smiled and flirted, and pretended to be indifferent and at ease, while they felt that they were dying in the torture of an attempt to carry on vital functions under the pressure of iron, and whalebone, and whipcord. Well, they did die, many of them—died slowly, perhaps, but died. Fashion demands a more rapid supply of victims now-a-days, though it may be doubted whether they are quite so numerous. Death *à la mode* is effected at present by the combustion of crinoline skirts. The abolition of some portions of the crippling machinery for the manufacture of a perfect figure may have given greater impunity to the staylace, but the skirts make speedy end of their votaries, who are offered up upon a funeral pyre of silk and muslin, stretched upon a ghastly skeleton altar devoted to their insatiable deity.

"Determination!" Never was work more awfully earnest than that of the woman who sacrifices to this goddess. Ridicule, contempt, ay, even persecution, would be futile. Serenely she marches onward, death for the goal, sickness as the attendant on the way. Beauty waning soon after the journey has begun fails to warn her—debt and disgrace loom large, but she is dauntless. When did either physical or moral considerations ever make the true votary of fashion pause, or, once forced upon her consideration, when succeed in interposing more than a temporary obstacle?

It is strange how, in this matter, extremes meet—I mean extremes of civilisation. The religion of the great goddess embraces alike the savage barbarian and the elegant visitor at the latest “kettledrum” of the season. Sitting at the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, near the screen of kings, and watching the company fluttering hither and thither near the refreshment tables, I have been forcibly struck with this great truth. There stand the effigies representing the inhabitants of nations sunk in barbarism, of regions where the light of civilisation has only



dawned and set, of territories claimed but yesterday from the possession of savage tribes who would show to advantage only beside the gorilla *protégées* of M. du Chaillu.

In all, some indication of the universal devotion to the cruel goddess links them to the fair forms which shudder as they stand before the fierce and warlike groups. To be candid, there may be another side to this question, and the devotion to fashion may be regarded as the great bond which, while it distinguishes the lowest tribe of human kind from the ape or the great gorilla, joins it indissolubly to the blushing beauty of European aristocracy—to the elegant indifference of the West-End “swell.”

Not to dwell upon so old and unrecognised a detail as *paint*, of which it may be said that whether it be put on in streaks or patches is a mere matter of

custom, while blue, black, or red is, of course, as truly a matter of choice as is the particular shade of hair-dye purchased at an advertising perfumer's—there is the much-abused nose-ring. It needs only to submit the claims for superiority of nose and ear as decorative features to serious argument, to discover that the savage is, in that custom of hers, at all events quite equal to her civilised sisterhood.

Those frizzly-haired, lank-haired, twisted-locked, topknotted foreigners are actual antetypes of many of their dear fellow-worshippers who have peopled the polite circles for the last century. Not to grow tedious, let anybody examine with an unprejudiced eye the fashion-books which have partially devoted themselves to the development of the coiffure, and if he or she does not discover therein almost every variety of so-called savage hair-dressing, I am much mistaken.

That the shape of the head should be influenced by the constant pressure of flat pieces of wood, bound on from early infancy, may be an evidence of utter disregard for the principles of phrenology; but it may be contended that, while phrenology is, at best, a disputed science, physiology and certain rudimental facts of medical discovery are established beyond contradiction; so that pressure affecting the organs of respiration and digestion is certain to produce functional derangement, affecting not only the general health, but the social graces, the mental capacity, and perhaps even the moral condition.

Crinoline seems to me to have been handed down by tradition from some savage belle, and I can remember having seen a picture of her somewhere—I think in "Captain Cook's Voyages"—where the elaboration of skirt and its enormous amplitude of extension are, if possible, more perfect than they have yet become amongst ourselves. I take it to be a proof of the close connexion between the two states of society in the matter of dress that the expansive petticoats of the "belle sauvage" are not accompanied by any remarkable fulness of material in the body of the dress, the neck and shoulders being left, if I remember rightly, to the full amount of exposure.

It is unnecessary to multiply proofs of the proposition with which I started—they can be discovered almost without seeking.

There have been all sorts of caricatures—none so absurd as the originals, though—all sorts of remonstrances, all sorts of dangers, several police cases, and a number of terrible deaths, brought against this monstrous and humiliating savagery of dress, and the result has been that the wearers of it have assumed the position and exemplified the determination of martyrs—martyrs for the steel, horsehair, whalebone skeleton, which stands like the Egyptian warning at the great feast of social life, pointing to the end of all folly, the ultimate destiny of woman.

It is this consideration which has led me so far from the apparent subject of the picture. Since my own young and foolish worship, the goddess has changed her rites. New inventions of the priests ministering at her altar have, perhaps, removed some of the dreadful penances once inflicted in her name. "Corsets," "bodices," and all the rest of the substitutes for "stays," may have alleviated the ruthless inflictions insisted on in the days when I discovered the wonderful adaptability of the fourth string of a violin for the purposes of a lace. But crinoline stands alone—both literally and metaphorically stands alone—in the annals of the religion of fashion, as marking a period when women, in their desire to claim their just mental and moral equality, choose this vast and yet developing theme as an evidence alike of their superiority and their determination.

## THE WOMEN OF GREECE.

THE women of Greece have long since become the women of the world. They have blended into all love, poetry, and art, giving warm words to passion, beautiful names and images to song, and clustering around the dreamy eyes of painter and sculptor with a winsome, overbrimming loveliness.

There has, indeed, been one remove from this romanticism in what historians—hard-headed men, with strong, image-breaking fists—have written concerning their degradation in later ages. But even these have only made poetic hearts fold more closely around them the web of their fancy, lest the fairy orb, which they delight to visit and exult over, should be swung from its orbit, desecrated, and disenchanted. I have no wish to lift this beautiful ideal drapery with any such intent, nor yet to dwell in any way upon coarser and darker shades; all I propose to myself here is the simple collection and focalisation of many scattered facts, allusions, and comments, that may help to make the reader more familiar with the women of Greece in some few of their various relationships.

The Greeks had some queer notions concerning woman and her creation, to begin with. They were by no means so reverential as the primitive Hindhus, who sang of woman as the "better-half of man, the source of redemption, and the friend of the solitary." Philosophically, as well as poetically, the Greeks were evidently at fault. As lords of creation, they imagined there must have been some punishment in the birth of woman, and no compensation save that of offspring. That she was created after man, the broad-browed, melancholy Plato surmised in a somewhat mystical manner; but that she was made in the fullest sense a help-meet for him seems to have needed a revelation to teach the wise and prudent, although such babes in mind as cultivated the land and fed their pastoral herds must have been many centuries ahead of the philosophers. It will sometimes happen that the common sense of the many anticipates the wisdom of the few, as we find here the rude dwellers in the forests of Germany and the vales of Greece carrying out in their daily lives what did not even enter into the speculations of others, and attaining a stage in moral progress superior even to the idealities of a Republic. Even the fervour and generosity of the friendships so common between man and man, lighting up the darkness of many pages in Grecian history, have been attributed by some to the supposed degradation of women. But it were wiser to regard them as the offspring of a noble nature, such as could meet death for a friend, and picture an ideal love so warm and so divine, that we catch its radiance even now, across some twenty centuries.

But these ideas were rather a reflex of the middle period in Grecian history than of their starting-point. The nearer we approach the heroic ages, the more pleasing are the domestic manners of the women, and the greater is the esteem in which they are held. Helen and Hecuba, Andromache and Penelope, Arete, Nausicaa, and Antigone, are all lovely, respected, and eminent in their appropriate positions. They are neither creatures of luxurious show nor victims of overbearing tyranny. In public, as well as in private, they were respected and esteemed, and at home they ruled with quiet ease and undivided sway. All the matters of the household came under their direct cognizance. It was the housewife who woke the family slaves in the morning, and set each his fitting task. The rudiments of moral and intellectual culture were also imparted by her to her children, and in

the earlier ages it was deemed inhuman, even in a queen or princess, not to nurse her own children. It is even recorded of the illustrious Hercules that he grew into manhood almost beneath his mother's eye. Appropriate symbols—as an olive crown suspended on the street-door if a boy, and a lock of wool if a girl—announced to passers-by the birth of a child; and festivities of various kinds within made known the joy of its parents. The child received its name on the tenth day, when there were both a sacrifice and a feast.

The nursery of a Greek woman was fitted up much as ours, only that the cradle mostly swung from the ceiling, like our baby-jumpers. The nurses sang the babes to sleep with rude and pensive ditties, so that it is said Chrysippos wished to have the songs of nurses properly regulated, and Quintilian would have the boy intended for an orator brought up under the care of a nurse of quick parts and refined language. Theocritus has given us a brief specimen of these songs. When Alcmena had washed and fed her twins, Alcides and Iphiclus, she laid them on the brazen shield which had been won from Pterilus, and, placing her fair hands upon their heads, sang—

"Sleep, sleep secure, my boys, the night away;  
Sweet be your sleep till dawning day."

The word *babia*, a baby, was in use in the Syrian dialect some thousand years ago; and *tatta*, *pappa*, and *mamma* were the first words lisped by infant Greeks. Their childhood was like our own. Around their necks they sometimes wore a piece of jasper, to protect them from the bogey Empusa, or Onoskalon, a monster with one foot of brass and one of flesh, who delighted in terrifying and devouring little children. As they grew older they whipped the *bemblyx*, or top, bowled their hoops, and were amused by marionettes very nearly resembling our Punch and Judy, which were carried about by women from place to place. Fond of sunshine, whenever the sun was hidden by a cloud, they cried out, in affectionate accents, "Come forth, beloved sun! come forth!" Through their children the Athenian women often exercised great influence. Themistocles is recorded as having said of his infant son, "This little fellow is the most influential person I know. Why? He completely governs his mother, while she governs me, and I the whole of Greece." Aristotle, indeed, has asked, when alluding to the political power possessed by Spartan women, what it signified, whether women govern, or the men were governed by women. But we are not to infer from this that petticoat government was very prevalent. It is true that Python, a Byzantine orator, once quelled an insurrection by a jocular allusion to the fact that, although he had a fat wife, one small bed would hold them when they agreed, but the whole house would not when they quarrelled; still we are not to imagine that Xantippe was a type of character, either common or tolerated.

It was only in later ages that the Greek woman deputed all domestic matters to slaves. She was most assiduous at the loom. Helen, the frail and beautiful woman, whose name hangs like a rune in Arabic above the blaze of Troy, is pictured by Homer plying her shuttle or golden distaff amidst a group of maids; the wife of Odysseus spins at her own door the purple thread; and to the loom Hector urges his wife to resort sooner than keep him from his duty elsewhere. The poet Moschus has given a marvellous picture of one of the work-baskets in use amongst these queenly women. There were figures of Io and Jove, of the Nile, of Hermes, and of Argus, whilst a splendid peacock unfurled his purple

plumage near its circling silver rim. Into these elegantly-chased work-baskets their purple balls were cast when spun. But they did not neglect other duties. Xenophon has afforded us an interesting glimpse into Athenian household economy. "Now, my love," he makes Ischomachus say to his young wife of fifteen, "you must consider yourself the guardian of our domestic commonwealth, and dispose of all its resources as the commander of a garrison disposes of the soldiers under his command. With you it entirely rests to determine respecting the conduct of every individual in the household, and, *like a queen*, to bestow praise and reward on the dutiful and obedient, while you keep in check the refractory by punishment and reproof." The endearing relationships of home were very strong. Odysseus preferred the sunshine of a wife's affection to immortality, and between all members of the family great love prevailed. In the memoirs of M. Guy, the mistress of a modern Greek lady on the death of her brother rises into a pitch and a fervour that carry us at once into a romantic poetic life, so deep and so natural are her elegiac complaints.

In the "Syracusan Gossips" of Theocritus we have a somewhat opposite picture in domestic life. Mrs. Gorgo and Mrs. Praxinoe *will go to the feast of Adonis* during the absence of their husbands; and the whole flutter of getting dressed, being jostled in the streets, and crushing into the palace, is exceedingly well told. Zopy, Mrs. Gorgo's little boy, is to be left behind; and, beginning to cry, he is threatened by Mrs. Praxinoe with a visit from the goblin in the course of the evening. Such fierce, brisk women as these were not to be restrained in the expression of their opinions as the various scenes and ceremonies were witnessed. At length they are reprimanded by a stranger, who compares their talking to the coarse prattle of pigeons.

*Gorgo.*—Indeed! who are you? though we talk, shall you curb us  
 Seek those who will listen, nor dare to disturb us!  
 Dost think Syracusans will tamely knock under  
 That can trace to the city of Corinth their founder?  
 No, Master Officious, 'tis seldom you hear of one.  
 A slave, that's descended from mighty Bellerophon.  
 And as to our tongue, you've no reason to tease us:  
 'Tis your own mother-language of Peloponnesus.

*Praxinoe.*—We have husbands, besides, that will bluster and cuff!  
 One tyrant, be sure, is in conscience enough.

It is unnecessary here to enter into details respecting the arrangement and construction of Grecian dwelling-houses, as they will be familiar to most readers of Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii;" suffice it, therefore, if I state that at the extremity of the interior court a flight of steps led to an elevated basement and doorway, which formed the entrance into the *Thalamos*, or female apartment, sometimes called *Gynæconitis*, or the harem. It was here that Hector found Paris polishing his arms, and Helen and her maids weaving beside him. In Sparta these rooms were called by a word signifying eggs (*od*), which, according to one authority, gave rise to the myth that describes Helen as proceeding from an egg. They were sometimes guarded with excessive jealousy, and have been thought especially appropriated to unmarried women, whose bedchambers flanked its central hall, and whose slaves slept in small recesses near their chamber-doors; but, as Helen and Penelope are mentioned as living in this part of the house, and even the male sex



were not excluded, not even young suitors, the well-locked Thalamoi of which Phocides speaks belongs more to imagination than to reality. In this part of the house the general wardrobe was kept, as well as the plate, and even the oil and wine, as we find it in the before-mentioned model establishment of Ischomachus.

In public the Spartan dames wore veils, but the unmarried women did not; for, as Charillus observed, the former had only to keep their husbands, whereas the latter had to find them. The veil, white or purple, as it came from Cos or Laconia, was thrown gracefully over the head, and a kind of comb was used to raise it in the front, whilst it hung about the shoulders in the most graceful folds. The Dorian maidens mostly wore the chiton, or himation, a sleeveless woollen robe, fastened on either shoulder by a clasp, and gathered upon the breast by a kind of brooch, the skirt being cleft in two and flying open, and displaying their plump limbs as they walked, something like the blue chemise of modern Egyptian women. In addition to this robe, the Spartan housewives wore a second garment when they appeared in public. The Athenian dress was more complex and less rude. Besides the primary robe manufactured at home of the finest Egyptian cotton or Tarentum muslin, or imported from Tyre, Egypt, and Sidon—which, when worn sleeveless, was fastened on the shoulders with buttons, or the loose sleeves were brought together at intervals in the descent to the wrist by golden or silver agraffes—they also wore a shorter robe confined above the loins and more extensively embroidered. To this we must add the magnificent mantle, embroidered with gold, and thrown with studied negligence over the shoulders as they walked abroad to the theatre, the festival, or more private promenade, and the splendid shoes or sandals which all the arts of Persia had been exhausted to make brilliant and graceful.

Of their beauty on such occasions who shall write? Did not Thrasymedes become so enamoured of the daughter of Pisistratus, when she moved in a religious procession, as to kiss her openly in the street, to the danger of his life? *Pauca verba!* Neither large nor tall, the whole figure of a Grecian woman was round, plump, comely, and full of the most exquisite curves. The forehead was generally small, but beautifully white, and the eyes were languishingly blue as well as luxuriously black. Minerva's eyes were a sparkling azure, whilst those of Venus are described as languishingly dark. Great charm was supposed to reside in the eyebrows when they were arched and sable, but when they were continuous they drew forth loudest praises and deepest love. Both Anacreon and Tibullus have sung the praises of the eyebrows whose "arches nicely blend." The nose was straight and finely chiselled, the mouth sweet and persuasive, and the chin a model of exquisite beauty that one might as naturally write sonnets to as the eyebrow. The complexion was generally brilliant, but not always blonde. Batus exclaims, in Theocritus—

"Sweet girl! so sunburnt, and so thin, 'tis said,  
Yet, in my eyes, a honey-coloured maid!"

The hair was of various hues and different degrees of profusion; but auburn and myrrh-colour, as the lighter tint was called, were the favourites with both men and women, and various herbal dyes were employed to give it the desired colour, whilst pomades of great richness disposed their hair in those wavy rings and glossy curls so observable in Grecian sculpture. Tiny Engenie curls were also

very common, and small bunches of hair were brought over the forehead in the front, the more luxuriant locks floating in fragrance behind. To cut the hair was always a symbol of grief; and when a Grecian woman strewed the tomb of her husband with what might have charmed him in his lifetime, it was at once the most precious and fitting memorial she could render of her affectionate grief. The face also was veiled with long veils similar to those worn by slaves. Thus Andromache complains, in Euripides, that she was conducted from her husband's bed to the strand, "her face covered with the veil of a captive;" and in one of the epigrams of Sappho even the companions of Timar place upon her tomb the graceful curls shorn from their beautiful heads.

The whole of the morning would be spent by an Athenian belle in the luxuries of the toilette—fitting on her jewelled collars, armlets, ear-rings, and bracelets, and chatting and coquetting with her numerous attendants. The use of cosmetics was very extensive; and all Greece, Asia, and the Ægean Isles were ransacked for pomades and dyes, dentifrices and perfumes. Teeth of pearly whiteness were kept in spotless purity by burnt purple fish and calcined Arabic stone, and carcanets of rose pastilles, composed of nard, myrrh, costus, Illyrian iris, honey, and Chian wine, were worn about the bosom as necklaces to shed an aroma upon their persons. The forehead was whitened with psimmythion, or white lead, and the eyebrows blackened with the soot of Ladanum, and pasted into contour by various bandolines. So much paint was used amongst Greek women in later ages, that, in hot weather, dusky streamlets flowed from the corners of their eyes, and roses melted into their bosoms. Rouge, indeed, was so extravagantly used, that, with advancing luxury, natural charms decayed, and it passed into a proverb of a painted beauty—"She plants roses in her cheeks, which, like those of Locris, will bloom in an hour and fade in less." After a dialogue on the subject of natural and unnatural beauties, it will not surprise the reader to be told that the winsome wife of Ischomachus determined ever after to trust to her own graces and her native charms.

Without the cities there was not so much vanity. Rosy as Hebe, and as smiling, the farmer's wife and her daughters had goats to milk, curds to press, geese to feed, bacon to cure, bees to keep, figs and olives to gather, and orchards of apple, pear, and quince to superintend. Tripping forth to draw water, the merry maidens pressed, with comely limbs, the sweet-smelling thyme, stayed awhile to hear lark, thrush, or nightingale rain forth its little *theodicée* upon the world, or disported in the brook, or wandered in the shade of the murmuring silver firs—their life an unsung poem, their country a veritable Arcadia and Happy Valley. Song, flute, and dance were not forgotten, and often the hill-side or the neighbourhood of some rural temple saw scenes of festive mirth and happy sport. As soon as the magistrate had declared that the season of the vintage was come, the servants of Bacchus sought the sacred inclosures amidst the green-wreathed hills, followed by troops of vintagers, composed of youths and maidens, crowned with ivy, and dancing along to the sweet breathings of the flute, or the melody of the phorminx. The gold and purple clusters were severed from their stems, piled in plaited baskets of osier and reed, and borne gladly to the wine-press. Loud and clear then rose the song of Bacchus, "Io! Io! Bromius, Evœe!" and mirth and music rang from terrace to terrace until it fell in rich cascades upon the journeyer in the plain below. Bright eyes beamed love, and soft smiles answered back sweet murmurings of the heart's affection.

The employments of the women were not generally very laborious, but pleasant and healthful. And when Demosthenes enables us to see the wife of Tisias and the mother of Callicles, occupiers of contiguous farms, visiting each other in homely attire, and discoursing about the crops and domestic affairs, we can hardly fancy we read of classic Greece, the picture is so familiar and so English. The country damsels were almost as coquettish as those of the cities, teasing their lovers into madness, and sometimes desperation. When not at work at the loom, or embroidering in-doors, they would sometimes tend the sheep or goats, weaving locust-traps of tender shoots to while away the time, or saunter by the stream to admire their own grace and beauty; and making confessions of love whenever they bound their foreheads with chaplets, and by this sweet telegraphy attracting the attention of the object of their love, though he might be some miles away. The enamoured swain, also, who dared not whisper of his affection, piped it to the winds and rocks on his simple donax, or river-reed, carved his love's name on smilax, pine, or beech, sacrificed before her door, or crowned the pillars of her dwelling with a wreath of flowers. Woman was thus the charm and the disquietude of this serene and healthful country life, and many a legend and many a lyric have floated down to us fraught with the pathos and tragedy of melting hearts and broken vows.

Concerning the term of courtship we know little, and that little is disconnected and unsatisfactory. A curious kind of kiss seems to have been common in the country. The damsel took the swain by both ears, and then kissed him, as modern Greeks still continue to do when they kiss the eyes. Suidas has called this the pot-kiss, because the person saluted was taken up like an earthen vessel. A similar salutation was very recently common in Italy, under the name of the Florentine kiss; and in a like manner, except the holding of the ears, King Redwald kisses his daughter in Mr. Smith's "Edwin of Deira":—

"He clasp'd his wither'd hands  
Fondly upon her head, and bent it back,  
As one might bend a downward-looking flower  
To make its perfect beauty visible,  
Then kiss'd her cheek and mouth."

As soon as the nuptials drew on, the young virgin was presented to Diana, and basketfuls of curious offerings were presented to gain the goddess's permission to leave her train and change her state in life. The nymphs also were propitiated, and the future bride was conveyed in pomp to the citadel to offer prayers to the tutelary goddess for happiness and wisdom. Upon the altars of Hera and the Fates she deposited a lock of her hair, as a symbol that she was no longer to trust to the arts of the toilet. The wedding ceremony was complex, lengthy, and magnificent. One whole day was occupied with rites, sacrifices, and prayers.

The dress of the bride was superb, and almost Eastern in its richness. A chaplet of flowers was placed upon her head by her mother, her fingers were ringed, strings of Red Sea pearls circled her snowy arms and neck, gorgeous pendants twinkled in her ears, and gold-thonged sandals, crusted with gems, flashed from beneath her gauzy robe; whilst through her trembling veil, beauty and bliss, youth and hope, shone like a rosy sundawn. Crowns of wild flowers adorned the brow of the bridegroom; and in long and majestic procession, amidst scattered flowers, sprinkled perfumes, and joyful exclamations, they moved on to the temple.

After numerous ceremonies were gone through, and favourable omens secured, the bride cut off one of her tresses and turned it on a spindle, as an offering on the altar of Athena; and the bridegroom, as a similar sacrifice to Apollo, and as a symbol of his out-door life, bound round a handful of grass and herbs. The gods of marriage were then invoked, and the father, placing the hand of the bridegroom in that of the bride, said, "I bestow on thee my daughter, that thine eyes may be gladdened by legitimate offspring." Returning at dusk, whilst singers sang around them what was called the carriage melody—the bride was called "a tramper" if she walked home—she was introduced to her home and the various symbols of her office, the Epithalamium was sung, and the festivities were continued far into the night. Early on the morrow a new marriage-song was sung beneath their chamber, and when they descended the various presents were made—the wife in particular presenting her husband with a rich woollen cloak, the produce of her own labour.

There were several more peculiar circumstances in connexion with marriage. In Sparta, as at Athens, portionless girls found few admirers; and it is said that Lycurgus hit upon a plan whereby they might be provided with husbands. The damsels were shut up in a spacious edifice, and the young men were introduced to scramble each one for himself, with the proviso that he must remain satisfied with his choice. We only read of Lysander who abandoned a wife thus chosen, and then he was fined by the Ephori. The marriage ceremony was a Quaker one; and for some time, according to several authorities, husband and wife only met by stealth. Yet, in spite of this clandestine life, all bachelors were detested, forbidden admittance to some of the public games, and even fined for marrying late or unwisely. King Archidamus was, in fact, fined for marrying a woman of small stature. The Spartan women were generally so robust that they engaged in gymnastic exercises, sometimes boxing with their future husbands, and, when they were viragoes, did not forget to swear by Castor and Pollux. Half soldiers, they ruled their husbands somewhat sharply; and one poet, in his praises, writes ironically—

"Beloved Laconian, welcome!  
How glorious is thy beauty, love! How ruddy  
The tint of thy complexion! Vigour and health  
So brace thy frame that thou a bull couldst throttle."

With such brave spirits and hardy frames, the Spartan women were as remarkable for their heroism as the Athenians for their wit and refinement; and there are facts about them on record that shame even Persian romances and antique fables.

Such are some of the interesting facts connected with the women of Greece. They must deepen our admiration of them, and gratify our curiosity. In the graceful vivacity of Helen, the matronly dignity of Arete, the industry and thrift of Penelope, the maiden modesty and virtuous beauty of Nausicaa, and the ethereal and untainted womanliness of the ideal Athena, there is surely enough to win our love, unfetter our fancy, and purify our ambition. Let the women of England think often and deeply of the best and truest women of Greece, and there is no fear that we shall lack realities for our artists, and objects for our inspiration, treasures for our households, and heroines for our histories.

## STUDIES IN BOTANY.

V.—THE LEAF (*continued*).

**PHYLLOTAXIS, OR LEAF-ARRANGEMENT**—Leaves can only arise from the stem and branches, though, in what is called an *acaulous* or a stemless plant—the Primrose, for instance—they may appear to spring directly from the root. Such a plant, however, is not really stemless, for the part which gives rise to the leaves, and which is usually called the crown of the root, is simply a shortened stem. To leaves thus situated the term *radical* is applied. Leaves growing on the main stem are said to be *cauline*; those on the branches, *ramal*; and those on the flower-stalks, *floral leaves* or *bracts*. The first leaves developed are the *cotyledons*, which may generally be distinguished from the ordinary leaves by their peculiar shape. In the Lupin, for instance, the difference between the seed leaves, which are thick and fleshy, and of a very simple form—and the delicate multi-foliate leaves which succeed them, is very striking. The first leaves which appear after the cotyledons are termed *primordial*.

In our general description of the leaf we explained the common mode of growth, and the difference between stalked and sessile leaves. We have now to consider the arrangement of leaves on the stem, a branch of Botany to which the term *phyllotaxis* has been applied. But before we expound the beautiful laws of leaf-arrangement we must briefly describe certain forms of leaves which depend upon the manner in which these organs arise from the stem. When a leaf is enlarged at the base, and clasps the stem from which it springs, as in the Angelica or Fool's Parsley, it is said to be *amplexicaul* or *embracing*. When a leaf forms a complete sheath around the stem, as in the Grasses generally, it is *sheathing*. When a leaf is prolonged, as it were, from the base, so as to form a leafy appendage down the stem, as in the Common Thistle, it is *decurrent*. When the two sides of the base project beyond the stem and unite, as in the Hare's Ear, the leaf is said to be *perfoliate*, because the stem appears to pass through it. When two leaves



Amplexicaul Leaf of Angelica.



Perfoliate Leaf of Hare's Ear.

placed on opposite sides of the stem unite by their bases so as to appear almost like a single perfoliate leaf, as in the Teasels and some species of Honeysuckle, they are said to be *connate*.

We have already stated that there are regular nodes or points on the stem at which leaves appear, and that the spaces between these points are called internodes. Each node is only capable of giving origin to a leaf, but several nodes may be approximated so as to form, as it were, one, and then several leaves may be produced at the same height on the stem. When

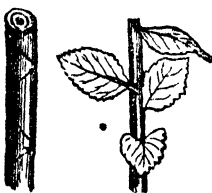
two leaves are thus produced, one on each side of the stem or axis, and at the same level, they are called *opposite*; when more than two are produced they are *whorled*, and each circle of leaves is termed a *verticil* or *whorl*. The Goose-grass and Wild Madder furnish good examples of whorled leaves. When leaves are opposite, the pairs which are next each other, but separated



by an internode, often cross at right angles, in which case they are said to *decussate*. A somewhat similar arrangement frequently occurs with whorls, the leaves of each circle being alternate with those of the circle next to it; or, in other words, each leaf in a whorl occupying the space between two leaves of the whorl next to it, either above or below. There are considerable irregularities, however, in this respect, and the number of leaves in different whorls is not always uniform. It frequently happens that the internodes of a branch are shortened so that it is difficult or impossible to distinguish them. The bases of all the leaves of such a branch are accordingly brought together, and a *tuft* or *fascicle* of leaves is produced. This arrangement is well seen in the Barberry and the Larch.

When a single leaf is produced at a node, and the nodes are separated so that each leaf occurs at a different height on the stem, the leaves are *alternate*. The relative position of alternate leaves varies in different plants, but it is tolerably uniform in each species.

The laws which regulate the development of leaves have been carefully investigated, and botanists have arrived at the conclusion that all leaves and their modifications have normally a spiral arrangement on the stem. This arrangement is not evident when the internodes are suppressed, but in plants with alternate leaves it can generally be made out. The spiral growth of leaves on the stem was first noticed by Bonnet nearly a century since. He observed that, if a line were drawn from the bottom to the top of a stem, so as to touch in succession the bases of the different leaves, it would describe a spiral; he found, also, that the relation of the leaves to each other was constant, each being separated from the other by an equal distance; so that if he started with any particular leaf, and waited till another leaf was reached which corresponded vertically with it, the next would also correspond vertically with the one next above that from which he started, and so on each leaf in succession above would be placed in a vertical line over one of the successive leaves below. Suppose we take a branch of Apple or Cherry Tree to illustrate this beautiful law. We commence with any particular



Spiral Arrangement of Leaves  
of Cherry-tree.

leaf, which we number 1, and then we proceed upwards, numbering the successive leaves, and connecting in our course the points from which they arise by a piece of thread or a marked line. We shall find that we shall pass leaves 2, 3, 4, 5, but that, when we reach leaf 6, this will correspond vertically with 1. Proceeding upwards, we shall find that 7 will be directly over 2, 8 over 3, and so on till we get to leaf 11, which will be in a direct line with both 6 and 1, the starting leaf. It is,

therefore, evident that, in the case of the Apple or Cherry Tree, five leaves are required to complete a series or *cycle*. In the annexed wood-cut only four leaves are shown on the branch, and therefore the cycle is not complete. The left-hand figure represents a portion of the branch with a line passing round it and connecting the points of insertion of the leaves. This arrangement of cycles of five is by far the most common in Dicotyledonous Plants. It is termed by botanists loving hard words, the *pentastichous*, and by those who prefer homely names, the *five-ranked*, arrangement.

When the cycle consists of only two leaves, as in the Lime-tree, the arrangement is *distichous* or *two-ranked*. Here the second leaf is above and directly

opposite to the first, and the third being, in like manner, opposite to the second, is, consequently, in a vertical line with the first. This arrangement is the normal one in the Grasses and many other monocotyledonous plants. It may be observed also in many dicotyledonous plants, as instanced by the Lime-tree. The *tristichous* or *three-ranked* arrangement may be noticed in the greater number of monocotyledonous plants. In this arrangement, if we start with any leaf and mark it 1, and then pass to 2, 3, and 4, we shall find that we shall make one turn round the stem, and that leaf 4 will be directly over leaf 1, and therefore commences a new cycle. In the *octastichous* or *eight-ranked* arrangement, which occurs in the Holly, the ninth leaf is over the first, the tenth over the second, and so on. There are many other kinds of leaf-arrangement, but the four which we have described are by far the more common. In a case where a cycle is composed of a great number of leaves, or modifications of leaves, placed close to each other, as in the Pine-apple or the Fir-cone, the spiral arrangement is at once evident.

The above details may appear very dry; but if our fair students will study Phyllotaxis in nature they will soon get familiar with the various modes of leaf-arrangement, and with this knowledge they will be able to account for the symmetry of the whole plant, for all the organs which succeed the leaves are modifications of them, and are governed by the same laws.

**LEAF-BUDS, THORNS, TENDRILS, AND PRICKLES.**—Leaf-buds contain the rudiments of branches, and are developed in the axils of previously formed leaves. A leaf-bud may be removed, in a young state, from one plant and grafted upon another by the process of budding, and in some instances it may even be made to grow in the soil immediately after removal. In the trees of temperate and cold climates, the buds which are developed during one season lie dormant through the winter, ready to burst out under the genial warmth of spring. They are generally protected by external modified leaves in the form of scales, which are of a firmer and coarser texture than the leaves themselves. In the axils of some plants little conical or rounded bodies, called *bulblets*, are produced. They resemble bulbs in appearance, are easily detached, and are capable of producing young plants when placed in favourable circumstances. These bulblets are merely transformed leaf-buds.

*Spines* or *thorns* are undeveloped branches, ending in more or less pointed extremities, as in the Hawthorn. *Prickles* or *aculei* differ from these in origin as well as in character, and are to be regarded merely as hardened hairs connected with the skin or epidermis of the stem.



Prickles.

A leaf-bud is sometimes developed as a slender spiral or twisted branch, called a *tendrils* or *cirrhus*. Tendrils enable plants to make use of the support of stronger plants by twining round their stems. In the Vine the lower part of the stem is strong,

and needs no additional support; the tendrils, therefore, only occur in the upper



T. 3-ranked arrangement of leaves in the Lime-tree.



Bulblets of a species of L. hy.



Tendrils.

part, where the branches are soft, and require aid to enable them to support the clusters of fruit. Any part of the leaf may become transformed into a spine or a tendril; thus, for instance, the stipules of the false *Acacia* are in the form of spines, and those of the *Smilax* appear as delicate tendrils. The most remarkable of all the anomalous forms presented by leaves are the *Ascidia* or *Pitchers*, which



are seen in many plants, but particularly in the genus *Nepenthes*. The pitcher is regarded as an extraordinary transformation of the petiole or leaf-stalk, and the little lid or *operculum* as an equally curious modification of the blade.

J. C. B.

### THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT: A DEDICATION.\*

THESE to his memory—since he held them  
dear,  
Perchance as finding there unconsciously  
Some image of himself—I dedicate,  
I dedicate, I consecrate with tears—  
These Idylls.

And indeed he seems to me  
Scarce other than my own ideal knight,  
\*Who revered his conscience as his king;  
Whose glory was redressing human wrong;  
Who spake no slander, no, nor listen'd to it;  
Who loved one only, and who gave to her—  
Her—over all whose realms to their last isle,  
Commingle with the gloom of imminent war,  
The shadow of his loss moved like eclipse,  
Darkening the world. We have lost him—he  
is gone;

We know him now: all narrow jealousies  
Are silent; and we see him as he moved,  
How modest, kindly, all-accomplish'd, wise,  
With what sublime repression of himself,  
And in what limits, and how tenderly;  
Not swaying to this faction or to that;  
Not making his high place the lawless perch  
Of wing'd ambitions, nor a vantage-ground  
For pleasure; but thro' all this tract of years  
Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,  
Before a thousand peering littlenesses,  
In that fierce light which beats upon a throne,

And blackens every blot: for where is he  
Who dares foreshadow for an only son  
A lovelier life, a more unstain'd than his?  
Or how should England, dreaming of his sons  
Hope more for these than some inheritance  
Of such a life, a heart, a mind as thine,  
Thou noble Father of her Kings to be,  
Laborious for her people and her poor—  
Voice in the rich dawn of an ampler day—  
Far-sighted summoner of war and waste  
To fruitful strifes and rivalries of peace—  
Sweet nature gilded by the gracious gleam  
Of letters, dear to Science, dear to Art,  
Dear to thy land and ours—a Prince indeed,  
Beyond all titles, and a household name,  
Hereafter, through all times, Albert the Good.

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure  
Break not, for thou art Royal, but endure,  
Remembering all the beauty of that star  
Which shone so close beside thee, that ye made  
One light together, but has pass'd and left  
The Crown a lonely splendour.

May all love,  
His love, unseen but felt, o'ershadow thee;  
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,  
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,  
The love of all thy people comfort thee,  
Till God's love set thee at his side again

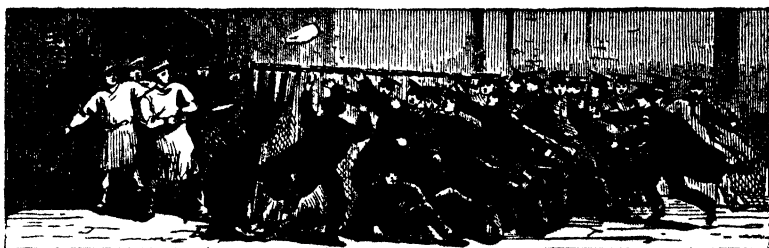
TENNYSON.

\* This beautiful production of the Poet Laureate prefaces the most recent edition of his "Idylls of the King."



## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

MARCH.



WE wonder how many people yet survive who believe in Spring, even if there be any who will not echo Hood's sentiments when he says—

"Come, *gentle* Spring! ethereal *mildness*, come!  
Oh, Thomson! void of rhyme as well as reason,  
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?  
There's no such season."

How striking is the contrast between the implicit faith placed by our forefathers in the assertions of their poets concerning vernal delights, and the incredulity with which we listen to the breathings of the inspired upon the subject in the present day! For the most part, our progenitors seem to have perused unmurmuringly the laudatory odes and sonnets in which every scribbler's pen was prolific, and seldom, if ever, does it appear to have entered into their innocent heads that though, in poetical composition, when

"Jolly Spring doth enter  
Sweet young sunbeams do subdue  
Angry, aged Winter;  
Winds are mild and seas are calm;  
Every meadow flows with balm;  
The earth wears all her riches;  
Harmonious birds sing such a psalm  
As ear and heart bewitches"

—this is not a true portrait of Nature—not a photographic likeness, but a pleasing oil painting where everything disparaging to the sinner is skillfully softened down, and defects are either quietly ignored or so transmogrified that they are converted into absolute beauties. But we must make every excuse for our credulous grandfathers and grandmothers. The Meteorological Society was not established until 1851, and as former generations had trusted to the bards for history, the eighteenth century was, probably, induced to codfide in its poets as we (some of us) do now in the scientific weather-wise. Then, perhaps, there is some truth in the notion that we are not so hardy as our ancestors, who may have been so happily constituted as to be able to mistake a blow from "*rude Boreas*" for the kisses of Zephyrus. Or were they—and this we whisper in your ear, O reader! lest we should be pulled up with "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*"—were they in unholy league with the wooers of the Muses? and did they enter into an agreement to connive at anything and everything aiming at immortality, provided only that its tendency were to inoculate posterity with the idea that the very climate had grown less genial since that mythic age known as "the good old times?"

Perhaps, however, after all, we cannot come to a wiser conclusion than to embrace the opinion lately promulgated, that the northern hemisphere is gradually cooling, the commencement of the diminution of heat dating from 1248. Of course we do not wish to force any to adopt this theory who can furnish us with another and a better solution of the mystery we have been attempting to unravel; but until they do so—*faute de mieux*—we shall be true to this last hypothesis, and shall advise all our friends to make themselves acquainted with Alphonse Joseph Adhémar.

But blustering March will not give us an opportunity to indulge in proxy speculations, if he come in like a lion, as he is proverbially said to do. Rightly is he named after *Mars*, the god of

war, reputed father of Romulus, of him who divided the year into ten months, and called the first of them in honour of his immortal sire. Yes, with his mighty, invisible weapon—wind—the world knows that he is well-nigh invincible; and though, when he forces lordly trees to bend before him, and dashes off the branches of even England's oaks; and though great landed proprietors may groan at the destruction of their timber, gnaw their nails, and aver "This *must* be put a stop to" (as a noble duke is said to have done during the gales of last Spring), he howls at them in scorn, and bloweth where he listeth, as before. And yet March has more loveable attributes than these. We still hail him in the words of the poet\* :—

"Ipse vides, manibus peragi feræ bella Minervæ  
non minus ingenuis artibus illa vacat  
Palladis exemplo ponendæ tempora sume  
cuspidis: invenies et quid inermis agas;"

and soon shall we behold the bellicose March engaged in superintending agricultural operations, or granting precious, health-giving breezes, which may make us wonder that, in this age of universal *testimonialism*, some grateful sanitary commissioner does not move that a drinking-fountain be erected in his honour, that being one fashionable way of recognising superior merit, and one to which we wish every success, as such monuments are, generally speaking, admirably calculated to throw cold water upon the system.

With the dawn of March comes the memory of the patron saint of Wales, the celebrated *St. David*, who had royal as well as British blood in his veins, being the son of Xanthus, Prince of Wales, and—what, perhaps, may endue him with more interest in our eyes—uncle of our never-to-be-forgotten hero, King Arthur. He was born in Cardiganshire, but on attaining manhood he left the place of his nativity, and retired to the Isle of Wight, where he practised the strictest abstinence, and gained a high reputation for sanctity whilst he attended on the instructions of *St. Paulinus*, and did good service to the Church by his ministrations. When David returned to Wales he proved the most formidable opponent of his countryman, *Pelagius* (who was then engaged in the dissemination of his heretical doctrines), and eminently distinguished himself at the Synod of Brevy, where his "learning, eloquence, and miracles" proved all-convincing. Of course so remarkable a man deserved a mitre, and, ere long, the resignation of *Dubritius* enabled the Church to appoint him to the archbishopric of Caerleon, which see he afterwards removed to Mynyw, a place which is now called by his name. *St. David* died at the advanced age of 82. Bale would fain persuade us that his longevity extended to 146 years.

Every one has heard that Taffy wears a leek upon "St. Tavy's Day," but we doubt if *every one* knows the reason of this, or even if *any* one can go beyond a supposition on the subject. One writer thinks that it originated in Druidic times, and that the plant was a symbol of Ceudven, the British *Ceres*; others maintain that it was the sign under which the Welsh gained a victory over the Saxons, *St. David* having advised them to assume the badge. How this version may be received by learned historians we know not, but certain it is that the rose, shamrock, and thistle are not more honoured in the countries which have adopted them as emblems than is the odorous pot-herb of which one has declared—

"I like the Leeke above all herbes and flowres;  
When first we wore the same the field was ours.  
The Leeke is white and greene, whereby is ment  
That Britains are both stout and eminent;  
Next to the Lion and the Unicorn,  
The Leeke the fairest emblym that is worn."

It will be remembered that *Fluellen* is careful to remind King *Henry V.* that his ancestors who fought under the Black Prince "did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which your majesty knows is an honourable padge of the service;" and the speaker himself decorated his headpiece in like manner upon the occasion of the famous Battle of Agincourt, fought upon the 25th of October, 1415. Hence it appears that, although the 1st of March was specially set apart for the exaltation of that propitious vegetable in a way which would have delighted an ancient Egyptian, it was called into requisition on the occasion of any

---

"Thou thy self seest that fieros battles are waged by the hands of Minerva: has she, on that account, less leisure for the liberal arts? After the example of Pallas do thou take an opportunity for laying aside thy lance; even when unarmed thou wilt find somewhat for thee to do."—*Ovid Translated.—Eliot.*

hostile engagement, in whatever month it might happen to take place. Before we take leave of the subject we would ask, Can leeks be in any way stimulants to pugnacity? Oysters are said to be. The odour of valerian incites cats to perform unheard-of antics. Had the powerful smell which must have arisen from, "a garden where leeks did grow," or from the one which graced the bonnet of Fluelen, any peculiar effect on the combativeness of the brave Welshmen who fought in England's ranks?

A signal example of humility is presented to us in the life of *St. Chad*, or *Ceador* (March 2), who from the recesses of the monastery of Lastingham was called to the Bishopric of York, A.D. 696. He obeyed the summons, and conscientiously fulfilled the duties of his office until Theodorus, Archbishop of Canterbury, decided that his appointment was illegal, and induced him to resign the see, which he transferred to St. Wilfrid, who had been to Paris for consecration. Chad returned uncomplainingly to his place of retirement, declaring that he ever thought himself unworthy of the dignity, and only consented to take it out of obedience to the king. Such lights, however, are not permitted to burn under a bushel, and after a short time the mitre of Lichfield was conferred upon him; and it is related that, when the primate suggested that the bishop designate should avail himself of a mode of conveyance more expeditious, and, as he asserted, more dignified, than Chad's usual manner of progression, which was on foot, he received the memorable reply—"Father, I thank thee for thy care; but it becomes not *me* to journey in luxury and ease when my Saviour went about on foot, in sickness and poverty, in freezing cold and burning heat, even knowing not where to lay his head!" This humble servant of Christ was exalted A.D. 672.

The few days next preceding the solemn season of Lent, which is now so nigh at hand, are signalled by several domestic observances too generally known to need recapitulation. It may be observed, however, that *Collop Monday* owes its distinctive appellation to the fact that on it our ancestors cut up their meat into *collops*, or steaks, that it might be the more easily salted and preserved until the expiration of the fast brought animal food again into requisition.\*

The confession of sins made by Romanists before they received the Eucharist, and prepared to perform the religious duties appointed for the term of humiliation, gave *Shrove Tuesday* its name, as the old Saxon word *shrive*, corrupted into *shrove*, signifies *confession*. The bell which still rings in many towns on the morning of this day was not originally sounded as a warning to housewives to make ready their pancake batter, as some seem to suppose, but as an invitation to the penitent to enter the churches, where the priests were in readiness to listen to the catalogue of their offences and to grant them absolution.

The French call this day *Mardi Gras*—not a bad idea when we think of the tables which would groan, if they could, under the weight of pancakes usually imposed upon them. It appears that depraved human nature will, sooner or later, "make up" to itself for any self-denial which religion may think fit to prescribe—witness the feasts which follow *Ramadan* amongst the Mahometans, and the riot and excess which exist during the Carnivals (i.e., *cane vale*) in Roman Catholic countries, when the people are supposed to be taking a (fond) farewell of fleshy enjoyments before they enter upon the term of abstinence.

Shrove Tuesday must be gladly hailed by all Westminster scholars, since it is "the cook's duty to throw a pancake of very substantial make over a high bar, from which a curtain formerly hung, dividing the Upper School from the Lower. . . . The boys scramble among themselves for the pancake as it falls. If it be caught and kept whole before it touches the ground, after being duly thrown over the bar, the fortunate possessor claims, by old usage, a guinea from the dean." At least, such was the law in former times, but the lenity and liberality of the moderns permit that even his prowess should be rewarded who has secured the precious morsel by throwing his body over it as a shield when it is on the ground. This is, at any rate, a more innocent mode of amusement than the cock throwing and fighting which schoolmasters allowed their pupils to witness and encourage in the olden time.

The first day of the Lenten (i.e. Spring) Fast is called *Ash Wednesday*, from a custom which prevailed amongst the early Christians of strewing ashes upon their heads as a token of their contrition and penitence. Very severe things have been said against the service with which the

---

\* In the North of England, eggs and collops of bacon are very commonly eaten on this day.

Anglican Church sees good to admonish her sons at this season of humiliation. Now, this is no place for controversy of any kind, least of all for religious disputation, but those of our readers who do not like to be accused of "cursing their neighbours," and who do not know what to say in self-defence, may be reminded that the solemn "Amen," uttered after the publication of each denunciation against sinners, does not mean "So be it," as it does at the end of prayers, but "So it is," as when placed at the termination of creeds, &c. It is, in fact, equivalent to the solemn affirmation, "Verily, verily," so often employed by our Saviour, and is nothing more than a confession on our part that we believe that God has cursed the *impenitent* sinners who do such and such things.

Again, in the beaten track of immoveable feasts, we must speak of *St. Perpetua* (March 7th), a young married woman, who was put to death with five of her companions, *cir.* A.D. 203. The mode of their martyrdom was worthy of the tyrant who instigated it. They were cast into the spacious amphitheatre, and there, whilst Rome looked on and made no effort in their defence, were they exposed to the furious attacks of wild animals, and fearfully mangled, until the originators of the spectacle had gazed to satiety, and inexperienced gladiators were permitted to wet their prentice swords in the blood of those "of whom the world was not worthy."

The name of *St. Gregory* (March 12th) is familiar to every one; for, of course, we are all too much flattered by his punning comparison between *Angels* and *Angles* to allow ourselves to be ignorant of his history. Therefore it would be lost time which we should consume in telling of his acts; only we would beg to remind churchmen, that they are indebted to him for several of the prayers in their Liturgy—lovers of music, that he compiled and arranged some beautiful chants which bear his name; and it is, perhaps, better to remark that he was *not* the original proprietor of the valuable domestic medicine known as "Gregory's powders."

*Edward the Martyr* (March 18th) owes his title rather to the compassion which is excited in our breasts by the treacherous manner of his death than to his being in any way therein a witness to the truth of Christianity. He was stabbed by order of his cruel stepmother, Elfrida, as he was emptying a stirrup-cup previous to his departure from her residence, Corfe Castle, whither he had wandered in a hunting excursion. Ethelred, son of the murderess, reigned in his stead, the innocence and sanctity of Edward being made evident to the most incredulous by the lights which were seen, and the miracles which were wrought, at his tomb, in the Church of Wareham.

*St. Benedict* (March 21st), who is known as the founder of the order of Benedictine Monks, fled, when yet a youth, to the desert of Subiaco, so shocked was he at the vicious habits of his fellow-pupils at Rome. Thence went forth the fame of his sanctity, and, in time, numbers flocked from all parts and offered to rule their lives according to his directions. There were many disputes, many calumnies, many schisms, and Benedict was often sick at heart at the result of his undertaking; but he eventually succeeded in founding twelve monasteries, which were in a flourishing condition when Death claimed him for his own, A.D. 543.

On the 25th of March the Church commemorates the *Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary*—on that occasion when Gabriel revealed to the lowly maiden what was the will of God concerning her, and told of the Saviour which should be born. Is it necessary to remind our readers that this is *Lady Day*? For the sake of their landlords, we hope not!

ST. SWITHIN.

---

GREEN PAPER.—The effect of the spring is felt as much in the interior of our household as in the gardens and fields. The same beneficial influence which makes the dove's neck become iridescent with bright hues as the sun enters the vernal equinox, makes your young wife, good reader, look out for some cheerful paper for her drawing-room; or yourself, possibly a bachelor, to rejuvenate your study in the same manner. We can have no possible objection to your doing so; but we wish to speak one word of warning. The most seductive of all colours, and the one best calculated to attract a jaded eye, is green—bright and vivid green, such as we see flashing the meadow grass at this season of the year. Beware of that paper! Green eyes represent jealousy, and the fabled dragon of old was always pictured green; but, permit us to add, that not one of these greens was half so deadly as the roll of apple-green paper which the decorator unfolds before your eager eyes. Put it upon your walls, and you are lining your rooms with pure death. The doctor will treat you for some hidden malady, and the six-ounce phials will accumulate by scores; but you will be no better; your strength will fail, your head will ache, your nose will run, and your eyes will water, your throat will be sore, for all the doctors' stuff. Go away, and your vigour returns; come again within the green embraces of your snuggery, and again you will be bewitched.

## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

We cannot overlook in these columns—indeed, it will not suffer itself to be overlooked—*The Lady of La Garaye*, by the Hon. Mrs. Norton (Macmillan and Co.)—a narrative poem, in the old “heroic” measure, challenging attention by its own intrinsic interest, as well as by that which clings to the name of the authoress. To get rid at once of all that is on the outside, we will just say that it is beautifully got up in small quarto size, and is enriched with a portrait of the heroine, and other illustrations, carefully engraved from drawings by the authoress herself, who appears to have fallen in with the story of the poem when travelling in the neighbourhood of Dinan, in 1860.

Not the least pleasing part of the volume is the Dedication, to the Marquis of Lansdowne, whom the authoress addresses as a

“Friend of old days . . .  
Patient and kind through many a wild appeal;  
In the arena of a brilliant life  
Never too busy or too cold to feel.”

Then, after a few verses of lamentation over the death of her son, and the ever-narrowing circle of her friends (of which we are sorry to hear), Mrs. Norton gives us the following fine verses:—

“Oh! little now remains of all that was!  
Even for this gift of linking measured words,  
My heart oft questions, with discouraged pause,  
Does music linger in the slackening chords?”

“Yet, friend, I feel not that all power is fled,  
While offering to thee, for the kindly years,  
The intangible gift of thought, whose silver thread  
Heaven keeps untarnished by our bitterest tears.

So, in the brooding calm that follows woe,  
This tale of LA GARAYE I fain would tell—  
As, when some earthly storm hath ceased to blow,  
And the huge mounting sea hath ceased to swell;

“After the maddening wrecking and the roar,  
The wild high dash, the moaning sad retreat,  
Some cold slow wave creeps faintly to the shore,  
And leaves a white shell at the gazer’s feet.

“Take, then, the poor gift in thy faithful hand;  
Measure its worth not merely by my own,  
But hold it dear as gathered from the sand  
Where so much wreck of youth and hope lies strown.”

This is truly pathetic writing; and there are not wanting in the poem itself examples of a power which should make the singer take back doubts which she shares in common with all who sing in accents worth listening to. There is a well-known passage in which the late Mrs. Browning expresses similar doubts.

The portrait of the Countess de la Garaye is copied from an authentic picture still preserved, Mrs. Norton tells us, in one of the religious houses of Dinan, in Brittany, where the Hospital for Incubables founded by the countess and her husband still exists. The castle of the Garayes is, it seems, in ruins; but the good deeds of the noble and unfortunate couple are still fresh in the memory of the people. We are informed that they died within two years of each other,

and were buried among their own poor, having bequeathed (as they had during their lives given) the greater part of their wealth to charitable uses. The count left a large sum of money to the prisoners of Rennes and Dinan, who were principally English soldiers—a bequest which is, as Mrs. Norton truly observes, the more noticeable as the count had in him all the instincts of a warrior, and, when more than seventy years old, “was patriotic enough to insist on marching to oppose the landing of the English on the coast of France in the year 1746.” His wife was Mademoiselle de la Motte-Piquet, “niece of the Chevalier de la Motte-Piquet, who so greatly distinguished himself in the American war.” Having added that the count was as handsome and accomplished as his wife, and that both were fond of open-air sports, we may proceed to the poem.

The “Prologue,” about “ruins,” and the interjected “Threnody,” about “memory,” are, beyond question, as impertinent to the main design as they are faulty in a poetic point of view. The “Threnody,” it is true, contains some really beautiful and powerful writing; but the authoress is signally wanting in lyric freedom and power of modulation, and succeeds much the best when she is fettered by an unchanging rhythm, as in the body of the work. Every reader with a true ear will say the same thing; and, fortunately, all the faults we have to mention lie on the surface, and fall obviously under critical canons. We cannot, for instance, feel the slightest hesitation in saying that the whole of the moralising about Adam and Eve, and tainted pleasures, on pages 39 and 40, is a blunder, and should be turned out in the next edition. The same remark applies to the moralising on pages 44 and 45; and on the latter page we may observe that the “child-soul” in the fifteenth line is, doubtless, a misprint for “child-seer”—the reference being to Samuel. On page 42, the expression “wealth of curls” is a downright album common-place. On page 49, the reflections interposed between the fall of the lady and the efforts of her husband to save her are mere “padding” in the wrong place. Once again, the “moralising” which begins at the bottom of page 92 and ends on page 96 is, with the exception of two or three fine couplets, a tedious interruption. In general, the poem wants fusion. The versification is frequently prosaic. The Alexandrine on page 49 (line six) is only shirking a point in the tale that requires immense elaboration for effective telling. The simile of the “wild ape” in the last line but one is very unlucky. And that is all we care to say in the way of literary criticism. It is quite within the power of a woman of Mrs. Norton’s gifts to stultify it in a second edition.

“The Lady of La Garaye” is in four parts. In the first part we have the happiness of the young couple sketched for us, and are told how the lady will, out of mere love and high spirits, go a-hunting with her lord. One day she has a fall, in which her horse is killed; and she is

borne back to the castle the wreck of a woman, with her husband, who had been unable to help her, moving, crushed in heart, beside the litter on which she was borne home.

In the second part we learn *what* a wreck the poor girl had become. She was much worse than crippled. A cherished invalid she might be as long as she lived—a wife never again. And her beauty was irrevocably gone:—

"Are those her eyes, those eyes so full of pain?  
Her restless looks that hunt for ease in vain?  
Is that her step, that halt, uneven tread?  
Is that her blooming cheek, so pale and dead?  
Is that—the querulous anxious mind that tells  
Her little ills, and on each ailment dwells—  
The spirit alert which early morning stirred  
Even as it rouses every gladsome bird,  
Whose chorus of irregular music goes  
Up with the dew that leaves the sun-touched  
rose?"

"Oh! altered, altered; even the smile is gone,  
Which, like a sunbeam, once exulting shone!  
Smiles have returned; but not the smiles of yore;  
The joy, the youth, the triumph, are no more.  
An anxious smile remains, that disconnects  
Smiling from gladness."

Then came the terrible question, Will my husband's love remain to me? *Can* it so remain in the very nature of things? In vain Claud assured the ill-starred woman of the fidelity of his heart: she could not rise to the height of his trust in himself, in goodness, and in God, who inspires the good. The words of his reply to her doubts are beautiful enough to deserve quoting:—

"Oh! thou mistaken and unhappy child,  
Still thy complainings, for thy words are wild.  
Thy beauty, though so perfect, was but one  
Of the bright ripples dancing to the sun,  
Which, from the hour I hoped to call thee wife,  
Glanced down the silver stream of happy life.  
Whatever change Time's heavy clouds may make,  
Those are the waters which my thirst shall slake;  
River of all my hopes thou wert and art:  
The current of thy being bears my heart;  
Whether it sweep along in shine or shade,  
By barren rocks, or banks in flowers arrayed,  
Foam with the storm, or glide in soft repose—  
In that deep channel, love unswerving flows!  
How canst thou dream of beauty as a thing  
On which depends the heart's own withering?  
Lips budding red with tints of vernal years,  
And delicate lids of eyes that shed no tears,  
And light that falls upon the shining hair  
As though it found a second sunbeam there—  
These must go by, my Gertrude—must go by;  
The leaf must wither and the flower must die;  
The rose can only have a rose's bloom;  
Age would have wrought thy wondrous beauty's  
doom;

A little sooner did that beauty go—  
A little sooner—Darling, take it so;  
Nor add a strange despair to all this woe;  
And take my faith, by changes unremoved,  
To thy last hour of age and blight, beloved!"

At last, Gertrude confesses that she has sinned in wishing to die, and the cloud over her soul is lifted for a time. In the third part, however, we find it has returned:—

"A spell is on the efforts each would make,  
With willing spirit, for the other's sake;  
Through some new path of thought he fain would move—  
And she her languid hours would fain employ—  
But bitter grows the sweetness of their love—  
And a lament lies under all their joy."

In the fourth part the husband brings a noble Benedictine Prior to preach comfort and peace to the sufferer. and both the men ply her with the trite and illogical argument that there are worse sufferings in the world than hers. This "vacant chaff, well meant for grain" (see "In Memoriam," Sec. VI.), is not only successful in soothing the lady's mind, but she and her husband determine to devote themselves to the service of the suffering for the rest of their lives. Accordingly, they turn the castle into an hospital, and become, side by side, the ministering angels of the wretched:—

"Not in a day such happy change was brought:  
Not in a day the works of mercy wrought:  
But in God's gradual time. As Winter's chain  
Melts from the earth and leaves it green again:  
As the fresh bud a crimsoning beauty shows  
From the black briars of a last year's rose:  
So the full season of her love matures,  
And her one illness breeds a thousand cures."

And Claud, her eager Claud, with fervent heart,  
Earnest in all things, nobly does his part."

And the poem closes, as to its essential part (there are some concluding couplets to the memory of Lord Herbert of Lea), with the following stanzas:—

"Still thrives the noble Hospital that gave  
Shelter to those whom none from pain could save;  
Still to the Schools the ancient chiming clock  
Calls the poor yearnings of a simple flock:  
Still the calm Refuge for the fallen and lost  
(Whom love a blight and not a blessing cross'd)  
Sends out a voice to woo the grieving breast—  
Come unto me, ye weary, and find rest!  
And still the gentle Nurses—vowed to give  
Their aid to all who suffer and yet live—  
Go forth in snow-white cap and sable gown,  
Tending the sick and hungry in the town,  
And show dim pictures on their quiet walls  
Of those who dwell in Garaye's ruined halls!"

We think a large tribute of gratitude is due to the writer who upholds in such a story, retold in poetic form, the highest ideal of love between a man and woman. True, Mrs. Norton has not discerned the real unity of life, or she would not have spoken of "the gross" and "earthly," as she has done in page 105; and she has not made love carry on its work in the hearts of the husband and wife as it *could* have done. We cannot help wishing that monk away—not because he was a monk, but because he was an interloper. Love ought to have found out, for itself, what it wanted, and set about its works of mercy without clerical prompting. But the story, as it stands, is so beautiful that we may well congratulate the poetess who has been the first to tell it to English readers, and may all the more earnestly urge upon her such elaboration as her work seems to us to require. We have read "The Lady of La Garaye" with the keenest and most respectful sympathy for the authoress, and should not have ventured on the little criticisms which have escaped us if we had not thought some additional pains might make the poem certain to live, and as worthy of the name of CAROLINE NORTON in one sphere of literature as "Stuart of Dunleath" is in another.

## THE FASHIONS.

THE numerous evening parties which now succeed each other cause an increase of business in all trades connected with fashionable toilets; and, as we have seen several very tasty and elegant EVENING DRESSES at a fashionable *maison de modes*, we will attempt a description of a few of them. The materials generally used for evening dresses are tulle, *crêpe*, and *tarlatane*, many of the latter being manufactured with gold or silver spangles; plain glacé silks are also in great favour.

A very pretty maize coloured dress in glacé silk was ornamented on the skirt with blonde quillings, put on in diamonds, the centre of the diamonds being finished off with a small silk rosette. Quillings and ruches trimmed the body, and the sleeves consisted of one large puff confined at the bottom by a band covered with a silk ruche.

Another pretty evening dress was composed of white *tarlatane*, made with two skirts, and trimmed with white lace and cerise ribbon, the upper skirt being cut to form a tunic. Three rows of lace were placed on the bottom, and two rows on the upper skirt, each row of lace being headed with a cerise ruche. The body was cut sufficiently low and pointed in front to admit of a little stomacher being worn, and was trimmed with lace and cerise ruches to correspond with the skirt. A broad sash, fastened on the left side, was worn with this dress.

Another pretty evening dress was made of blue satin, covered with a blue tulle skirt, trimmed with blue silk ruchings, and looped up with bunches of apple-blossom; and another, of pink satin, was trimmed with white pleated tulle laid over pink ribbon.

We will conclude our remarks on evening toilets by noticing one more, destined for a Parisian lady of distinction, and the effect of which was most pleasing. The dress was made of blue and silver brocaded satin, with a short train behind, and was ornamented in front with a *tablier* of white satin. The front of the body had also a piece of white satin let in in a pointed form, and was trimmed with white satin ruches laid over white blonde. The dress was accompanied by a coiffure of blonde mixed with black velvet and silver ornaments.

We have lately seen, in the course of preparation for a wedding, some very pretty and stylish costumes. The bride's dress was composed of white satin, trimmed on the skirt with one deep lace flounce. The satin skirt was gored, and was made exceedingly long behind, to form a demi-train. The body was high behind, and cut square in front, trimmed round the square with satin ruching. The sleeve was very wide and open, trimmed with lace to match that on the skirt; and the entire dress was, of course, further enriched by orange-blossoms and jasmine, arranged on the skirt in one long garland. The wreath was made very high in front, the veil being fastened by sprays of flowers crossed on the top of the head.

Eight bridesmaids' dresses were prepared for this occasion, all of them being made of white

glacé silk—four trimmed with blue, and four with cerise. The skirts of these dresses were trimmed with ruches put on in diamonds, and the bodies were made plain, with demi-open sleeves, also ornamented with ruches. White French merino Colleen Bawn mantles, bound with coloured silk appropriate to the dress, and white drawn silk bonnets, with tulle fronts, and trimmed with coloured flowers, were the accompaniments to these pretty toilets.

Amongst the numerous dresses that were to be worn on the same occasion we must mention a very pretty one in pale mauve glacé silk, trimmed with narrow flounces and black lace. The black lace was arranged to imitate a tunic, and was surmounted by three very narrow pleated flounces of mauve silk. The body was made with *revers*, with a *gigot* sleeve, elaborately trimmed with ruching and lace.

Another dress was of pale green glacé silk, made with one deep flounce, headed by two frills, put on in festoons. The body was cut square, for a full muslin and lace chemisette, and the sleeve was open and slashed to the elbow.

A very charming costume, introducing the *veste Russe*, was of blue glacé silk, the skirt being trimmed down the seams with ruchings of blue silk. With this skirt was worn a white silk *veste Russe*, ornamented on each side with a design in blue velvet, and over this a Zouave jacket, made of the same silk as the skirt.

THE MEXICAN CEINTURES appear to be now, with many persons, an indispensable article of dress. They are made in a variety of ways, and are trimmed in so many different styles, that it would be impossible to describe all we have seen. The ceintures are all made with pointed bands round the waist, and have two ends falling down the skirt on each side of the point. Small trimmed pockets are generally inserted in the ends, or a trimming to imitate them is substituted.

We have noticed these sashes in plain silk, with cross-bars of velvet, fastened by beads, as an ornament for the bottom. Others have an end of embroidered net, and others are merely trimmed with ruches; but the pointed band is invariably ornamented to correspond with the two ends.

OF FICHUS, and black and white net ZOUAVES JACKETS, for evening wear, we can only say that they are as much worn as ever, as are also velvet jackets, embroidered in steel or black.

BALL CLOAKS are now being made of exceedingly rich and handsome materials, and are no longer intended simply as an article to be merely thrown down in any corner of the room, but really form part of the evening toilet, and are made to correspond with the dress. We have seen some in white silk, bordered with ermine, and some trimmed with black and gold bands, and others spotted with gold.

To those of our readers who are industriously inclined, we may mention that COLLEEN BAWN MANTLES, in crochet, have lately appeared. These are composed of the simple treble stitch, *worked in threes*, and have a pretty effect

crocheted in bright scarlet wool, with a black border. We have also seen them in white, with bright-coloured borders; but these are not nearly so effective.

Bright colours are now being very much worn for under-garments, in the shape of LADIES' KNICKERBOCKERS, FLANNEL PETTICOATS, and PETTICOAT BODIES, all of which articles are composed of the most brilliant scarlet flannel.

The knickerbockers are admirably adapted for the cold weather, as they are confined just below the knees by a piece of elastic run in the hem, and, consequently, are an extremely comfortable and warm article of clothing. Those of our readers who are fond of gardening, and *standing about* in the open air, will find these most judicious things to wear.

The scarlet flannel petticoats which we have just mentioned are usually scalloped at the bottom with white wool or white purse-silk. The silk has the prettiest effect before being washed, but the wool is the most durable, as it does not discolour in the process of the laundry.

Talking of under-linen, we must not forget the pretty white petticoats that will be so much worn during the coming summer, and which should now be prepared in readiness for the warm weather. They are trimmed with frills at the bottom, which, when gaufréd, have an exceedingly neat and natty appearance, and may be headed by an insertion, or may be made quite plain. The material of which the petticoat should be made may be of cambric, fine long-cloth, cambric muslin, or jaconet, and the width of the frills three or four inches, two frills being quite sufficient for one garment. Messrs. Cash and Co.'s Coventry Cambric Frilling, which requires no hemming or whipping, we can recommend for this purpose, as they manufacture it expressly for trimming petticoats.

A nice little novelty has appeared in the way of NIGHTCAPS for ladies, very coquettish and dainty in their appearance. They are made with a round crown, whipped on to a piece of insertion and frilling, and are *not tied under the chin*, but somewhat resemble the shape of a net. The caps are usually made of spotted or figured muslin, and trimmed with work or frilling. A piece of elastic is sometimes put in to draw it to the required size, or a piece of ribbon may be used instead of elastic. We hope soon to give our readers a pattern of one of these nice little caps, so suitable for summer wear.

The velvet TURBAN HATS that are being worn by little boys are extremely stylish, trimmed with bright-coloured ostrich feathers. Little girls' hats are also composed of black velvet; but these are made pointed behind, with a high turned-up brim in front.

We noticed a little boy, the other day, so prettily attired, that we must, before concluding, tell our readers what this little fellow had on. His dress was of very rich black velvet, ornamented at the bottom with a row of Maltese lace, turned up and tacked like a tucker, with rich steel buttons down the front. A velvet palette, without trimming, and a velvet hat, the brim ornamented with white Maltese lace, with a tuft of scarlet ostrich feathers—accompanied

the dress; and bright scarlet stockings, patent leather boots, and tiny kid gloves, completed this elegant child's costume.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

##### DRESSING-GOWN OR MORNING WRAPPER.

—This *robe de chambre*, à la Louis XV., may be composed of poplin, llama, French merino, or mousseline-de-laune, and is made in the new colour called *Orphelian*, derived from Orpheus. This shade of red is extremely brilliant, and would be exceedingly becoming to a brunette. The shape of the dressing-gown is now very fashionable. It is made loose behind, and drawn in to the waist in front by means of a girdle or sash, fastened to the seams on each side, under the arms. The neck-piece is perfectly plain, and is cut in one piece; this is ornamented with braiding like that on the skirt. The back of the garment is pleated in three large pleats, fastened in to the neck-piece; these flow and hang in a very graceful manner, and are not confined at the waist at all. The front is slightly tulle in to the neck-piece by means of very tiny pleats, and the sleeve is of a simple bell shape, slashed to the elbow. The skirt is also slashed on each side, to allow the embroidered petticoat to be seen; and the dressing-gown is ornamented round the bottom with narrow black braid, run on to form a pretty design. The coiffure consists of a silk net, made with a roll in front and bow behind. The full-sized paper pattern of this dressing-gown, tacked together and trimmed, may be had by inclosing 42 stamps to Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C.

**WALKING TOILET.**—The *pardessus* is composed of black corded silk, trimmed with narrow velvet, gimp, and silk fringe, and is a very suitable garment for wearing between the seasons. It is made with a pointed pelerine, into which the mantle is pleated behind, underneath the fringe. The sleeve is rather large, and trimmed at the bottom with gimp and fringe, put on in points, to imitate a turned-back cuff. The pockets are of a pointed shape at the bottom, and are trimmed to correspond with the rest of the *pardessus*. A gimp trimming ornaments each side of the garment down the front, whilst round the bottom both gimp and fringe are used for trimming. The dress is of green glacé silk, made with a flounce at the bottom of the skirt, headed with ruches of brown silk in squares. The bonnet is of white terry velvet, made with a *voilette* of lace; a bandeau, composed of two mauve feathers, fastened in the centre with a gold ornament, completes the inside trimming of the bonnet. The full-sized paper pattern of the black silk *pardessus* illustrated in this figure may be had by inclosing 42 stamps to Madame Adolphe Goubaud.

#### ROUND BEAD WATCH-HOOK IN RAISED LEAVES.

*Materials required for one pair of Watch-Hooks are*—A piece of Penelope canvas, No. 38, 7 inches by 11 inches; 2 oz. of large-sized chalk beads; 1 oz. of alabaster ditto;  $\frac{1}{2}$  bunch of gold beads, No. 8;  $\frac{1}{2}$  bunch of steel beads, the same



size; 3 skeins each of two pretty shades of single green Berlin wool;  $\frac{1}{2}$  sheet of white wadding; 1 pair of watch-hooks.

The object we have selected for our coloured illustration this month consists of a perfectly novel style of watch-hook in bead work, which is composed of eight raised points, forming a star. The raised appearance is given by means of folded pieces of wadding, laid on the canvass before the beads are threaded; and the hook from which the watch is suspended is placed quite in the centre of the star.

To work one of the hangers, proceed in the following manner:—Lay the canvass over our illustration, and, with a pen and ink, mark the centre circle, and from this circle eight radiating lines, which should be again connected by points; and mark also the outer circle, to show the size the article is to be. Eight points are now traced on the canvass, and the spaces between the points should be filled in with the two shades of Berlin wool, using the lighter shade for the outside edge. A piece of stiff writing-paper, cut to the shape of the star, should now be tacked on the canvass, and a small roll of wadding placed on each point. *The wadding must be very tightly rolled, and should feel quite hard, before the beads are laid over.* To keep these pieces of wadding in their proper place they should be tacked down at each point. Care must be taken to have the same quantity of wadding for each leaf, so that they are all of the same height and thickness. In threading the beads, commence with 1 chalk, which forms the extreme point; then thread 6 more rows of chalk, increasing 2 beads in every row. 7th row.—Thread 6 chalk, 1 alabaster, 6 chalk. 8th row.—6 chalk, 3 alabaster, 6 chalk. 9th row.—5 chalk, 2 alabaster, 1 gold, 2 alabaster, 5 chalk. 10th row.—4 chalk, 2 alabaster, 3 gold, 2 alabaster, 4 chalk. 11th row.—3 chalk, 2 alabaster, 2 gold, 1 steel, 2 gold, 2 alabaster, 3 chalk. 12th row.—2 chalk, 1 alabaster, 2 gold, 3 steel, 2 gold, 1 alabaster, 2 chalk. 13th row.—1 chalk, 1 alabaster, 2 gold, 5 steel, 2 gold, 1 alabaster, 1 chalk. 14th row.—1 alabaster, 2 gold, 6 steel, 2 gold, 1 alabaster. 15th row.—1 gold, 7 steel, 2 gold.

Each of these rows is arranged over the raised pieces of wadding, and the needle drawn through on the wrong side. When the eight points are completed in the same manner, a watch-hook should be firmly sewn on in the centre, and the canvass stretched over a round piece of cardboard, which should be lined with silk. The edge should be finished off with a tiny silk cord, or a very narrow fancy gimp—a piece of which should be left at the top, to hang it up. To save time and trouble, a piece of bright-coloured velvet or French merino might be used instead of grounding the canvass—arranging the bead star in the same manner. Should the colour we have selected for the grounding not harmonise nicely with the bed furniture from which the watch-hook is to be suspended, it may be altered to any other bright shade the worker may fancy. The price of materials for one pair of hangers is 2s., exclusive of postage, which may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Gough-street, Tottenham-court-road.

## A WEDDING TROUSSEAU.

WE have been repeatedly asked to describe, at one time, what house-linen, at another what under-linen, would be considered sufficient for the wedding trousseaux of brides in the middle-class of society; that is to say, of those who may soon have command of incomes ranging from 400*l.* to 600*l.* a-year. For such ladies we now present, if we may use the term, a complete "bridal outfit."

**UNDER-LINEN.**—6 flannel waistcoats (if these be worn); 6 pairs of flannel drawers (if these be worn); 12 chemises; 12 pairs of drawers; 12 pairs of cotton stockings; 6 pairs of silk ditto; 6 pairs of winter ditto; 4 pairs of stays; 4 flannel petticoats for summer wear; 4 ditto for winter wear; 4 warm twill petticoats for wearing under crinolines; 3 crinolines; 3 simply-tucked petticoats; 3 with tucks and insertion; 2 with frills one-eighth of a yard deep; 2 handsome ditto with work and insertion; 4 muslin petticoats for summer dresses; 1 winter petticoat; 1 under ditto; 6 jacket bodies, trimmed with simple work; 6 ditto, trimmed with insertion and work; 12 nightdresses, variously trimmed; 12 night-caps—6 simply trimmed, and 6 richly trimmed.

**ACCESSORIES.**—1 dozen pocket-handkerchiefs, plain; 1 dozen ditto, hem-stitched; 1 dozen ditto, trimmed or embroidered; 1 bridal ditto; 12 plain linen sets of morning collars and cuffs; 12 sets of fancy ditto, lace and muslin; 1 black lace fichu or pelerine; 1 white lace ditto, ditto; 2 veils.

**DRESSES, MANTLES, &c.**—Bridal dress; 4 silk dresses, including a black one; 1 moire antique; 2 warm winter dresses; 2 fancy material ditto; 4 summer morning dresses; 4 muslin ditto; evening dresses according to requirement; 1 flannel dressing-gown; 1 breakfast dress; 2 combing jackets; 2 Zouave jackets and vestes, or chemisettes; headdresses, if required; 1 Paisley shawl; 1 black lace ditto; 1 thick travelling shawl; 1 ditto, ditto, rug; silk mantles, cloth ditto, shawls, &c., for outdoor wear; 2 sets of fur; 1 umbrella; 2 parasols; 1 pair of goloshes; boots, various; shoes, ditto; slippers, 2 pairs; evening boots and shoes, if required; 12 pairs of gloves.

**HOUSE-LINEN.**—6 pairs of best sheets; 6 pairs of medium ditto; 2 pairs of fine ditto, with pin-stitched tops; 4 pairs of servants' sheets; 12 bolster-cases; 6 pairs of trimmed pillow-cases; 12 pairs of good linen ditto; 6 pairs of servants' pillow-cases; 6 dozen chamber towels; 1 dozen Turkish ditto; 2 dozen servants' ditto; 18 toilet covers; 8 full-sized dinner table-cloths; 8 smaller ditto, for breakfast; 6 ditto, for kitchen use; 4 side-board-cloths; 6 tray-cloths; 24 full-sized table napkins; 12 breakfast ditto; 12 fringed d'oyleys; 6 fish napkins; 12 glass-cloths; 12 tea-cloths; 24 dusters—6 for drawing-room use; 1 dozen rough brown kitchen cloths; 8 round towels; 12 knife-cloths.

Patterns of the newest and most fashionable under-linen, including chemise, drawers, petticoat band, petticoat body, night-dress, and night-cap, may be had for 7*s.* the set of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C.

## NEW AND FASHIONABLE MUSIC OF THE MONTH.

## NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.

We suppose it is necessary for the supply of some unaccountable demand that music publishers print the host of pieces which we see advertised in the journals, and some of which come to our hands. But we must acknowledge that, if those which we receive are fair specimens of their class, then we have every reason to be grateful that no greater number arrive at the office of the ENGLISHWOMAN. It was our original notion to give our readers some idea of the general character of the New Music published from month to month, and, by carefully considering the merit of the various "sheets," point out those pieces which might be acceptable, either as Songs, Operatic or Dance Music, or Pianoforte pieces. It is not a pleasant thing for writer or reader that it must be declared that, out of thirty pieces of music we have gone over, we cannot find it in our heart to give any kind of praise except to the following. To the others we shall not afford the prominence of print. We only trust that publishers have something better in store which does not reach us; for all the finery of a frontispiece cannot carry off the intense dullness, the utter want of originality, and the inartistic effects of the greater part of the music we have tried and found wanting.

*The Moon has Raised the Lamp Above.* Duet. —The "Colleen Bawn," under the title of the "Lily of Killarney," has arrived at the dignity of Opera; and we have no wish to withhold praise from M. Benedict, its composer. The duet here named is sung by Messrs Santley and Haigh, and, although scarcely Hibernian in style, must be admitted to possess a certain charm of its own. An encore of this duet usually rewards the singers.

*It is a Charming Girl I Love.* 2s. 6d. —Mr. Harrison sings this song in the "Lily of Killarney," and with all the characteristics of his peculiar style. The Irish tone is here more audible, and the public proclaims its appreciation by encoring Myles.

*I'm Alone.* Ballad. 2s. 6d. —There is no doubt about the excellence of this charming composition. That it will please every company where it is sung is certain. True, it may be thought by some more appropriate for the stage than for the *salon*, but its melody is so delicate, so fresh, and touched with such a feeling of free nature, that all hearers will be overcome by its beauty, if faithfully and efficiently rendered. This is a song which should be bought and practised by all who can do it justice.

*Eily Mavourneen.* Ballad. 2s. 6d. —The praise we can give to this ballad is not very great. Still, we are bound to confess there is something in it which we like, and which we imagine will rescue it from complete oblivion. It comes, certainly, of a long and distinguished race of ancestors, and therefore does not strike one as endued with a too-oppressive originality.

The above four songs are published by Messrs. Chappell and Co.

*La Prière Exaucée.* 3s. (Oetzmann and Co.) —Thécla Badarzawaka is gaining a fair and deserved fame. Her *Prière d'une Vierge* (2s.), which still maintains an honourable place in many a drawing-room *répertoire*, gave occasion for the production of "*La Prière Humaine*," in which we have a pleasant expression and a happy touch. We are glad to see that it is in its seventh thousand. —*Carolings at Morn* (3s.), by the same composer, possesses some merit, and, if brilliantly rendered, would not be considered altogether unsuccessful.

*Rosalie.* By Madame Oury. 4s. (Metzler and Co.) —The charming air of "*Rosalie*, the Prairie Flower," is admirably adapted for the piano, and makes a showy and effective *morceau de salon*. It has the recommendation of not being too long, and is not difficult to execute.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. F. M. What you want will appear soon. —DEVA. We know no better mode than referring to the columns of the newspapers. —LA BIKNAIKKE. You write a very clear and pretty hand. —FRANCOIS. A thin fancy cloth is the best thing to wear between the seasons. An embroidered French merino shawl is also a very suitable article. —ARANTHA. The fashionable mode of dressing the hair for evening parties is with the broad plait (or a thick plait of three) on each side, and looped at the back round an ornamental comb. This is an exceedingly becoming mode of dressing the hair. Loops of hair dressed in the form of bows are also fashionable. —LAURA AMELIA BROWN. At an iron foundry. —MISS LUCAS. Miss M. S. Hye's address is 12, Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields. —MRS. PATTERSON. Owen's Renewable Stockings may be purchased at Hitchcock and Co.'s, St. Paul's Churchyard. —W. W. W. 1. To restore the colour in black silk, sponge it with gin, and iron immediately. 2. Steep black lace in milk for half-an-hour, and iron between paper. —If A. J. E. is going to work six chairs, for her own sake we would advise her to do them all of a different pattern, for she would get so very tired of working six designs precisely the same. Besides, it is not customary to embroider even two chairs alike for one room. Bouquets or stripes are most fashionable, the latter, perhaps, being the newest, mounted with a rich coloured velvet or cloth on both sides. —ELLEN MARIA (Worcester). We cannot let you have the "*Domestic History*" by itself. —GEORGETTE, MILDRED, and FLORENCE. The handwriting of each is very bad; MILDRED'S is most decidedly better than the others'. —M. A. K. Y. Nothing but sending the table-cloth to a dyer's, and having it *dipped*, would have the effect of restoring the colour. —VIOLET. Rum mixed with a little pomade will be found a very good thing for the growth of the hair, and to make it thick. —MARIAN. 1. Your writing is only middling. 2. Two Zouave jackets have appeared since the commencement of the new series of the ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE. Madame Adolphe Goubaud will forward a full-sized paper pattern for either of these on receipt of 2s. in postage-stamps. —ELLEN. Send up your cheque with a stamp and a letter, and we will exchange it. JULIE. Chalk drawings, being perishable, find no sale. Paintings in water-colours or oil are purchased by G. Rowney and Co., Rathbone-place, and several others.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED. —"A Translation from the German," "Maud Morton," "Black Eyes," "In Memoriam Albertus," "To Absent Friends," "Sonnet by M. S."



**HEARTACHE.** Indeed we do sympathise with your troubles, for we have been more than once victimised in the same way by the cold and priggish nature of our governess on St. Valentine's Day, when that she-dragon, more than figuratively, arrested our hopes and happiness on the very threshold. We did think, one year, that our St. George, as we called her—a fine, handsome, high-mottled girl!—would, on the morning of the fourteenth of February, 1842, have forcibly taken possession of the letter-bag, and given to each of us our due. But, somehow or other, old, wizen-faced Mrs. Clawall cowed our beautiful Fanny, and, whilst she lost her own self-respect, she forfeited our esteem. We no longer regarded her as our champion, and we re-christened her "Heartache." We should not have felt our deprivation so keenly if Mrs. C., with her notions of ultra-propriety, had consigned the billets, one and all, inviolate, to the flames; but we knew she would close the door of her private room, and there, in the meanness of her mean spirit, devour every word that was penned for young and ardent ears. We are very sorry to learn that the race of Clawalls is not yet extinct; may this little *exposé* help to bring about that extinction!

**MAZEPPE AMELIA** wishes to know the meaning of a flirt. After all our research in this matter, we feel tempted to say that a flirt is—a flirt. One of our humorists says that when a man or woman says he or she never flirts, he or she is then flirting. The word is mostly given to a woman, and signifies one who lays herself open to admiration, and is not altogether squeamish upon the point whence the admiration comes. With her, as with the other sex, vanity is at the bottom of the flirt's activities. Flirtation does not, however, imply mischief; and when it is half-recognised, on both sides, in a mixed assembly, it becomes a perfect revel of exuberant spirits, into which immodesty should never creep. The least, and perhaps the most, that can be said of a flirt is, that it is a human butterfly, fluttering from one point of attraction to another, and sipping the sweets of admiration. But perhaps the best definition of flirtation is—Vanity playing at love.

**BESSIE B.**—The brothers Mayhew wrote a pretty little book, full of fun and satire, called "The Greatest Plague of Life," to wit, the domestic servant. But there is a very homely and somewhat Irish mode of explaining the difference between the plague and the plagued (on the score of amiability and domestic virtue) by saying, "There are six of one and half-a-dozen of the other." Thackeray says servants are ever on the alert to hear what their masters and mistresses have, "in confidence," to say about them; but, for his part, he would rather not hear the opinions of the kitchen upon the conduct of the parlour. However, no statistics will ever prove the extent of annoyance which mistresses of English households suffer from their servants, nor *vice versa*. But let us not shirk the truth, that, when our homes are more like little pandemoniums than anything else, it is mostly because we either do not know, or care to learn, how to govern either our dependants or ourselves. We know a dozen ladies, and a few gentlemen, who cannot "abide" the false grammar and unsophisticated manners of a young woman from the country, and, rather than attempt to mould her to their way of thinking, engage a pert town maid who is up to everything but honesty and virtue; then, failing happy service from that source, my lord and lady rail against the

whole institution of domestic servitude. Depend upon it, there is no more certain proof of good housewifery and order at head-quarters than where the servants stay long, if they do not grow fat. Let us not be unmindful of the false education the lower classes receive, in school and out, the facilities now afforded for travelling anywhere, the inducements to emigrate, and we shall understand their independence of locality for settling down; add to these things our own petty tyrannies, caprices, and forgetfulnesses of our common humanity, and we shall account for some of those endless phenomena which disturb domestic bliss. But we are pleased to make a note of the fact that, so far as it is possible under existing circumstances, Mrs. Page, of 57, Great Portland-street, undertakes to provide domestic servants who will suit the requirements of almost any household.

**AUTHORESS.**—We will answer your questions with the greatest pleasure. Firstly, then, authors and authoresses write on every kind of paper, from vellum note to tea-paper, or even the backs of envelopes, and are often perverse enough to write on both sides of a sheet, to the perplexity of the compositors. Secondly, writers think that everything they write is worth publishing—publishers do not think anything of the kind. Nothing in the world is simpler, when once you have written a book, or enough for one, than to ascertain what it is worth—if you can get a critic to read it: there lies the difficulty. We may, with reference to this subject, paraphrase an old dictum, and exclaim, with reference to reading bad manuscript—

—"One had need

Be very much a friend indeed  
To pardon or to bear it."

But, if you are only fourteen years old, and can produce a story at all comparable to your pretty letter, we will be your impartial friend and adviser.

**LORRIS VIZZINI** would feel obliged to us if we could tell her how to reduce herself in size. She is distressed at being "as broad as she is long." No wonder—if that were a fact. But, as it is only a harmless hyperbole, we can afford to laugh at her fright, and, after prescribing for her plenty of horse and walking exercise, drop these gentle words of balm for her delectation—that it is only inside crowded omnibuses that fat ladies need suffer much inconvenience or discomfort, and there ladies seldom venture. Loveliness and obesity are often in close union, and we need go no farther than the boards of the Opera House to prove it. So that the sweet bloom of health pervades your complexion, LORRIS, do not fret at your carrying a little more weight than Venus. Trust to your mind, your eyes, and your manners, to command a welcome for you wherever you may go, and you will be your own true friend. Fat women are generally light and beautiful dancers, and not unfrequently the sweetest of sweet tempers; whilst from amongst them we look for, and find, the most charming singers.

*This day is published, price 3s. 6d.,*

## **BEETON'S BOOK OF BIRDS:**

Showing how to Rear and Manage them in Sickness and in Health.

The Blackbird, Blackcap, Bullfinch, Canary, Chaffinch, Cockatoo, Goldfinch, Goshawk, Great Shrike or Butcher Bird, Greenfinch, Hawfinch, Hawking Birds, Hobby, Jackdaw, Jay, Linnet, Lory, Macaw, Magpie, Merlin, Mocking Bird, Nests and Eggs, Nightingale, Owl, Parakeet, Parrot, Preparing Birds and Stuffed Animals, Raven, Red-breast, Redstart, Skylark, Skink, Starling, Thrush, Titlark, Titmouse, Woodlark, Wren, Yellowhammer. With Six Coloured Illustrations and many Woodcuts.

London: S. O. BEETON, 248, Strand, W.C.







#### CHAPTER XV.

WE left Mrs. Standish, the buxom hostess of "The Waggoner's Rest," with her daughter Madgie, in the stable-yard, watching the strange behaviour of the silent ostler as he stood gaping in wonder through the sack-room door.

Now, in a general way, Jemmy is not accustomed to indulge in the gesticulations by which those with his infirmity are wont to express themselves. Indeed, Jemmy very rarely expresses himself at all. If his mistress forgets to give him his lunch, he never thinks of making signs for it, but stumps straightway to the pantry and helps himself, and the fear of his dirty footmarks across the kitchen keeps her memory in pretty good order concerning the matter. Moreover, it should be mentioned of Jemmy that he is never astonished at anything. The most surprising events may pass under his very eyes, yet he will take no more heed than if he had received private information at his birth of everything that was coming to pass during his lifetime. It was the knowledge of this peculiar trait of his character that made Mrs. Standish exclaim, when she saw him pause at the sack room door—

"What's the matter with the old fool now?"

Jemmy stood where he was for more than a minute, scratching his head and staring before him into the sack room; then he turned and limped up the yard at a rate which struck wonder into all the chickens, and caused them to use their wings as well as their legs in getting out of his way. Stopping close to Mrs. Standish and Madgie, he jerked his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the sack room some seven or eight times in a most mysterious and emphatic manner.

"Oh, goodness gracious, mother! What's the matter with him?" cried Madgie, turning pale.

"Go and fetch your father and cousin directly," said Mrs. Standish; and, grasping Jemmy by the arm, she went sailing down the yard with him. Madgie soon came running back with her father and Kit, and she and her mother let the men go on in advance and take the first look.

"What is it, father? Oh! what is it?" said Madgie, going behind him.

Old Standish let his pipe fall and smash to atoms as he peeped in at the door.

"Why, here's a couple of children dead on the bass!" he exclaimed.

A low, buzzing murmur of horror ran through the group, and they all came crowding round the door.

"God help us, father! what's come on us now?" said Mrs. Standish, catching hold of her husband's arm with both hands, and trembling all over. "Are you sure they're dead?"

"Let's get 'em to the kitchen fire, mother," said Madgie, her pretty face more subdued than Kit had ever seen it before. "Make haste—let's get them into the warm—perhaps they're only asleep or fainted."

At this moment, Jemmy, who, instead of standing looking with the others, had been and fetched the wheelbarrow from round the corner, came up with it, and began to elbow his way between his master and mistress into the sack room, Madgie following him.

This move aroused old Standish from his temporary fit of abstraction. Seizing Jemmy by the collar of his coat, he dragged him back out of the shed, and, barring his daughter's progress by half shutting the door, planted his back against it, and addressed them in the following manner:—

"Wait a bit—wait a bit—hold off all of you, and hear what I've got to say. Look you here—there's two sides to the question about touching them at all. They may be dead, or they may not; but appearantly they are dead. I'd be loth to leave 'em if they wasn't; but there's such a thing as a correnor's inquest; and I've met more than one in my life who has found it turn out awk'ard for them touching dead bodies. Now, how do I know it mayn't turn out awk'ard for me, being found on my premises and all? No, no; I mean to be on the safe side. Leave 'em alone, and I'll go up to Todness for Justice Huffer, and here's Kit to stand witness to our not having laid a finger on 'em."

"I'll be hanged if there is, though!" cried Kit. "A pretty figure for a fellow to cut in a court of justice, standing witness to leaving two children in a place like this without knowing if they're dead or alive! Let's come by!"

Jerking open the crazy door with a force that nearly upset his uncle's balance, Kit stepped lightly over the sacks and rubbish, and kneeled down beside the two little still forms lying on the bass.

The sunshine gushing in at the wide-open door, and meeting that which found its way through the break in the wall, filled the little place with a sudden glare of light, revealing the husks of barley on the floor, and sending the spiders, that were swinging leisurely in mid-air, rushing up invisible ladders, to take refuge in their black waving hammocks suspended from the roof. The only things in the sack-room as yet undisturbed by the light were the children. The shadows of the long grass growing between the road and the shed waved fitfully over the light-coloured matting on which they lay; and, as a background to the strange picture, there appeared, through the break in the wall, a glimpse of the valley, with its silvery, winding river, and vivid spring foliage and pastures, all swimming over with April sunshine.

But Kit did not look towards this, for his whole attention was taken up by the strange travellers. He looked first at the long, straight figure of the one, with the black frock falling scantily about it, and the pale, careworn, but unconscious little face, with the short black hair lying in rings upon the forehead; and then at the fair small head of the other traveller, whose hair was being lifted and played with by the sunshine and breeze together, till it seemed like a maze of golden threads.

He looked at them both, and at their travel-soiled clothes, and a series of curious expressions flitted over his face. He did not say anything, but took hold of the little one's arm, and shook it gently. The child opened a pair of heavy blue eyes, and fixed them wonderingly on the young man's face.

"Christopher," he said, "is it you? I thought it was him twisting my arm round."

"Who, my little man?" inquired the landlord's nephew, kindly.

The boy did not answer, for he was looking at his sister, who lay as calm and unconscious of the glaring daylight and the voices as a graven image. Then, too, he saw the strange faces clustered round the door, and drew back, with a cold fear creeping over him.

"What are they looking at, Christopher?" he cried, trembling from head to foot. "Is she—is Conny—?"

His wild blue eyes supplied that last word of the question which his lips refused to utter. Christopher did not attempt to make any answer, but, sliding a not very steady arm under the girl, raised her up gently. His arm shook still more, and a murmur escaped Mrs. Standish and Madgie as they saw her head droop back and her arms hanging stiffly down.

"Make way," said Kit, hastily, and, raising her in his arms like a babe, he bore her out into the air. 'Duke kept close to him, and the rest followed him up the stable-yard and into the kitchen.

## CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN, on the night before, Constance had taken refuge, with her little charge, in the strange resting-place where Jemmy found them, all fortitude, all hope, had left her heart. She let 'Duke cry himself to sleep without uttering one word of comfort, and, covering him with her shawl, turned away, and sat with her hands clasped in her lap, looking out of the broken wall at the two or three solitary lights twinkling far away down in the valley. She could not sleep, she could not pray, for one spectre was before her eyes that held them open, and one word alone came to her lips, and they repeated it over and over, each time with keener shame and misery—"Beggars! beggars!" That was all she felt; they were beggars; and if little 'Duke had found the journey hard before, what would it be for him now? How would she find a resting-place for him at night?—how keep him from that terrible spectre which fear and hunger already brought near to her—*starvation*? And now, for the first time, her heart yearned, for his sake, towards the old home, and became heavy with doubt as to whether she had done well in taking him from its shelter. Suppose he should die of the journey, as the poor little linnet had! How would life be endurable to her ever after? She lifted her streaming face and clasped hands heavenwards, as if trying to reach again that invisible guiding Hand, which seemed to have let go of her when she most needed its aid. It was two hours before she fell asleep, for the sack-room was not so quiet a resting-place as might be imagined. The water dripping incessantly from the roof, the horses stamping in the adjoining stable, the yard-dog jangling his heavy chain, and the rats galloping on the granary-floor overhead, kept her awake till the reflection of the stars faded in the river, a new light began to kindle it, and the dark valley



shaped itself into fields and meadows. Then she slept, and dreamed she was again in her own little bed behind the picture-screen in the attic at home.

Her eyes had been closed scarcely an hour when she was awakened by the loud cackling of the hens in the stable-yard. Faint with hunger and weariness, she raised herself on her elbow, and gazed around her in bewilderment, perfectly unconscious of where she was. Then, when her eyes fell upon Jemmy's extraordinary face in the doorway, a remembrance of all that had befallen her flashed across her mind, and, uttering a low moan, she fell back senseless on the matting.

When consciousness again returned, it seemed to the child that she was in another world. The first thing she became aware of, on opening her eyes, was a glare of yellow crocuses. She was lying on the great linen-press, under the open window of the kitchen; and it seemed to be the fresh breeze blowing on her face that was bringing her slowly and tranquilly back to life. She heard many voices laughing and talking without, but none inside the kitchen; therefore she ventured to turn and examine this new haven of rest, whither she had been drifted as if by magic.

It was a long, low room, with a window at the far end looking out into the stable-yard. A portrait of Humphrey Standish, in a salmon-coloured waistcoat with a rose in the button-hole, graced the mantelpiece, and round it was ranged the brightest and least used of Mrs. Standish's tin-ware. Two fine hams and a string of onions were suspended from the beam crossing the ceiling. A smoky oil-painting of "The Prodigal's Return" filled up the space between the well-stored dresser and the door opening into the little red-bricked passage before mentioned.

At first, Constance had imagined herself to be alone; but she was mistaken, for, ere long, she became aware of a pair of round black eyes being fixed upon her. These belonged to a little maid sitting on the end of the flat fender, engaged in peeling potatoes and watching the sleeping stranger left in her care.

The girls stared at one another silently for a minute; then the little maid rose, put down her measure of potatoes, and went out at the door. Constance knew at once that she had gone to fetch some one, and lay trembling at the thoughts of being questioned whilst her mind was so weak and wandering.

The voices outside the house became noisier and more riotous every instant, and Constance, impelled by a childish curiosity, endeavoured to raise herself up to a sitting posture, that she might see what was going on. She did so with difficulty, and, leaning her head at the side of the window, looked over the yellow crocuses.

There was over her that dreamy half-consciousness in which we can see or hear all things without surprise. She looked out upon the busy village picture, surrounded by country more beautiful than she had ever seen in the whole course of her dreary little life, and a vague wonder and delight lit up her dark eyes. Somehow, it did not strike her as anything remarkable to see 'Duke standing amongst the other children under the chesnuts—no more remarkable than that she should be lying in that clean, homely old kitchen.

At the moment she looked out from the window, Mrs. Standish was once more trying to prevail upon Jemmy to go for the ladder, and presently Constance heard his hobnailed boots grinding the bricks of the passage on his way to the stable-yard, and then again on his way back.

The appearance of Jemmy and the ladder was hailed by vociferous cheering from under the chesnuts, for the delay caused by the strange travellers in the exhibition of the sign-board had occasioned considerable impatience. Jemmy carried the ladder

and set it against the iron suspender with a face as perfectly solemn and unmoved as if he were merely setting it by the trap-door of the hay-loft, and going up for his usual afternoon nap.

Expectation had now reached its height. All round the chesnuts for a moment reigned a silence as complete as if the birds were at roost there. The carpenter in his workshop looked up with his knee on the plank, and his saw half way through; and three lumbering, high-piled waggons stood still in single file on the road, darkening the scene. Even old Standish looked up from his slate as his nephew advanced towards the ladder with the wonderful sign-board, and Mrs. Standish and Madgie were too much engrossed to take heed of the little maid who had come out to them with tidings of the stranger in the kitchen.

The only one creature present who seemed to think the ordinary business of life of more importance than the new sign-board was Jemmy. He was filling the long horse-trough in front of the house, and kept going backwards and forwards with his pails of water with that air of total unconcern which Mrs. Standish maintained was neither more nor less than his way of showing impudence and disrespect—carelessness regarding the doings of his betters.

Now, though the landlord's nephew went towards the ladder with a careless step and one hand in his jacket-pocket, and his mouth pursed to a whistle of unconcern, in reality his ears were tingling in anticipation of the flattering comments about to be lavished on his picture. He had spent too many hours over it up in his aunt's empty garret—had allowed himself to indulge in too many extravagant dreams about it—to really feel the unconcern he assumed. Unfortunately, though this kind of behaviour had the desired effect of raising him in Madgie's estimation—inasmuch as it showed him to be above the opinion of the vulgar crowd—for precisely the same reason it turned the feeling of that vulgar crowd, whose fiat he really anxiously awaited, against him.

When, therefore, the sign was slung on to the iron bar and exposed to public view, it did not cause such a burst of admiration as Kit was prepared for. The subject he had chosen was an affable, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed waggoner, in his smock and grey-ribbed stockings, taking his rest at sunset. In one hand he held his long whip, and in the other a pot of frothy ale raised half-way to his mouth. His first appearance was greeted by a dead silence, broken only by the creaking of the chesnut branches as their several occupants tried to get a better view. Then followed a general suppressed tittering, and presently a fire of criticism, remarkable neither for sense nor delicacy to the artist's feelings, was aimed at it. This last proceeded mainly from the boys up in the branches, and each remark was followed by a roar from the elders below, and suppressed titters and "Hushes" from the women.

"Hollo, Gaffar! what part o' the country coom ye from where the roads be so clean folk can keep the Sunday shine on their work-a-day boots?"

At this remark Mrs. Standish looked round as if trying to single out the offender; then came out into the road and stood under the sign-board, looking up at it with a critical eye, shaded by a large, fat hand.

"Kit," said she, after looking at it for some time, "it's real beautiful, and there isn't a fault in it, that I do say; but still, if I was you, I think I'd make a little alteration in them boots. It's best to please everybody if you can."

Kit went on whistling. He would have been very glad to get away, leaving

"Gaffar" to his fate, but that, he feared, might make them think he was cut up; so he stood still on the ladder, looking sternly at his picture, as if making his first examination of it since its completion, and as if there were no such things as chesnuts in Iversham.

"Look at his purty fingers how they holds the pot; why, he oughter bin borned a juke, he ought!" cried a ragged, black-eyed little urchin, too high up in the tree to be in fear of his mother's chiding hand.

"I say!" shouted another, "why, you've forgot to paint his manners in, aint you? Look, he's a-goin' to drink without wishin' the leedies' health, the grinnin' pink dandy!"

"Christopher," said Mrs. Standish, in the same mild, suggestive tone she had used when speaking about the boots, "you know how took your uncle and I was with the face; there never was one like it, and never will be, for it's life itself. But don't you think there's a something in what they say? If I was you—that is, if please Providence I'd bin giv' the talent—I think I'd have a slip o' paper with something perlite wrote on it about drinkin' 'ealths a-comin' out of his mouth, like you see in the pictures they sticks about Todness at 'lection times. If you was only to do that, I'm sure no one can't find nothing else amiss in it."

Christopher was getting very angry with his aunt and very scornful towards everybody, yet he stood still on the ladder, as calm outwardly as Jemmy himself.

"Manners! Go on!" was the next salutation from the chesnuts. "Aint he a-liftn' his yaller cap off his 'ead?"

"Why, yer fool, that's the sun!" screamed one who liked to see Art done justice by.

Again Kit heard his aunt's voice under the ladder.

"Christopher, it's the only fault the thing's got, and mind, I don't say as it's a fault at all; but now I come to look at it in the light, I think the sun is rayther too nigh his head. If I was you, I'd put it a little further off, as it only seems to want that to please everybody."

Poor Christopher! Was this, he asked himself, the setting sun that he had so laboured over, and that had called forth such enthusiasm in the garret from the favoured few who had been allowed to see it there? And did they all, like his aunt, see its beauty fade before the light?

At that instant, as his eyes roved restlessly, they lighted upon a pale, melancholy little face, leaning upon a hand at the window in the golden tinge of the crocuses. The earnest wonder, almost reverence, with which it gazed at him and his picture, made him relax the angry compression of his lips, and smile, as he said to himself—

"What! the Poplar like it, of all people in the world!"

The "Poplar," as poor Constance had been nicknamed at Lymp-ton for her tall, lithe figure, had remained long watching from that window without turning her eyes towards Kit or his picture. Indeed, she hardly understood that there was an artist or picture in the case, but was simply letting her heart bask for a time in sunshine that she felt was never meant for her—the sunshine of a life too strange, too pleasant, to be anything but a dream. She almost felt, indeed, that it was a dream. 'Duke laughing and happy there amongst the children; these beautiful flowers, which seemed to shine upon her and comfort her like the sun; the fair spreading valley, of which she only caught delicious glimpses under and

between the great waggons; the vivid blue of the April sky—yes, a dream surely it all must be. But presently, as she gazed up at the dazzling white clouds flitting like angels' robes over the blue, there appeared between her eyes and that sky a face the sight of which made the child's heart leap within her. Her eyes kindled, not with the slow recognition of a once-familiar face almost forgotten, but with the wonder and joy of meeting suddenly, in the flesh and the life, a face which, in the space of a moment, when she lay as in the valley of the shadow of death, when those flames leapt around her, and that fiery sword hung over her, had been photographed on her heart for ever. And long she sat there gazing up at him with that look which made Christopher smile, and praying that, if all were, indeed, a dream, she might never awaken to find it so.

Alas, poor little Poplar! Even while she gazed, the sky darkened over with a fit of April passion, great rain-drops fell thick and fast, the waggoners cracked their whips and the waggons lumbered on, leaving the valley with its lustre all dimmed, open to the view. Women threw their skirts over their heads, and rushed to their several homes with the young children; the boys dropped out of the branches, shaking down showers of bursting buds; the carpenter went on sawing his plank; Jemmy hobbled to the stables with a sack over his shoulders; and Humphrey Standish, his wife, and Madgie, and Christopher, holding 'Duke by the hand, entered the kitchen of "The Waggoner's Rest."

## CHAPTER XVII.

Now it is certain that Christopher, from what he had heard at Lympton, and gleaned that morning from 'Duke, knew enough of the "Poplar's" story to be well aware how acceptable would be a few words from his lips in explanation of their strange position. But he either was too much engrossed by his own disappointment about his picture, or took a malicious enjoyment in the "Poplar's" embarrassment, and in seeing how many lies she would tell in extricating herself, for he did not speak a word in her behalf. Seating himself by the far window, and taking out his pocket-knife, he began hollowing out a little block of wood to make a boat for 'Duke, who stood leaning on his knee. He looked up, however, and listened with some curiosity as his uncle and aunt and Madgie approached the oaken press. He saw the long, thin figure slide down from it and stand before them, quivering like the tree whose name he had given her, when it hears the north wind rising in the distance.

"Sit down, lass—sit down," said Mrs. Standish, laying her hand on her shoulder, and gently forcing her back on the edge of the press. "You don't look as if your legs 'ud bear you yet."

It was the first kind word, the first kind touch, the poor child had known for many a long day, and it brought the image of her mother floating before her eyes. She sat still a minute or more, looking down, and plaiting and unplaiting her thin, brown fingers, then, turning her face over her shoulder, burst into tears. 'Duke turned round and gazed at her in amazement; Christopher looked down and worked industriously at his boat. The three judges by the linen-press exchanged meaning glances. To them it was evident her tears were a silent confession of some wrongdoing having brought her and her little brother into this strange position.

"Come now, missy, don't cry," said Mrs. Standish, trying to speak severely, in

order to prevent her husband doing so — “don't cry, but speak out and tell us how you come to be strayin' away from your home like this. Don't you think it's a very dreadful thing? and your poor little brother so delicate too, bless him! Come, tell us all about it—where you come from, and where you *was* going.”

The way in which Mrs. Standish emphasised the *was* frightened Constance, as it seemed to signify that her previous intentions, whatever they might have been, must now decidedly be given up. But that which puzzled her most in Mrs. Standish's speech was her asking where they had come from. Was it possible Christopher had not, then, betrayed them? Ah! if so—if she only had a friend in Christopher, who would help them without inquiring into her secret—with what hope—what courage—would she yet struggle on! She rose once more to her feet, and, looking up into Mrs. Standish's face with still tearful but fearless eyes, spoke with a simple, straightforward earnestness that carried conviction with every word to all her listeners save the landlord himself, who was never known to be convinced on any point where he had once chosen to doubt.

“Indeed, ma'am,” said Constance, “I beg your pardon for getting into your place like we did, and I know it is enough to make you think bad things of us; but I hope you will believe me when I tell you that we haven't, indeed, done anything wrong. We have come a long way, and have got a much longer way to go; and last night all our money was stolen away from us, and we got here late, very late, at night, when all the doors were shut, and we could find no place to go into but your shed.”

“Where are you going?” asked Humphrey, fixing his grey eye on her, sternly.

“We are going to our aunt's, sir.”

“Where do your father and mother live?”

Constance hesitated, for Christopher's eye was upon her. As she had said to ‘Duke, she felt that their father was indeed dead to them. Yet how should she say so before Christopher? How should he know how much truth there was in her words? And yet, if he were to be their friend, must he not know how they stood alone, utterly alone, in the world?

She did not hesitate long, but, turning to the landlord, said—

“Our mother died long ago, and we have just lost our father.”

Her voice quivered, but she lifted her eyes and returned Christopher's amazed, searching gaze with one so full of real anguish and mournful assurance, that he found himself positively feeling for her as though she were speaking truth, and he did not know Daniel Chorley to be alive and well.

“Well, and now, I suppose, you've got to earn your bread or go to the workhouse—is that it?” inquired the landlord, bluntly, sitting down with his pipe by the fire.

“I suppose it is, sir,” answered Constance, humbly.

“And now, lass, what can you do?” said Mrs. Standish, who was beginning to look more and more favourably on Constance.

“Very little, I'm afraid, ma'am,” she answered, sorrowfully; “but what I could do I would work very hard at. I am very strong, ma'am; I was never ill before in my life.”

Mrs. Standish walked away, and stood thoughtfully before the fire. Presently she beckoned to Madgie and Christopher, and a long discussion was carried on in an

undertone, too low for Constance to catch a word of it, save the landlord's repeated decisive "No's," in answer to the various proposals of his wife concerning her.

At last he rose, and laid his pipe on the mantelpiece, and, putting his foot on his chair to tie his shoe, said, with his back towards them—

"Well, I don't know as I mind that—I don't know as I mind doing as Kit says—let 'em be here, then, till to-morrow, when Kit's father and mother's coming to dinner, and then we'll talk over what's to come of 'em. As Kit says he's seen 'em with respectable people, I don't know as I mind 'em stayin' till then—no, I don't know as I do."

Constance got up, and tried to thank him, but he had passed out of the room before she had thought of a word to say.

It was drawing nigh to the early tea hour at "The Waggoner's Rest." Constance sat alone in the kitchen, at the little side-table containing Madgie's Bible and work-box, with a heap of stockings before her. All the noise and bustle of the market-day was over. Humphrey Standish and his wife dozed over the fire in the best parlour, undisturbed by Jemmy's splashing and scrubbing in the stable-yard, or the clink, clink of the little maid's pattens on the bricks of the passage and washhouse. Madgie, with 'Duke by her side, sat at needlework under the chesnuts, and Christopher was leaning over the little white palings, chatting and laughing with her and her companion. Now and then those busy brown fingers in the kitchen would pause over their work, and those large, earnest eyes be lifted from the stocking and allowed to rest one moment on his face; often they would be turned to their work again full of tears, for the child's heart was very sorrowful when she felt that Christopher would never know that the life he had saved was being devoted to a good purpose, but must always think she had run away with some secret disgrace upon her, as Rebecca had said it was being hinted at Lymp-ton. Yes, she was very sorrowful when she thought of this, and turned over in her mind all manner of things to say to him, but she could think of no way of convincing him save by revealing her secret, and, rather than do that, she would endure the scorn of Christopher and all the world. So she tried to forget it for a time, and bent resolutely over old Humphrey's grey stocking. But the sound of the girls' happy voices, laughing and chattering in the sunshine, made her thoughts wander, and presently she looked up again. Christopher was gone from the gate, and she heard his step coming up the passage. Her hand shook so that she could scarcely guide her needle, for she felt that if he found her alone he would question her about the object of her journey, and how should she answer him? how satisfy him so that he would not despise her, even if he were too generous to reveal what he knew, or what he thought he knew, to his uncle and aunt?

In another minute she heard him crossing the kitchen with his shaggy dog, Merrylegs, after him; Christopher sat down on a corner of Madgie's little table, and, after playing with Merrylegs for some time, turned and looked suddenly into the pale, timid little face bending over the trembling hands, and said, bluntly—

"Constance Chorley, I want to know what you meant by saying your father was dead?"

## THE DOMESTIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CHARLES II.

BOATS, woolpacks, and stone, would be a very true, though apparently rather an inconsistent, answer to the inquiry, Of what was Old London Bridge built?

All bridges are first, necessarily, boats. Here is the legend about the original London Bridge—pity that we can't prove the story true, but it would be an equal pity to pass so poetical a transfiguration—so we must let it pass. The story is told on the authority of Stow, who chronicled it, as the report of the last prior of the church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark—"A ferry being kept in the place where now the bridge is builded, at length the ferryman and his wife deceasing, left the same ferry to their only daughter, a maiden named Mary, who, with the goods left her by her parents, as also with the profits of the said ferry, builded an house of Sisters on the place where now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overy's Church, above the quire, where she was buried, unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry. But afterwards the said house of Sisters being converted into a college of priests, the priests builded the bridge of timber, as all the other great bridges of this land were, and from time to time kept the same in good reparation; till at length, considering the great charges which were bestowed in the same, there was, by aid of the citizens and others, a bridge builded with stone."

London Bridge is mentioned in a charter of the Conqueror's, granted to the monks of Westminster Abbey in 1067. In November, 1091, it was entirely swept away—for on that day there was a furious south-east wind raging, which threw down, in addition to the damage we have already recorded, 600 private houses in the city, besides several churches. It was, however, soon rebuilt, and it is supposed that the expense of its restoration, or, at any rate, of maintaining it in repair, was at this time provided for by an assessment levied upon all lands in the county of Surrey, and also, it is expected, in that of Middlesex.

London Bridge was, in 1136, burnt down by a fire which laid the city in ruins from St. Paul's to Aldgate; it was rebuilt by Peter of Colechurch, priest and chaplain, and, no doubt, this erection, like the preceding ones, was only of timber. The first London Bridge of stone was built by this same Peter, curate of St. Mary Colechurch—a chapel distinguished as that in which St. Thomas à Becket had been baptised. The cost of this new erection is supposed to have been principally defrayed by a general tax laid upon wool—hence the popular saying, which, in course of time, came to be understood in a literal sense, that "London Bridge was built upon woolpacks!" Peter of Colechurch died in 1205, so that he had not the satisfaction of seeing his bridge in its finished state. He was buried within the chapel of St. Thomas à Becket, which was erected on the central pier of the bridge.

In a patent roll of the 9th year of Edward I., 1280, mention is made of innumerable people dwelling upon the bridge; and as this was only about seventy years after it had been finished, it seems most probable that there were some houses on it from the first. In course of time it became a continued street, built on both sides, with the exception of only three openings at unequal distances, from which there was a view of the river in each direction. Besides these private

houses, however, there were some other erections which might be considered as forming properly a part of the bridge. Of these the most famous was the chapel already mentioned, dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket. This chapel continued to be used for divine worship down to the time of the Reformation. Between the chapel and the Southwark end of the bridge, one of the arches was formed by a drawbridge, and on the north end of this opening was a tower, on the top of which the heads of persons executed for high treason used to be stuck.

Visitations of a very varied and very violent character threatened the destruction of this bridge from almost the first day of its erection till it was taken down. In 1633, a terrible fire broke out in one of the houses, which consumed all the houses on the bridge—forty-three in number—from the north end to the first opening on both sides. The houses so destroyed do not appear to have been all rebuilt when the Great Fire of 1666 occurred, and the houses which had so lately been destroyed and rebuilt were again reduced to a heap of ruins, and the stone-work of the bridge so shaken and weakened, that it cost 1,500*l.* to make good the damage. After the piers and arches were repaired, building leases were eagerly taken, and in about five years the line of houses was made complete on both sides of the bridge. The only safe plan for the pedestrian adventurer who sought to make his way across the bridge was to get into the wake of some carriage and keep close to it, at whatever rate it might be going, till he was fairly across the bridge, or had reached his point of destination; but the principal customers of the shopkeepers on the bridge did come in their carriages. Most of the houses (in the days of Pennant) were tenanted by pin or needle makers, and economical ladies went to drive from St. James's end of the town to make cheap purchases.

In the sixteenth century this street on the bridge ranked with St. Paul's Churchyard, Paternoster-row, and Little Britain, as one of the principal literary emporia of the city. "The Three Bibles," "The Angel," and "The Looking-Glass," are some of the signs of the publishers established on the bridge, and mentioned on the title-pages of books published at this date.

Many were the illustrious heads that were paraded on the poles of this memorable structure, and many the processions that swept across its path; but there is one day to which we must especially refer, for the day—Tuesday, 29th of May, 1660, that of the triumphal return home to his capital of Charles II.—was a day in which Old London Bridge is recorded to have borne no inconsiderable share. When the king arrived in Southwark, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he proceeded over the bridge, riding between his two brothers, the Dukes of York and of Gloucester, while before him passed all the gaiety of military and civic display; and on all sides around the splendid cavalcade rolled perhaps a fuller tide of genuine popular jubilation than was ever before or since witnessed on any occasion of national rejoicing in England.

We have said very little about the social condition of the court of Charles II., thinking that its dissolute condition is already too well known; but, on second consideration, the picture will not be perfect without the dark shading; so we shall tell, with blushes and burning cheeks, how Catharine of Braganza was introduced, on the very first day of her arrival in England, by her husband (the king) to my Lady Castlemaine. No wonder that, when her majesty knew to whom she had been introduced, her colour changed, her tears gushed from her eyes, that her nose bled, or that she fainted! We are told, too (wonderful presage of the sorrows about to



follow !), that, when the king saw that she was thus moved, merely because he had introduced his mistress to her notice, he felt "wonderful indignation."

Even Evelyn states—"I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and, as it were, total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening), which this day se'nnight I was witness of—the king playing with his mistresses, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarini." This was but a week before Charles's death—the ending was as sad as the beginning.

Pepys's "Diary" gives the fullest account of the sayings and doings of this age, but the danger in quoting from those amusing pages is the difficulty of leaving off when you once begin; still we cannot resist the picture of Pepys and his wife at the playhouse. The first thing that strikes us is the announcement that his wife went first, Mrs. P. going to the pit; and, though her good, garrulous husband is there by two o'clock, he has to make shift and get into an eighteenpenny box—above 2,000 persons having been put back from the pit in consequence of there not being any room. "When the play was done," says Pepys, "I went into the pit to look for my wife, it being dark and raining, but could not find her, and so stayed—going between the two doors and through the pit—an hour and a half, I think, after the play was done—the people staying there till the rain was over, and to talk one with another. And among the rest there was the Duke of Buckingham to-day sat openly in the pit; and there I found him with my Lord Buckhurst, and Sedley, and Etherege the poet—the last of whom I did hear mightily find fault with the actors that they were out of humour, and had not their parts perfect. At the last I did find my wife." The next time Pepys is at the theatre he notices "a mighty company of citizens, 'prentices, and others; and it makes me observe that, when I first began to be able to bestow a play on myself, I do not remember that I saw so many by half of the ordinary 'prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. a-piece as now—I going for several years no higher than the twelpenny and then the eighteenpenny places, though I strained hard to go in them when I did. So much the vanity and prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular."

It was no unusual thing for people to go to the play by one o'clock to get a seat. It was in the theatre at Vere-street that Pepys first saw a woman on the stage. Women were not *admitted* to the stage till the time of Charles II., and, as it could not be suddenly supplied with actresses, even after permission had been granted to them to appear, for some considerable time after, and at this date, the handsomest young men that could be found were put in petticoats, and one Kynaston is said to have worn them with great success. A very ludicrous story is told of the shifts which the stage was then put to.

The king, coming a little before his usual time to a tragedy, found the actors not ready to begin, when his majesty, not choosing to have as much patience as his good subjects, sent to know the meaning of it; upon which the master of the company came to the box; and, rightly judging that the best excuse for their default would be the true one, fairly told his majesty that the queen was not yet *shaved*. The king, whose good-humour loved to laugh at a jest as well as to make one, accepted the excuse, which served to divert him till the male queen could be effeminated.

Kynaston, at that time, was so beautiful a youth that the ladies of quality prided themselves in taking him with them in their coaches to Hyde Park, in his

theatrical habit, after the play, which, in those days, they might have sufficient time to do, because "plays then were used to begin at four o'clock, the hour that people of the same rank are now (Cibber's time) going to dinner."

About this period (1670) tea was introduced into Europe. It was at first ridiculed, in Holland, under the name of hay-water. The progress of this famous plant has been something like the progress of truth—suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had the courage to taste it—resisted as it encroached—abused as its popularity seemed to spread—and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time and its own virtues. According to the common accounts, tea came into England from Holland in 1666, when Lord Arlington and Lord



OLD LONDON BRIDGE

Ossory brought over a small quantity. The custom of drinking tea then became fashionable, and a pound weight was sold for sixty shillings.

Thomas Garway, in Exchange-alley, tobaccoist and coffee-man, was the first who sold and retailed tea, recommending it for the cure of all disorders. The following shop-bill is more curious than any historical account we have.—

"Tea in England hath been sold in the leaf for six pounds, and sometimes for ten pounds, the pound weight; and, in respect of its former scarceness and dear-ness, it hath only been used as a regalia in high treatments and entertainments, and presents made thereof to princes and grandees, till the year 1657. The said Garway did purchase a quantity thereof, and first publicly sold the said tea, in *leaf* or *drink*, made according to the directions of the most knowing merchants in those Eastern countries. On the knowledge of the said Garway's continued care and industry in obtaining the best tea, and making drink thereof, very many noblemen, physicians, merchants, &c., have ever since sent to him for the said leaf, and daily resort to his house to drink the drink thereof. He sells tea from 16s. to 60s. a lb."

While the honour of introducing tea into Europe may lie between the English and the Dutch, that of coffee remains between the English and the French. In

England it was first sold by an English Turkish merchant, who, in 1652, brought a Greek servant to London, where they opened a house to roast and sell it publicly. The hand-bill proclaims "The vertue of the coffee-drink first publicly made and sold in England by Pasqua Roser, in St. Michael's-alley, Cornhill, at the sign of his own head."

For about twenty years after the introduction of coffee into this kingdom, we find a continued series of invectives against its adoption, both for medicinal and domestic purposes. The use of coffee, indeed, seems to have excited more notice, and to have had a greater influence on the manners of the people, than that of tea. It seems at first to have been more universally used, as it is on the Continent, and its use is connected with a resort of the idle and the curious. The history of coffee-houses, ere the invention of clubs, was that of the manners, the morals, and the politics of a people. There were, even at this date, reflecting minds, desirous of introducing this liquid among the labouring classes of society to wean them from strong liquors; and Howel observes, "that this coffee-drink hath caused a great sobriety among all nations. Formerly, apprentices, clerks, &c., used to take their morning draughts in ale, beer, or wine, which often made them unfit for business; now they play the good fellow in this wakeful and civil drink." But the custom of coffee-drinking among the labouring classes does not appear to have lasted; and, even when it became the cheapest beverage, the popular prejudices prevailed against it, and ran in favour of tea.

Coffee-houses were originally the common assemblies of men of all classes of society; the mercantile man, the man of letters, and the fashionable man, had each his appropriate coffee-house. In the reign of Charles II., a proclamation shut them all up for some time, they having become the rendezvous of the politicians of that day. They were closed on the ground that "the retailing of coffee might be an innocent trade, but, as it was said to nourish sedition, spread lies, and scandalise great men, it might also be a common nuisance." The merchant-men and retailers of coffee immediately petitioned, and permission was granted to open the houses for a certain period, under a severe admonition that the masters should prevent all scandalous papers, books, and libels from being read in them, and hinder every person from spreading scandalous reports against the government.

In concluding this sketch of the time of Charles II., we must not omit to mention the escape of the king from Boscobel, in which he was assisted by a woman. The king, who had just suffered a severe defeat at Worcester, was at last compelled to fly, with fifty or sixty gentlemen in his company. They rode about twenty-six miles without stopping, and it being then thought advisable for them to separate, the king sought refuge at Boscobel, a sequestered spot, situate on a wild hilly common on the borders of Shropshire and Staffordshire. Boscobel, and also a house called Whiteladies, a little further off, belonged to a family of the name of Giffard. At break of day, on the 4th of September, the king arrived at the house of the Whiteladies, and his horse was brought, by way of precaution, into the hall. Here Charles had his hair cut short, and disguised himself in a green suit and a leathern doublet of Richard Penderell's, and, quitting Whiteladies by a back door, it being now broad day, he took refuge in a wood in Boscobel. Here he passed the rest of the day. His faithful guides had procured him a blanket to serve as a seat on the wet ground, and a mess of butter, milk, and eggs. At nightfall he left the wood,

and, having supped and completed his disguise at Richard Penderell's house, he proceeded to Madeley, a village on the Severn; but eventually the king returned to Boscobel about five o'clock in the morning of September 6th. Here he found a Major Carlis, one of his companions in arms at Worcester, and, being told that it would be dangerous either to stay in the house or to go again into the wood, they secured themselves during the day by getting up into a large oak tree, which stood, as the king tells us in his own narrative, "in a pretty plain place where they might see all around them." This oak, the king says, had been lopped some three or four years before, and, being grown out again very bushy and thick, could not be seen through. He also tells us that they carried up with them some victuals for the whole day, viz., bread, cheese, and small beer, and "nothing else," adding that while they were in this tree they saw soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the wood, searching for persons escaped. Meantime, Charles II. slept at intervals on a cushion which the Penderells had provided, resting his head on Carlis's lap. At night he returned to the house at Boscobel, where a bed was made up for him in a closet of about five feet square. Part of the next day he passed in a summer-house in the garden. But, though the king had thus far escaped his pursuers, it was not safe for him to remain longer in this part of the country, so that on the night of the 7th he started for Mosely, a place at no great distance from Boscobel. His feet having been bruised and galled in his journey to Madeley, he was unable to walk, so the mill-horse (Humphrey Penderell was a miller) was placed at his disposal, all the five Penderells, and a brother-in-law of theirs, named Yates, walking by his side, and escorting him to within a short distance of Mosely. How he reached Colonel Lane's, and how the king changed his dress to a suit of country grey cloth, and travelled with Mistress Jane Lane on a pillion behind him—the manner in which he feigned an ague, and under cover of this sickness had a better chamber accommodation provided for him, and some of the best meat—a matter about which he by no means seems to have been indifferent—has often been told, and will always be read with interest. Of Charles's brave cousin, Prince Rupert, we print, below, the portrait.

M. S. R.



## WAYFE SUMMERS.

## CHAPTER XV.

MR. AND MRS. DONHEAD.

I WAS so busy all day in assisting to prepare for our expected guests, that I had little time to speculate on the probable character and appearance of the lady to whom I was to be introduced. The visitors had written to say that they would arrive at eight o'clock in the evening, and, as the nights were beginning to grow chill, there were fires in the library and drawing-room; the usual hour for bringing in tea had been postponed, and everything waited their coming. Mrs. White was engaged in the kitchen, superintending the preparation of some particular dish. My guardian had fallen asleep in his reading-chair, and I had reached the last paragraph in the chapter of some book of which I had scarcely understood a word. I felt restless, and the warm air of the room made me feverish. I went out quietly into the long passage, and leaned over the baluster overlooking the hall, which lay dim and well-like in the light of the oil-lamp suspended from the ceiling. I had scarcely stood there a minute before I saw the new servant walk softly to the street-door, and listen with her ear at the keyhole; then she waited, as though undecided whether to stay there or to return, listened again, and finally drew back the lock gently, and admitted a man wrapped in a loose riding-coat.

"Well," I heard him say in a half-whisper as he entered, "have they come?"

The faint light shining on the woman's face, as she closed the door, showed me the same hard, defiant expression which had greeted me on my first seeing her.

"No; they've not come yet," she replied; "and if they don't, so much the better."

"Have you done anything since I saw you, then?"

"No; I mean to take my own time, and——" here she leaned forward, and as she whispered I could see a savage gleam in her eye, and a grim contraction of her mouth which boded little good.

As the man turned to take her by the arm—which he clutched, evidently with a nervous grip—she struck at his hand fiercely, and wrenched herself away.

"You'll answer me first, afore I move a finger in it," she said, in a hoarse whisper. "I'm not like *her*; and when I'm once up you'll find that out, too."

The scuffle of her feet, as she threw off his grasp, made some noise on the stone paving of the hall, and he retreated to the door; as he turned to look at her, before opening it, I caught a glimpse of his face; but, not so much from that hasty glance as from his general figure revealed by the accidental opening of his coat, I recognised the man who had looked up at me from the street as I stood at Mrs. White's window—the man whom I had been warned to fear and to avoid—my father!

Before he could draw back the lock, the woman's hand was upon his shoulder, and her hand lock modified. Then, with a whispered exclamation, she led him into the dining-room, and the darkness concealed them both. I heard the click of the lock as she shut the door, and waited till they should come out again, not knowing what to do for the best. Should I go back and alarm my guardian? or descend quickly to the kitchen, and call Mrs. White? Even while I hesitated there came a sound of wheels in the street, and the new servant came

into the hall alone, and listened as a carriage drew up sharply a door or two off; presently it moved on again and stopped; then she beckoned to her companion, and while the hall still echoed with the thundering knocking of the coachman, he slunk out, and went noiselessly into the street. I went back into the drawing-room.

Mr. Willmott had started from his chair at the sound of the knocker, and, noticing my disturbed manner, attributed it to the dread of meeting our visitors.

"What a strange child it is!" he said, with a grimace. "What should there be in the arrival of a country parson and his wife to make her look as though she had seen a ghost?"

I thought it better not to undeceive him then, and merely said that I had found the room too warm. Presently Mrs. White came in, conducting Mr. and Mrs. Donhead, and I was a little nervous as to the way in which I should be received—nervous because I was not yet sure whether they knew my real position, or, knowing it, how the lady, at least, would relish my presence in the house.

She was even more timid than myself, I thought, considering the relative advantage she possessed; and, though I could detect an uncertainty in her manner which prevented any very marked recognition of me, no sooner did Mr. Willmott bring me forward, and, after the first greetings, introduce me by the name which he had adopted for me, than I saw tears gather in her eyes as she stooped down to kiss me. She coloured even as she did this, however, and, dropping my hands suddenly, seemed to look round with an appearance of doubt, as though she might have committed some error.

She was a tall, ladylike woman, with a face which, although not regularly beautiful, was exceedingly kind, and seemed to have retained a singular youthfulness both of colour and expression. Much love shone from her light blue eyes, but their gaze was unsteady, and the general air of indecision was increased by a mouth which, small and well-shaped, wanted the firmer lines which belong to well-set lips. Even in her voice there was an alternation of key, and a falling inflection to almost every sentence, which served to mark a peculiar want of self-possession. Weak as I was, I felt at once that I was stronger than Mrs. Donhead; but I knew I should love her without respecting her character.

Her husband I had seen before, and towards him I felt respect without sympathy. He had neither the face nor the figure of the "country parson," as Mr. Willmott understood the words. Tall, and with falling shoulders, which gave him a somewhat lean appearance—with clothes scrupulous alike in their severe cut and unobjectionable fit, he seemed never to forget the priestly office, nor entirely to relax the cold severity with which he had learned to associate it. Not that there was any trace of asceticism in his bearing or expression, but above that creaseless white cravat the high pale forehead looked cool and smooth as marble; the firm, chiselled lips scarcely bent to smile; and the fixed gaze of eyes which were calm, though not rayless, had in it a gleam of suspicion which seemed to inquire rather than to reprove. As he bent to me and held out his hand, a smile played for a moment round his mouth, and he turned immediately to his wife.

"You will soon know Miss Summers as well as I do, Sophia," he said. "We have met before, and you are likely to be a favourite, for she once told me she was like Saul, who was charmed from evil by the aid of music."

I remembered a conversation that I had once held with him for a few minutes while somebody was at the piano after dinner. He had repeated something of

what I said, but in different words, making the real meaning more apparent, but giving it a harsher and stronger colouring than I had intended.

I made no reply, however, beyond a look which, as it met his cold glance, caused a momentary concentration of his eye upon me, and a motion of the brow which showed that he had read my thought.

I was occupied by another thought, however. I saw by his tone and manner that he had learned the tenure upon which I was an inmate of Mr. Willmott's house, and that his wife was yet uncertain in what capacity she was to treat me—whether as a niece or as a stranger to whom she might soon become more closely attached.

During the whole tea-time she seemed to be under this disadvantage, and it was not until I asked her to play, and sat with Mrs. White near the piano, that her manner became less confused and painful.

"Does papa always call you Wayfe?" she said to me, with a furtive glance towards her husband, as we began to turn over some music. "I heard Mr. Donhead address you as Miss Summers."

"Mr. Willmott wishes me to adopt that name," I said, "and I have agreed to do so; I suppose you know why?"

"I can understand why, but, since he has brought you here, I can't understand his reason for concealing your real name. He has adopted you into the family, I suppose, and you are, in every other respect, treated as his granddaughter?"

There was a faint flush upon her face as she spoke, and a nervous trembling of her hands which I could scarcely account for.

"He never speaks of me as his granddaughter," I replied, "and I don't think he can be said to have adopted me. I am to be a governess, and I expect he will soon procure me a situation."

As her eyes met mine, the cloud upon her face vanished for a moment, as though she felt some sudden relief. As I noted it, the explanation of her manner became easier; she was thinking, not unnaturally, perhaps, of her own children, and of the effect my adoption might have upon their future prospects.

As this conclusion forced itself upon me, I felt the full bitterness of my position in Mr. Willmott's family—a grief not without indignation; and, by a momentary influence, I looked her full in the eyes, biting my lip to keep back the tears which were gathering slowly in my own. She seemed contending with some inward struggle, and the colour mounted to her cheeks as she placed her hand gently on my arm.

"It is not just," she said, hurriedly, "that you should be brought here only to be sent away again, unless as one of the family. Whatever may have been my brother's faults—and he is heartless and shameless—we have no right to visit the sins of the father upon the child."

I could see that she was still fighting against her own suspicions as unworthy; and as she looked again towards the library, where they were sitting, I asked—

"Does Mr. Donhead know the history of my being here?"

"I think so," she answered; "the words I used just now are his. He believes that it would be useless to express his opinion to my father, but he cannot recognise the justice of his plans. It would be useless, too, because he has never been directly informed of the particulars, and will not inquire, for fear of—of—his intentions being mistaken, in fact."

Mrs. White had risen from her seat and walked to the window, evidently because she could not otherwise avoid overhearing the conversation. Mrs. Donhead noticed it, and beckoned her towards us.

"There are no secrets from you, Mrs. White," she said. "You heard what we were saying?"

"Yes, I heard it," Mrs. White replied, looking at me with that tender light in her eyes which carried with it such a gentle influence; "but I think there are no grounds for the fear you have alluded to. Wayfe has told you all that has transpired in relation to her future disposal."

Shame and doubt together were expressed in Mrs. Donhead's face, and she hung her head as a low sob told what were the mixed emotions with which she was agitated. She looked up presently, however, and stole her arm lovingly round my neck.

"Forget what I have said," she whispered; "or, if you can't forget it, remember that I have three children, two of whom have never even seen their grandfather. It is mean and weak of me, I know, but I am weak and selfish. Mr. Donhead is so strong and calm that he has no sympathy with these feelings, and, besides, I know that they are mean. Forget what I have said."

"You need never fear that I shall think they are more than natural," I said, holding up my face to kiss her. "Whom should a mother think of but her children?"

I thought of my own mother, though, while I said it, and my tears flowed.

"Come, I thought you people were to have some music," said Mr. Donhead, rising and walking towards us. As he approached, I could see the faint suspicion which dwelt in his unmoved eyes deepen while he regarded his wife. "Have you nothing here that you can play, my dear?" he said, courteously, as he arranged the piano-desk. "Do you play at chess, Miss Wayfe?" he added, turning to me.

I was compelled to admit that I had learned the game of Mr. Goodward.

"Who is a good player, I'll be bound," he replied, with that faint smile which seemed no more than a conventional expression of face due to society. "Let us try a game together; I shall be able to talk to Mr. Willmott at the same time."

There was nothing in his manner but courtesy, and yet his calm features exhibited a sort of lofty sense of command, which I obeyed, but from which, at the same time, I inwardly revolted.

I sat down, and arranged my chessmen on the board with no very pleasant anticipations, and, indeed, with no interest in the game. Mrs. Donhead was playing softly in the next room; my antagonist continued his conversation with Mr. Willmott in the intervals during which he waited for my moves, and he frequently waited long, for my thoughts were wandering and preoccupied.

There was still a tinge of bitterness in my reflections as I recalled all that Mrs. Donhead had said and left unsaid; for I felt that, although she combated the opinions which influenced her in relation to me, she was by nature as weak as she had confessed herself to be, and that the principles on which she endeavoured to control her suspicions were, perhaps, not strong enough, apart from the guidance of her husband, to enable her to maintain her native kindness of heart against jealousy on behalf of her children.

Apparently absorbed in the moves which Mr. Donhead's skill made difficult, I found myself going over, in imagination, all the incidents of my life, and vainly trying to realise my probable future. In the last attempt I became conscious of a



feeling which I had never before allowed to usurp a place in my thoughts—a total dislike to the occupation already selected for me. Unrecognised as my position had been in my guardian's house, it was, at least, one in which I had felt and gained affection. To secure this under similar circumstances, in a capacity where I should still be dependent, but yet without the sense of receiving any benefit save the stipend to which my duties entitled me, was a seeming impossibility. I remembered that I was to go out at once as governess in some family where a certain position in society would, doubtless, influence my pupils, and knew that I was totally deficient both in the calm dignity and orderly acquiescence which would accept the mere formal tokens of a consideration which ceased when my tasks were done.

Added to these doubts was a consciousness that I should sicken at the drudgery of mere preparatory instruction. With an unjustifiable conceit, I believed that I should be better capable of teaching girls nearer my own age; not that I imagined my own acquirements either profound or extensive, but I had never known a child in the capacity of a pupil except at the Sunday-school, and there the difficulty of interesting the younger girls in my class had weighed upon me heavily.

Then there pressed upon me a vague dread that something unforeseen would happen from the meeting which I had seen in the hall. What was the relation which the servant, who scarcely concealed her dislike of me, bore to my father? What secret understanding had been established between them? I was lost in a whirl of confused thoughts. The heat of the room seemed to close round me like the stifling air from an oven. The music had ceased; I could hear the faint clicking of the burning coals as they shifted in the grate. Nobody was speaking; and, with a stunted sense of having become an object of general notice, I lifted my flushed face from my hand. Mr. Donhead, with the same ungenial smile, was holding his watch as his cold eyes regarded my flushed and almost frightened look.

"Eleven minutes, Miss Wayte," he said, "and your king in check. I shall beat you now in six moves."

I saw my guardian peering at me with a queer expression on his face.

"Wayte wanted some of the conversation as well as the game, I think," he said. "She is an admirable theologian, Donhead, and worthy of becoming your pupil. I fancy her views are too latitudinarian for your taste, however. It runs in the blood, perhaps; and then her pastors and masters have professed sad Low Church principles."

I looked at my guardian inquiringly, for I was surprised at his allusion to my relationship. He was peering with the same curious expression at the calm, cold face opposite.

"I should scarcely think it probable that she had formed any distinct opinions on the subject at present," replied his son-in-law.

"Hum!—ha!—then your sagacity will have a discovery to make yet."

Mr. Donhead bent his head without reply; and, as his eyes again sought my face, his character was yet plainer to me. He exhibited neither surprise nor interest; the expression of cool doubt with which he had received my guardian's remark remained undisturbed. He was evidently above much compassion for, or sympathy with, human weakness—had full possession of a certain set of opinions, well tried, perhaps, and not hastily adopted. His aim, no doubt, was to be righteous, just, and unyielding, in singleness of purpose; but his justice was

unrighteous, for it admitted no differences of experience—no other means of attaining that purpose than those which he himself followed. In earlier times he might have been a bigot and a persecutor; he was, as he sat there, a priest rather than a pastor, who, with “reason for the faith that was in him,” believed that it might not only be typified, but revealed, by formularies about which he had long ceased to argue—argument, indeed, being too genial a process for him.

This may seem a flippantly-expressed estimate, and only illustrative of some undefined dislike; but, if it be so, I have missed my intention, for there was nothing in him, save that evident expectation of submission to his opinions, which offended me—nothing that attracted, it may be, but still a firm belief in his goodness and in a sincerity of which he himself was, doubtless, well assured.

I had expected, when I sat down, that he would allow me to win the game; but his was not the temper either to break the rule or to lose the triumph, small as it was; and I was checkmated in the threatened manner.

As I removed my eyes from his face, at the termination of the game, I saw that my guardian was looking at me with the same queer twinkle, and that he knew to what my scrutiny tended. He turned away presently with his face to the fire, and I could see his shoulders quivering with silent laughter, of which the reverend gentleman was either totally unconscious, or he attributed it to merriment at my defeat. Supper was served in the library, and, as Mrs. Donhead was fatigued, we retired early.

“You don’t smoke, do you, Donhead?” said my guardian, as we got up to bid him good night.

I had expected a surprised rejection of such an offer; but Mr. Donhead was above surprise. He simply said, “No,” with a rather deeper smile than I had before observed; and, shaking my guardian’s hand, bowed slightly to Mrs. White and myself, and went up-stairs.

“There’s another pastor and master for you, Wayfe,” said Mr. Willmott, as he held me a moment by the shoulder. “How do you like him?”

“Master he might be,” I replied, gravely; “but pastor—no; I think not.”

I left him laughing still, and ran up-stairs, for I was anxious to tell Mrs. White of what I had seen in the evening. She looked so much concerned that I suggested her going down again to the library, and asking for instructions; but, as it was then late, we agreed to defer it until the morning.

It had already been arranged that the two gentlemen should go out together next day to transact the business which had brought Mr. Donhead to London; and, as I had already been to see some of the popular exhibitions to which visitors from the country usually repaired, a coach was ordered to take Mrs. Donhead and myself to a celebrated show of waxwork. As we started at half-past ten, and breakfast was later than usual, Mrs. White had no opportunity of seeing my guardian alone, so that the secret which still preyed on my mind remained undisclosed.

I soon roused myself from the contemplation of the subject, however; for, as my companion was almost as strange to London as though she had never seen its streets before, I was expected to act as a *chaperon*—a part which my own limited knowledge of localities made somewhat difficult. I think we were neither of us very attentive to the exhibition, although there was a representation of a sleeping sultana, whose breathing would have been the most natural thing in the world

had it not caused her to inflate her chest to such an extraordinary degree that the satin bodice almost crackled. I remember also that there appeared, towards the close of the entertainment, a female dwarf, with a large head and a yellow complexion, who went round amongst the assembled company to be kissed—a proceeding which caused me to edge away towards the door. It was a dreary place enough, lighted with dim oil-lamps which left it in a sort of twilight, and smelling strangely faint, as though the figures which were placed under the canopies round the room had scarcely enough breathing space, and used half-faded perfume of a musky odour.

This, with the continual playing of a seraphine or organ behind a heavy crimson curtain, was not particularly lively, and it was with a sense of relief that we left the place, and, after eating some jelly and a bun at a pastrycook's, drove off to a large bazaar, where Mrs. Donhead was to buy some toys to take back to Cornwall.

I had grown accustomed to my companion's manner by this time, and, indeed, that confusion which I had at first noticed disappeared as we became more intimate. She inquired about my mother, and with so much delicacy that I felt it unnecessary to conceal her occupation, although I suppressed all mention of our correspondence.

"I wish papa would let you come back with us," she said at last. "You could teach Alice and Barbara, and would never feel as though you were amongst strangers, for we *are* relations, you know, whatever may be the name you bear."

I had told her of my antipathies, and of the nervous dread I had so often felt at the thought of going into a fashionable house as a governess, but was uncertain whether the prospect she held out to me was more alluring. I felt that I could love her, for her nature was too gentle to inspire dislike or mistrust; but I doubted whether she might always feel towards me as warmly as she now professed to feel—whether I might not be an object of suspicion to Mr. Donhead, who would scarcely relish the presence of one in relation to whom he had felt it necessary to reprove his wife, for the want of those qualities which he considered essential to her character.

We reached home before I had made any reply to the proposition, however, and, as neither my guardian nor his guest had returned, dinner was served in Mrs. White's room. As the cloth was being laid, I saw upon the countenance of the new servant a look of triumphant bravado which led me to ask Mrs. White whether anything had transpired; but she said she had taken no notice.

We sat at work after dinner, Mrs. Donhead talking to Mrs. White, who had, it seemed, been in Cornwall on a visit some years before, and asked after all the acquaintances she had formed there.

"You will be surprised to hear that old Rathpen is still alive," she said at last, in a manner which struck me as being strangely marked.

I caught Mrs. White's eye as she looked up from her sewing, and saw that she had glanced quickly towards me. Mrs. Donhead looked closely at her work.

"Mr. Rathpen is an old gentleman who lives not far from us," she said. "He has been a fisherman, and some people say a smuggler; but he has become a follower of the Methodists, and his son is quite a superior young man—a superintendent of a mine on the coast."

I thought this scarcely sufficient to explain the signs of embarrassment I had

noticed; but possibly there was something about the life or character of Mr. Rathpen which it did not concern me to know, and I was silent.

The gentlemen were late, and tea followed dinner without their making their appearance; indeed, they had intended going to dine with an old school-friend of Mr. Donhead's at Westminster, and we scarcely regretted their absence, since the conversation turned on interesting topics. I could see that, with a mind not ill-cultivated, Mrs. Donhead had been schooled to think, and even to express her thoughts, in such grooves as first her teachers, and afterwards her husband, had laid down for her. This, in connexion with a warm heart, and a quick, if not a strong, appreciation, made her manner painfully unequal. As we were talking, however, I could see that she lost the surprise she had at first exhibited at my freedom of speech, and insensibly fell into a manner which soon produced a sort of rivalry between us as to who should be the most *outré* and original in our expressions of opinion.

If the reader has ever experienced this sort of temporary mania, which looks so like genius as to fascinate us with self-conceit, it will scarcely be necessary to remark that we were soon replying to each other with bursts of laughter, which had somewhat of an unwonted sound in that quiet room, where merriment was usually so decorous. But Mrs. White was somewhat under the influence, and we went on unchecked till Mr. Willmott's knock sounded at the street-door. Then Mrs. Donhead looked at me with scared eyes.

"Whatever would Mr. Donhead say if he heard me going on in this manner?" she said. "I don't think it's right—do you, Wayfe?"

"Why not?" I replied; "it's nothing but a violent burst of nature in defiance of the trammels of art. If Mr. Donhead is a professor of the art of religion——"

"Hush! hush!" she said, going to the door; "nobody has gone to let them in." She started as she looked out into the passage, and came back into the room. "Do you know," she said to Mrs. White, "I saw that servant of yours getting up off her knees? She must have been listening."

## DREAMLAND.

When will return the cloudless days  
Of summers long departed?  
When we were strong in youth and hope,  
Because so happy-hearted?  
Never again their sunshine comes  
To cheer life's darker stages,  
Except when, turning o'er the past,  
We read its written pages  
In Dreamland.

When shall we see the looks that beamed  
In eyes for ever closed?  
Who shall give back the lips on which  
The soda have long reposed?  
Never again: but from our hearts  
No memory time effaces;  
And in our lonely hours we see  
The once-beloved face  
In Dreamland.

When will the old hopes come again,  
We thought could never leave us?  
Which fled, and left the bitter truth,  
"Loved most, will most deceive us."

Only in visions we recall  
Kind smiles long since estranged,  
And feel once more the touch of lips  
From those whom Time hath changed,  
In Dreamland.

There bloom our withered blossoms still,  
There hide our long-lost treasures;  
Hoards of the past, all garnered up,  
Our unforgotten pleasures.  
Joys which cold hands have stricken down,  
Feelings the world hath blighted,  
Live on in all their freshness yet,  
And come forth uninvited  
From Dreamland.

If, then, the past immortal be,  
What power there is within is!  
What light in our undying souls  
From trivial things to win us!  
If nothing dies that seemeth dead,  
What hope should be abounding  
Of joys renewed in actual form,  
Like those our hearts surrounding  
In Dreamland!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

## AFFECTATION.



"CONCITEDNESS—self-opiniatedness, formality, niceness, preciseness," says that old dictionary which I swear by, and which, with worthy discrimination, places the truest definitions first.

It would require an entire number of this Magazine even to open the subject, and at least six numbers for examples and the application. The full consideration of this topic would involve the history of two-thirds of the human race, and the mere superficial survey of its most obvious features becomes an appalling task when the writer reflects on the certainty of including her most intimate acquaintance amongst the illustrators of its commonest aspect.

There can be little doubt that women are less "affected" than men. Every day's experience proves that much; and, in the gradual development of society, even the few harmless illusions which are still cherished by the feminine imagination will, probably, disappear altogether, and nothing but the recollections of former caprices be left for mankind to sneer at. Why, the scene so humorously depicted above is becoming less and less common every year. For one young lady who, with an assumed reluctance, and an elegantly simulated cold, suffers herself to be led to the piano, thirty will walk with alacrity to the music-stool, give it a vivacious twirl, open their own music, and carol away with such bird-like warblings as

awaken the envy of the uninvited next door, and provoke the inopportune refrains of belated revellers in the street outside.

Any of my readers—(I speak in the first person on all subjects likely to be considered libellous)—any of my readers will easily discover the artist's intention in choosing this almost obsolete peculiarity for the purpose of illustrating the subject. I protest that it is a work of consummate skill, as proving, beyond dispute, the proposition with which I started. The young lady, who has been waiting all the evening to be asked to sing, has two or three pieces of music somewhere up-stairs in the bedroom, or down-stairs in the hall. The hostess knows this perfectly well, and has sent for them; the accomplished, but too modest, musician is gently conducted to "try," under the promise that she shall "be excused if she breaks down." Very funny, isn't it?—very funny, no doubt; but you can't suppose that she is the representative of the subject which is intended to be conveyed by the picture. Look at the men, and you will see in each of them the representative of an "affectation" more deeply rooted, and immeasurably more repulsive, than the little weakness which is a mere superficial endeavour to attract attention.

The very way in which each of those wonderfully endowed males is regarding the harmless pretence, through which they can see with such preternatural sagacity, suggests "conceitedness" intolerable.

The gigantic intellect in the irreproachable waistcoat is so obviously aware of his fascinations, that a languid *pose* of his elegant frame, and the advance of his gloved hand, are surely enough to induce even a more artfully simulated bashfulness to accept the distinction of being noticed by the possessor of such dangerous perfections. An easy toleration of "the sex," to whose advances he is so much accustomed—a deference to the demands of politeness which is positively insulting in its assumed indifference—an eager, but artfully veiled, desire for the reputation of being a sort of tail-coated Sultan, for whom everybody is waiting till he throws the handkerchief—a creature, in fact, with all the worst affectations so often attributed to women added to the little meannesses only to be found in sham men. When he marries, he will never achieve a greater distinction than being, instead of Mr. Blank, Mrs. Blank's husband. The remarkably knowing youth leaning on the piano in the background has already a stock of conceit large enough to render himself excessively disagreeable. "No nonsense" will be his motto for a year or two. He will be distinguished by a profound contempt for everybody who is unaffected by his juvenile cynicism—may, perhaps, come to regard patent leather boots and the use of pomatum as the indications of a weak intellect—will neglect few opportunities of hurting people's feelings; and, when ultimately snubbed by "the only sensible girl he knows," or good-humouredly patronised by some "swell" who happens to know twice as much as himself, will either amend, or persuade himself that he isn't understood, and compare himself to the particular author who last arrested his attention as being a stern advocate for the superiority of intellect, and its consequent neglect.

The respectable old person who is examining (or rather pretending to examine) the sheet of music has cherished one or two outrageous self-opinions for so many years that they have become insurmountable. A general belief that most women are incapable of appreciating any but trivial subjects, and the consequent veneration for the two or three in his circle of acquaintance who have proved themselves competent to take a part in sensible conversation, are his principal charac-

teristics. The old gentleman with the eyeglass is remarkable for nothing but a reputation for statistical information, on which subject he has long believed himself to be thoroughly informed, although, practically, he never got beyond "reduction" in "Walkingame's Tutor's Assistant."

These, then, are amongst the commonest forms of affectation to be found amongst men; but there are countless self-deceptions and conceits which are not easily appreciable by means of the artist's pencil. Who does not know the man of business, who affects to regard with a somewhat tolerant disdain all pursuits not immediately connected with trade—using "business" as the synonyme for plain-dealing, straightforward conduct, irreproachable honesty—who looks with good-humoured contempt upon journalists, artists, actors, as people in the same category of amusing vagabonds, who earn money easily, but are contented to remain poor rather than work for their living? Scarcely less offensive is he who is constantly claiming his equality with everybody else, on the ground of being "square" in his transactions—who boastfully exhibits his readiness (vulgarily speaking) "to be his twopence to anybody's twopence"—estimates everything by this twopenny standard, and bears a copper face to all the world.

We have seen the languid exquisite, who is sufficiently despicable; but there is an affectation not uncommon which is the exact reverse of his, and though, perhaps, less offensive, equally conceited and pitifully weak—that of the man who pretends to be worse than he is—assumes a coarseness not really a part of his nature. The danger of this strange hallucination is, that he deceives himself, by an habitual disregard of other people, into the belief that he is a fine, manly fellow, conspicuous for the muscularity of his mind, if not of his Christianity; and his manner, becoming less and less subject to any social influence, at last stamps him, in the estimation of merely casual acquaintances, as both ill-bred and intolerably conceited. This is the case, I have observed, with many very young men. I may be wrong, but I believe the Rifle movement has contributed to the formation of this particular evil—not necessarily, but by the peculiar self-conceit which may lead the youthful Volunteer to drill his mind into a falsely-imagined military condition, and so import into society the traditional airs of the barrack-room or the mess-table.

The affected critic is an unmitigated bore—the man (sometimes the woman) who, on the score of a guinea subscription to Mudie's, compares Thackeray to Dickens, professes to understand Carlyle, quotes elaborately-conned quotations from Ruskin *à propos* of nothing, and ventilates his reading in the manner of a publisher's catalogue.

Of a somewhat similar character is the gentleman whose humour is so acute that he invariably sees and exhibits a comic side to everything, and, in the full persuasion that he is one of "the wits," if not one of "the beaux," of society, makes painful and strenuous efforts to be funny on the gravest and most delicate subjects. If this is one of the many evil effects of our burlesque literature, it is surely worth while to inquire whether there is not something essentially unhealthy in it, especially as it has almost ceased to be amusing, and is, at best, fatiguing jocularly.

As I jot down but an example here and there I grow more serious, for the reflection that affectation of one kind or other is a part of every human being is sad enough—nay, even the supposed ability to discover the weaknesses of others may be—but the page is filled.

## GREYHILL: A STORY OF A SPIRIT.

## IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

## I.—A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

You do not wish to know anything of my childhood, of course; nor should I gratify this desire if you owned to it. It was not one of those marvellous childhoods we read about, but the exact counterpart of those we see. My juvenile sayings are traditions in the collateral branches of my family to this moment; but analysing them critically, by a keen mental process, divested of individual partiality, I am bound to state that they do not appear to me to be remarkable either for intellectual vigour or moral acuteness, or in any way calculated to engrave the family hypothesis of my extraordinary ability on the minds of discriminating auditors.

It is currently reported that at four years old I knew the verb *amare* by heart, or by rote. This assertion I cannot find to be credibly authenticated, and, therefore, attribute it either to a groundless rumour or an excess of maternal appreciation. Under this impression, I do not venture to bring it forward as direct evidence of any unusual precocity of mind at this stage of my existence. My sensibility was also, I believe, equally exaggerated. As I should gain nothing by sparing myself, I will give two illustrations in support of my last suggestion, and thus refer to two events in my life I should otherwise have passed over. The first of these was the death of my father—the second, and last, the marriage of my only sister. This former fact is one on which my memory possesses indelible clearness and accuracy. My youthful grief, in its precocious intensity, I feel ought to have been productive of many tender and sorrowful reminiscences, and undoubtedly would have been, had I possessed any share of that desirable quality for which I gained the credit. But, to speak carefully, I can remember little of the kind. I am more certain of myself on the subject of my sister's marriage. This was an event so important and gratifying to me personally, that every detail of its active anticipation and completion is as vivid to me at this moment as if it happened but yesterday. I can remember the bride in her white marriage robes, with her large, soft eyes so gentle and tearful all through—the kisses she gave me, and, more distinct still, the wedding-cake I devoured. This is one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, I acknowledge; but recollect that even sentiment, carried one degree beyond the orthodox boundaries established by the world, is liable to the latter interpretation; and that pathos and bathos are so nearly akin, that often enough their union is understood. Be this as it may, truth is truth, and, as a conscientious chronicler, I am bound to state it as ably as I can.

There was no nascent romance in my composition in those days. I was singularly matter-of-fact; all my aspirations were material, and "of the earth earthy," and my instincts showed a practical bias. I never knew a novitiate of passion for minute objects in embroidered pantaloons and limited extent of skirt. Even on this small scale, women appeared to me to be both cumbersome and unnecessary, and I felt greatly inclined to cavil at being forced to own I obtained my existence by such an unworthy medium. In a grand way, after the manner of men, I looked upon the other sex as especially created to serve ours, and my notions of conjugal responsibilities and rights were as one-sided and egotistical as could well be found.



Towards nineteen or twenty these opinions became slightly modified, but not to any degree worthy of mention. Theoretical passion is generally made up of fire; but my abstract principles of this sensation, or sentiment, were wanting sadly in that gushing spontaneity so natural to the term of years I had then reached. I reasoned mentally upon the subject—examined it critically in all its relations and ramifications—brought all my logic to oppose its claims, as if a passional essence would bear the brunt of dialectic speculations—and the consequence was, I soon taught myself to believe in a coldness and impassibility that were, in reality, foreign to my nature, as subsequent events in this narrative will fully testify. No one laboured more earnestly to believe that love was the meagre delusion of vacuous and disordered minds, and that intellectual nutriment could easily supply its place. I argued on this notion perseveringly with all I could persuade to take up the cudgels in opposition to my theory, till, in time, I acquired the title of “The Woman-Hater,” and was looked upon as a dangerous and demoralising companion for their relatives by sisters and cousins, who scarcely relished hearing from my opponents of the summary mode in which I toppled over their well-won supremacy.

No sweet lips parted with smiles when I was by. Imperious heads and cold fingers ever greeted me. No “friendly eye marked my coming, and looked brighter when I came.” Even the “honest watch-dog’s bark bayed no deep-mouthed welcome as I drew near home.” My isolation from real sympathy, both human and canine, was as complete, in the midst of the world, as that of an anchorite in a desert cell; and I regarded this, in a measure, as resulting from the rare penetration of my nature and instincts.

There were times, perhaps, when my pedestal felt hollow under my feet. My mother was lately dead; my sister’s marriage home had been stained with guilt, and she was gone, following her worthless husband in his self-made exile—as I was forced to acknowledge, even then, women would do, in spite of manifest cruelty and wrong. I was, therefore, alone, in the broadest and most extended signification of the word. As I said just now, there were no soft influences elsewhere to negative the absence of these ties. I had pushed them from me with my own hand. No fireside group widened to let in my chair; and many a little pink, gentle-featured face, that smiled at all others, frowned on me. I had no right to complain of these things, since they were of my own seeking; nor did I. But I felt acutely, at times, in spite of my boastful pride, how entire my loneliness was; and the urgent misery of these hours was ill paid by the careless indifference of my general feelings. After this paroxysm of discontented wretchedness was over, I returned to my old independence—looked steady defiance at the fair, contracted brows, whose crown I had torn off and stamped under foot—and, like a second Diogenes, glared furiously and cynically at all those who ventured to stand between me and my own pale gleam of sunshine.

I cannot exactly define the limit of these unnatural sentiments. They came upon me gradually and imperceptibly, and I cannot find the boundary of their duration. I was verging towards thirty when I became sure that a change had been slowly working within me, too tedious for any sudden demonstration of its power. I began, by degrees, to find pleasure in the society I had formerly abjured with such marked persistence. The evil impressions that my rigid exclusion had provoked were not so easily dissipated as the suspicions that had

given them birth. But my fortune was ample—my name a good one; and these two combined advantages produced, in time, a revulsion in my favour. I was a *ben parti*; and people were willing, if duly conciliated, to assume entire forgetfulness of my past corrupt instincts and misanthropical tendencies in consideration of this fact, and charitably yielded ready credence to my show of amendment.

I could not be a favourite where I had taken so little trouble to propitiate, but there was a niche ready for me in the halls of fashion; and there I ensconced myself, statue-like enough at first, save that my eyes had full life and keenness for the "Vanity Fair" that passed in review before me. I spent many evenings labouring to breathe freely in the hot atmosphere that lost, at every new trial, some phase of its bewildering power over my senses. By degrees I acquired confidence in myself, and that in inverse proportion to the confidence I lost in others. Calm, observant, and impartial, I met front to front the artifices, the hollow pomp, of the world's fair.

Many a pure-looking girl, whose soul seemed scarcely less spotless than the snow of her robe, stood revealed to me, from my observatory, as a passionate, designing temptress; and I knew as I watched her, and gathered at times her covert whispers to the dowager Cerberus, who concealed me behind her plumes, that every one of those coy smiles she lavished on the rich lord had entire significance and fulness of intent, and I wondered how he could grapple them to his heart, and wear them with pride, when their motive and meaning seemed to me so easy to divine. An hour later, amid the perfumed gloom of the dim conservatory, I would see this girl with the real lover—the sovereign who reigned over the charred embers of her heart. He was poor, handsome, impassioned, and she loved him; but she was thinking, even while she responded—with a force one would scarcely like to meet even from one's future wife—to the embraces he gave, of the coronet that would later bind her brows, and, smiling, crushed against his breast—less at him than at the golden future in which he had no share.

All this I saw, with a dozen repetitions but slightly varying from the original text, for, being perfectly indifferent myself, I could afford to be critical. A little later, and my eyes had occupation of their own, so absorbing and delicious that the moving figures about me lost their individuality, and became mere shadowy subjects and accessories of the one true queen.

With what marvellous facility my old notions were destroyed—how worse than abortive my self-sufficing exclusiveness proved to give a temperate flavour to my new doctrines—I need scarcely explain, since I am not the only example of a powerful temptation uprooting time-worn theories. Perhaps the reserve and scepticism of my nature made me, when once moved—from the mere difficulty of its attainment—a very lion of vigorous passion and zeal.

Seated one evening, as usual, apart from the dancers, whose useless gymnastics I cordially despised, I became lost in a sombre reverie, little suited to the hour and scene. I lost all perception of my whereabouts, though I scarcely remember now the subject of my musings. Suddenly they were dissipated by a soft, delicate perfume, as if violets had been brushed across my lips. A subtle thrill crept through my whole frame, distinct in its tremulousness—my heart gave one numb bound and then stood still. A magnetic power journeyed from my eyes to a pair of dark ones opposite, magnificent in lustre and fire. I chained them beyond

opposition. A vivid crimson blush passed over the most beautiful face on which God has used His creating hand—a glow so painful and intense, that it reminded me the power I had so strangely evoked must not be tyrannously employed; and I turned my head on one side, and permitted my captive to break the spell. Swiftly, like a dove released from bondage, she glided away from me with an easy, swinging motion, during which the faint perfume that had first absorbed my senses died imperceptibly away, and soon Frangipanni reigned supreme on its vacant throne.

From that moment may date my love—or, rather, adoration—of Sydney Grey. Night after night I went where she might be seen, and no devotee ever offered to his favourite saint a stronger worship of mingled purity and fire than I laid before her shrine. But it is not necessary for me to follow the course of this passion, since it is not the first object of my tale; suffice it to say that Sydney Grey encouraged me as a proud beauty might, and, in time, permitted me to believe that her imperial graciousness had a better origin than I had at first divined. At length I spoke of marriage, and she received the suggestion as a queen would the mention of abdication. She was, perhaps, glad to have conquered the Timon upon whom all others had failed; perhaps the pulses of her beautiful womanhood thrilled vaguely to the fire of my passion; but, nevertheless, she dreaded to step from her throne, and be sovereign of only one heart, however loving and tender that heart might be. I felt also that my position was a difficult one; it was almost, nay, quite, impossible to offer her a just equivalent for all she would be called on to resign. Under the spur of this conviction, I made several puerile efforts to drop my pretensions; but, as surely as the magnet returns to the pole, the next day found me again at her feet, pleading the same cause, and offering the same terms.

In this state of indecision three months passed away, and the season, with its balls and fêtes, was drawing to a close. Sydney's face, always consorting more with the white rose than the red, now looked unusually pale, and her violet eyes had lost a share of their brilliant light. Suffering a little from her past dissipation, she was more inclined to listen to my arguments—ethic, dialectic, didactic, and amorous. I represented, as forcibly as I could—the strong rhetoric of love instituting itself my ally—the unsatisfying hollowness of her present life. As a direct antithesis, I then spoke of domestic happiness, its monotony quickened by a moderate and judicious leaven of worldly distractions. There was undoubted logic in my conclusions; and I believe, in addition, they were practically, theoretically, and morally correct, though with a decidedly interested motive for the energy of their expression. I was a new convert to these doctrines myself, and I advocated them with that blind zeal and fiery earnestness belonging to proselytes. They took palpable effect. Sydney Grey listened all through, with her imperial head bent from its usual haughty carriage, and her eyes glistening with moisture. Involuntarily she extended me her hand, and, folding it in an ardent clasp, I murmured, through an impassioned kiss—“*Esto perpetua.*”

“You are very unreasonable,” said Sydney, coyly; “why can't you be content with the position you now hold? Better and wiser men than you have continued to love me through years, and asked nothing more as a reward than the privilege you now enjoy of seeing me when you will. I esteem you sufficiently; I never banish you willingly from my presence. Surely things are well enough for you so; let them, therefore, remain as they are.”

"And be confounded with a mass of worshippers! No, Sydney."

She paused a moment after I had finished; then she answered, softly—

"I will tell you what I will do. I cannot decide for myself. I shall be obliged to relinquish so much to become your wife that I do not feel in me the courage for the sacrifice, though I am ready to acknowledge I might never repent it. To save me the struggle, therefore, I will place the decision within your own power. You know how much I respect courage in a man. Whether you possess this desirable attribute or not I am unable to say, having had no opportunity of judging. But, before linking my fate with yours, I must be sure of this, otherwise I should despise you afterwards, and our union would be productive of misery to both. Therefore, listen to me. I have a house in Westmoreland, a strange, rambling old place, said to be haunted. An ancestress of mine was here tempted to great crimes, and the disembodied spirits of herself and her victims, forgetful of living wrongs and animosities, keep up together a periodical jubilee, a species of grim conviviality, in which they rehearse, for their own ghostly pleasure, the terrible tragedy that we may believe was anything but amusing to them in the flesh. Possessing individually none of that courage I desire to find in my future husband, these reports have kept me entirely from Greyhill. But now it seems to me that my fear is absurd, and that, by giving credence to such a fable, I am depriving myself of an agreeable summer residence. With all my reasoning, these fears might return later, if an infallible method were not adopted to quiet them; and I have thought of you as my agent. Don't interrupt me—you can thank me presently; only tell me if you are willing to spend a week in complete isolation at Greyhill, with none within sight or sound but the deaf old man who has care of the house?"

My protestations of readiness were copious and varied enough, as my masculine readers may understand. At the same time I was neither so obtuse nor disinterested as to let this opportunity of obtaining some definite promise relative to the fulfilment of my hopes pass by barren and void. Therefore, while assuring her of my willingness to accede to her terms, I demanded earnestly the price of my compliance, and enhanced its value with studious care, that the reward might be in proportion to the service I pretended to render.

She replied to me, with a crimson blush—"It will be this. If you can assure me that not once, during your week's stay, you have experienced even the most vague and temporary sensation of fear, in spite of this being the period assigned for the ghostly jubilee I told you about just now, then——"

"Then?" I interrogated under my breath.

"Then we will go down to Greyhill for our honeymoon," she answered, looking so divinely rosy and beautiful that I said then, and am ready to reiterate the assertion now, that Circe would have worked her will on Eurylochus, as well as the other unfortunate companions of Ulysses, had she only thought to blush over the tendered potion as Sydney Grey blushed that day over the bewildering draught of joy she lifted to my lips.

"So be it," said I, wild with happiness; and perhaps I had meant to seal my resolve on her lips; but Sydney glided away from my indecorous show of zeal, and, left to myself, I fear I shall forfeit the respect of my readers when I acknowledge that I committed excesses of the most childish nature, as a safety-valve for the effervescence of my excited feelings. The next day I started for Greyhill.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH.

APRIL.



YES, we are ready to assert, with "Fraser's" "A. K. H. B.," that, to use a familiar idiom, there are those of whom "more might be made;" and be it observed that no self-seeking prompts us to declare our concurrence with this opinion, for we are far too modest (as merit is always *said to be*) to give any egotistical hint whatsoever; and we can assure our readers that, in echoing the "Country Parson's" sentiment, our only motives are to gain their attention, enlist their sympathies, and induce them to render eulogistic justice to one who has never yet enjoyed the meed of praise due to her many virtues, even to ye *faire Ladye April*, "the messenger to May," who now so timidly supplants the blustering March, and tells her errand to our willing ears. We are inclined to think that it is because she performs this mission so well, that, comparatively speaking, she has obtained but little notice from the poets. She sinks her own perfections before those of the Queen of Beauty, whose harbinger she is; she allows us to look upon the banks sunned with primroses which she spreads before us in the light of mere earnestness of what shall be when May's mistress of the robes, the lavish Flora, shall astonish us with her stores; she permits her perfumed violet garlands to be prophetic of the myriad censured blossoms which the future shall unfold—nay, we mistake if she do not whisper to the buds which spring wherever her dainty footprints fall that they must not haste to open, but must reserve their brightest hues, their sweetest scents, till the "merry month" shall pluck them for her coronal. So

"The royal king-cup bold  
Dares not don his coat of gold,  
And the sturdy blackthorn spray  
Keeps his silver for the May."

In fact, we look upon April in much the same light as schoolboys look upon their half-yearly examination—as the inevitable forerunner of something much better. But, as we have already striven to show, our May is but a gay deceiver, and bears a strong resemblance to certain of the *genus homo*, who, owing their standing to the good deeds of their ancestors, and doing little or nothing to sustain the reputation of their name, still take the precedence of honest members of the community who lack that *traditional* character which is of such undue importance in our eyes. Why, to English ears the very name of *May* conveys an idea of doubt or mere possibility; and still most of us, with true John Bullish conservatism, would shrink from the idea of defaming her unmerited reputation by showing her up in her true colours. But April, the "messenger," is ever constant in her pleasant variableness. We expect sunshine, and we have it; we look for showers, and we get them; we are prepared for breezes, and, behold! they come. Need we add more to induce all admirers of consistent professors to transfer to the latter at least a portion of the admiration they have hitherto preserved intact for the former? and, if they shall observe April acting her *rôle* of deputy wooer for May, will they not now feel inclined to parody the reply of the Puritan maiden Priscilla, who to Arden pressing the suit of Standish, his friend,

"Said, in a tremulous voice, 'Why don't you speak for yourself, John?'"

Observers of Nature, who watch the unfolding of leaves and unclosing of buds which now take place in the Vegetable Kingdom, will be ready to agree with those philologists who derive the name of April from the Latin word *aperio*, to open, but they must not be unreminded that Ovid and others give us a different etymology, and maintain that she who sprang from the foam, *Aphrodite*

(Venus), is commemorated by the title; whilst Scaliger, who calls to remembrance the fact that the Romans offered wild boars as vernal sacrifices, sees in *aper* a sufficient foundation for a theory of his own.

We would warn our friends to keep a strict guard over their words and ways on the 1st of April, for, it being *All Fools' Day*, those who, perhaps, have reason to believe that it is dedicated to them will surely be in high feather, and will do their best to decoy new members into their catholic fraternity. We ourselves hold that it *does* take a wise man to make a fool—of another person without making one of himself; and looking round on those who are likely to try the experiment on us, we take courage, knowing that their attempt will be revenged upon themselves without our interference.

Antiquarians have striven long and diligently to furnish a satisfactory answer to our inquiries as to the origin of the pranks to which this day appears to give licence, and some assert that the vulgar are but attempting to do as they did at Rome, in a religious festival which took place at this season. To our mind, the most rational opinion which has been expressed is that which is summed up in the following words by a writer in the "Popular Encyclopædia":—"In the Middle Ages, scenes from Biblical history were often represented by way of diversion, without any feeling of impropriety. The scene in the life of Jesus where He is sent from Pilate to Herod, and back again from Herod to Pilate, was represented in April, and may have given occasion to the custom of sending on fruitless errands and other tricks practised at this season. The phrase of "sending a man from Pilate to Herod" is common in Germany to signify sending about unnecessarily. The reason of choosing the 1st of April for the exhibition of this scene was that the feast of Easter frequently falls in this month, and events connected with this period of the life of Jesus would naturally afford subjects for the spectacles." Hence it is supposed that the French substitute for our plain-spoken "April Fool," which appears as "*Poisson d'Avril*," may have sprung from an ignorant corruption of the word "*Passion*," as applied to the sufferings of Our Lord.

The advent of the 3rd of April reminds us of *St. Richard*, an ornament of the English Church, who was born in the neighbourhood of Worcester in the twelfth century. He gave great attention to learning, and not only sat at the feet of native teachers, but visited celebrated continental cities, that he might enrich his mind in their schools. He was admitted into priest's orders at Orleans, and in 1245 was appointed to the bishopric of Chichester, to the great displeasure of our third Henry, who had designed some favourite of his own to fulfil the episcopal functions in that diocese. The monarch revenged himself upon St. Richard by confiscating his revenues; and, had it not been for the kindness of Symon de Ferring, who braved the royal displeasure, and offered an asylum to the really *poor* bishop, there is no knowing what further woes we might be called upon to chronicle in connexion with him. As it was, a papal decree (if not the king's conscience) ordered the restitution of his rights, and Richard died in peace in 1253, having worn the mitre for seven years.

*St. Ambrose* (April 4th) was born at Treves, and was not even baptised until he was chosen Bishop of Milan, A.D. 374. Strange as were the circumstances of his election, this wonderful man did not betray the confidence which had been placed in him. He sold his goods for the benefit of his poorer brethren, and fulfilled the duties of his responsible situation with honest diligence. As Ambrose was a zealous opposer of the Arian heresy, and as he made himself conspicuous in an age when religious profession was not the easy matter it is in these days, it may cause some surprise that we celebrate him as a confessor, and not as a martyr. He died, at the age of 58, A.D. 397.

And here we must quote the (perhaps) well-known rule for finding Easter Day, as the greater part of the fasts and festivals which we shall have occasion to notice in this paper are chronologically dependent upon its position in our calendar. "The first Sunday after the first full moon which happens on or next after the 21st of March is Easter Day; but if the full moon happens on a Sunday, then it is the Sunday following."

We have bent over the cradle of the Infant Saviour, and heard the angelic song which proclaimed the nativity of the Prince of Peace. We were witnesses of the Presentation in the Temple, of the Temptation in the Wilderness. We seemed to sit on the Mount of Beatitudes whilst He who "spake as never man spake" held us and the Hebrew multitude entranced with His words. We saw the sick healed by a touch, the dead raised by a word, and now our

Mother Church points in her services to Calvary looming in the distance; and, though we are now in the midst of our Lenten humiliation, we begin to be yet more sorrowful and very heavy, for the fifth Sunday of that solemn season, called *Passion Sunday*\* (April 6th), is come, and, as Bishop Sparrow quaintly says, now commences "the Commemoration of the Passion of our Lord, and, after a long funeral Pomp and Train, the Corps (*sic*) follows upon *Good Friday*."

*Palm Sunday* (the sixth in Lent) is the anniversary of Christ's triumphal entry into the Holy City, when the populace, welcoming him after the fashion of an earthly conqueror, "took branches of palm-trees and went to meet Him." The Church of Rome has, as usual, "improved" the occasion by appointing processions which are still kept up with much spirit upon the Continent, being, as may be easily supposed, gorgeous parodies of that which started from Bethphage. The natives of Northampton are lavish in their expenditure on figs previous to each recurrence of this day (which they distinguish as Fig Sunday), a practice which, according to the indefatigable Miss Baker, originated from the fact of Our Saviour's having cursed the unproductive tree on his way to Bethany.

And now begins the *Great*, the *Holy Week*, each day of which has a claim upon our attention; but time forbids us to pause until we come to *Maundy Thursday*, the eve of the Crucifixion, which owes its name to the *mandate* given by Christ to His disciples previous to His betrayal, or to the *maund*, that is, hand-basket, in which our ancestors distributed their alms.

The "Chapel Royal Register" informs us that "On Maunday Thursday, April 16, 1685, our gracious King James ye 2d wash'd, wip'd, and kiss'd the feet of 52 poor men with wonderful humility. And all the service of the Church of England usual on that occasion was performed, his Maty being psent all the time." Marvellous condescension truly! but not half so useful to the objects of it as the boiled beef, shoulders of mutton, fish, bread, clothing, and money which accompanied the Archbishop of York's imitation of this lavation in 1731—ay, and is not good Queen Victoria's benevolence preferable to all? she who leaves the cleanliness of her subjects' feet to their own consciences, and yet neglects not to lend an ear to their distresses, but annually, on Maundy Thursday, distributes her bounty by the hands of the Lord High Almoner, the Bishop of Oxford. The ceremony observed on these occasions is too long to admit of our describing it, but the following extract from a newspaper paragraph explains the principle on which the royal gifts are dispensed too clearly to evade citation:—"The purses of kid leather were made [in 1861] by the poor children in the Industrial Schools recently established in the Victoria Dock Road. Each red purse contained the usual gold sovereign and a further sum of one pound ten shillings as a commutation in lieu of provisions formerly issued from the Lord Steward's Department of the Queen's Household. Each white purse contained the Maundy coin, consisting of 4d., 3d., and 2d., and pence in silver, amounting together to 42 pence, the age of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen." The distribution took place in Whitehall Chapel, the recipients being 42 aged men and 42 aged women, one of whom was then 101 years old.

Hone states that the day before Good Friday was anciently called *Shere* or *Chare Thursday*, because ecclesiastics then clipped their beards and trimmed their hair in anticipation of Easter. When we remember, however, that the penitents who had been expelled from the church-door on Ash Wednesday had by this time completed the term of their banishment from the communion of their fellow-Christians, we may imagine that their resumption of soft apparel was accompanied with no small amount of *shearing* and *shaving*, and not be far wrong in believing that laymen rather than clergymen gave the hint which prompted the adoption of the name.

At length dawns the solemn *Good Friday*, when we commemorate the sacrifice of our Paschal Lamb, and bow with the Blessed Virgin at the foot of the Cross.

A modern writer states that at least in one part of Scotland "the blacksmith was a bold man who ventured to lift a hammer, and his wife a bolder woman who dared to wear an apron, on this anniversary, since, according to tradition, it was a smith's wife that was employed to carry in her apron the nails which her husband had made for the tragedy on Mount Calvary."

The inhabitants of Cleveland, Yorkshire, hold that biscuits baked on Good Friday will keep good for a whole year, and when grated up with brandy prove of benefit to a person suffering from a troublesome disease; and they would never think of hanging out their clothes to dry on this day,

\* The *Carling Sunday* of the North of England, on which the people eat *carlings*, small peas cooked in a particular manner.

as they would be sure to be spotted with blood by some invisible agency. It is disputed whether "Hot Cross Buns" come from the sacred *Buns* offered to idols in Pagan times, or whether they are the Christian substitutes for the unleavened bread of the Jews.

*Easter Eve* having waned, the joyous church bells wake us to the consciousness that the season of our humiliation is over, and that "Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." If, as the holy George Herbert says—

"The Sundays of man's life,  
Threaded together on Time's string,  
Make bracelets to adorn the wife  
Of the eternal glorious King"—

*Easter Sunday* must certainly be the matchless clasp which unites the other gems into one harmonious circlet. Neither are we inclined to dispute the justness of Keble's beautiful figure when he says—

"Thou art the Sun of other days—  
They shine by giving back Thy rays."

We are, probably, indebted to the old word *oster* or *osten*, *rising*, for the name by which we designate this great festival, at the approach of which even the light that rules the day is supposed to dance. Thus Sir John Suckling, speaking of a fair bride's Terpsichorean accomplishments, says—

"She dances such a way,  
No sun upon an Easter day  
Is half so fine a sight."

We regret that we have not space to make more than a passing allusion to the *paste*, *pace*, or *pasch* eggs, which are, in many parts of England, much used as playthings at this season of the year. Their name is, of course, a corruption of *paschal*.

Having discussed the moveable, let us now turn to the consideration of the immoveable, feasts, and make mention of *St. Alphege* (April 19th), who was chosen to be Archbishop of Canterbury in 1006. He was imprisoned by the Danes who ravaged England in the reign of Ethelred, and nobly refusing to commit sacrilege to satisfy the demands of his rapacious captors, was cruelly martyred at Greenwich, A.D. 1012.

That celebrated work, "The Seven Champions of Christendom," has rendered any history of *St. George* (April 23) wholly *de trop*. Zadkiel is, fortunately, not so much read, for he has the temerity to essay logic, and to say, "The existence of the martyr is, of course, a myth. No such man ever conquered a dragon, simply because no such dragon ever existed. Therefore, no such man ever existed" (hear him, O shade of Watts!); and he attempts to persuade us that "the true explanation of the legend is to be found in certain astrological facts."

A French prophecy says—

"Quand George Dieu crucifera  
Que Marc le ressuscitera,  
Et que Saint Jean le portera,  
La fin du monde arrivera."

The realisation of the first three conditions will take place, we are told, in 1886.

The Evangelist *St. Mark* (April 25th) was sent, after the Ascension, to preach the Gospel in Egypt, where his ministry was blessed to great numbers of the inhabitants; but the votaries of Serapis at length put him to death in a most barbarous manner, that they might honour their senseless idol by the blood of so formidable an opponent.

*Low Sunday*, or the *Sunday of Albs* (April 27th) is called by its first name, "because it is Easter Day repeated, the Octave of Easter; but the Sunday before is high Easter, and this is a lower feast, *low* Easter"—by its second, because those who had been baptised at the preceding festival now approach in the white (*albus*) garments in which they were then clothed.

And now, patient readers, is it presumptuous to hope that you have been interested by our necessarily patchwork discourses, which must here come to an end? We have spared no trouble to insure correctness in the information we have imparted. We have consulted many authors for your benefit, and have oftentimes caused you to hear them speak in their own words. In the language of an old writer, "We have plucked us a poesie of other men's flowers, and ours only is the string which binds them together." May we flatter ourselves that our arrangement of the bouquet has been satisfactory?

ST. SWITHIN.



## THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

(Leigh Hunt's Correspondence.)

WHAT a revolution would be caused were the world to follow the suggestion of a well-known writer, and to carry on its correspondence by means of a peculiar kind of ink, which should fade away after the lapse of a few years, and thus snatch a lawful prey from those who delight to encumber their *escritoires* with epistolary collections; or, still worse, if they be of editorial aspirations, to lumber our libraries with the results of their conservatism. It is, of course, conceivable that at first the new order of things would be to some a fruitful source of regret. The bereaved would sorrow that they might no longer nourish grief by the repeated perusal of fond letters penned by the departed. Love-lorn maidens would find cause for lamentation in the ineloquent packets of "cream-laid note" which erewhile made known to them, in silent language, of whose and what unbounded affliction they were the objects. Plaintiffs, in breach of promise cases, would mourn the untimely disappearance of the contents of certain *billets-doux*, which, if opportunely introduced, would do so much towards procuring the infallible aureate balm for wounded feelings, called, in common parlance, damages. But the few should always be ready to suffer for the good of the many, and it is undeniable that multitudes would rejoice at the falsification of the old dictum, *Litera scripta manet*. Some of the literati of bygone days would, to a certainty, have patronized a manufacturer who could conscientiously have boasted of the non-indelibility of his inks, by the employment of which even Dr. Arbuthnot might have communicated fearlessly with his friends; for such a horror had he of the post-humous publication of correspondence, that he declared the very thought of such a thing was "a new terror of death." Nor would it appear that Dr. Johnson was wholly unmoved by the knowledge that his letters would be perused and commented upon by posterity. We find, indeed, that when Boswell asked him explicitly whether it would be improper to print them, he answered, "Nay, sir, when I am dead, you may do as you will;" but later on in life, even in his seventy-third year, the sage made a revelation of his tactics, and confessed—"It is now become so much the fashion to publish letters, that, in order to avoid it, I put as little into mine as possible."

This example has not been lost sight of, and, with a few honourable exceptions—and those, perhaps, mostly in cases where men indited private letters with an eye to public criticism—volumes of "Correspondence" are about the most hopelessly uninteresting works which issue from the press.

The world has read the "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," and those many other writings of his which are such valuable additions to our literature, a process all-sufficient to satisfy us as to the character of him to whom we are indebted for them; and few there are, indeed, amongst us who are not ready to acknowledge,

with Lord Macaulay, that "he is"—alas! was—"a very clever, a very honest, and a very good-natured man." Probably, however, it is with the view of making the assurance of our approbation doubly sure that Mr. Thornton Hunt has published about six hundred pages of his late father's letters, of which the first was written at the age of nineteen, the last but four days before his death. If such be the editor's design, it is filial and worthy of all praise, and we hope we shall not raise any doubt of our sincerity in saying this, if we confess to a conviction that, had one-third of the epistles now printed been for ever hidden from the public gaze, the work before us would have spoken quite as strongly in favour of the abilities and virtues of Leigh Hunt, and at the same time have been infinitely more readable. Yet, as the compilation now stands, it will well repay perusal, providing that we indulge in no very highly-wrought expectations concerning it. Hunt remarks, in a postscript to Mr. Ollier, "By a curious effect of the evening sunshine, my little homely black mantel-piece, not an inelegant structure in itself, is turned while I write into a solemnly gorgeous presentment of black and gold. How rich are such eyes as yours and mine, how rich and fortunate, that can see visitations so splendid in matters of such nine-and-twopence!" In reality, the letters are, for the greater part, such as any large-hearted, book-loving man of poetical temperament could pen; but the signature of Leigh Hunt, as sunlight, invests them with a certain degree of distinction and interest, which wiles the reader on to the last page of the last volume, to wonder, as he closes the book, whence the fascination proceeded.

Mr. J. Payne Collier, writing to the *Athenæum*, tells of a letter in which Leigh Hunt asked the late Duke of Devonshire for the loan of 200*l.* with so much "wit and fun, as well as good sense," that his Grace declared he "almost died with laughing at it." It is to be regretted that this ingenious and successful appeal does not appear amongst the *collecta membra* of correspondence which have been rescued from oblivion. Was this one of the communications "so extremely private as to be unsuited for publication?" or was Mr. Thornton Hunt fearful of the consequences of exciting the risible faculties of those who may have less self-command than his father's noble benefactor?

The *Correspondence of Leigh Hunt* is divided into eight sections. The first includes letters written in early life, and chiefly addressed to the young lady to whom he was engaged. They are, on the whole, pervaded by a sense of humour and by a sense which is much more valuable even, by common sense; for, although his love was ardent and sincere, it was not blind, and the shortcomings of his Marianne do not escape detection. According to our editor, the lover could not be content unless he urged Miss Kent "to cultivate her faculties

somewhat in his own conscientious and scholastic spirit;" she resented the interference; "the suitor betrayed some impatience at his too-partial success; the young lady betrayed no less impatience at his pertinacity; and the engagement was rather unexpectedly, though not suddenly, broken off." But, as we are taught by experience and the Latin Grammar that *Amanium tre amoris integratio est*, we are not surprised to find that the breach was subsequently healed, and that, Hunt's affections flowing on undisturbed in the same direction as before, he could write, in a few months' time, "I am very uncomfortable; I get up at five in the morning, say a word to nobody, curse my stars till eleven at night, and then creep into bed to curse my stars for to-morrow; and all this because I love a little black-eyed girl of fifteen, whom nobody knows, with my whole heart and soul," &c., &c. Still the maiden was not allowed to believe herself incapable of improvement. Her admirer was no despiser of the little things which many men of less genius think it beneath them to notice. On one occasion he makes use of coarser paper than usual, but he is careful to remark that, had there been any finer in the house, he should certainly have preferred it, *not seeing any reason why, between the most familiar and affectionate, the little civilities of life should not be exercised as much as possible*. Miss Kent's epistles were evidently not models of calligraphy, since we find her addressed as follows:—"I do not write, I acknowledge, either the best or the straightest hand in the world, but I endeavour to avoid blots and interpolations. I suppose you guess by this preamble that I am going to find fault with your letters. I would not dare, however, to find fault, were I not sure that you would receive my lectures cheerfully. You have no false shame to induce you to conceal or to deny your faults—quite the contrary, you sometimes think too much of them, for I know of none which you cannot easily remedy; besides, my faithful and attentive affection would induce me to ask with confidence any little sacrifice of your time and your care; and, as you have done so much for me in correcting the errors of my head, you will not feel very unpleasant when I venture to correct the errors of your hand. Now cannot you sit down on Sunday, my sweet girl, and write me a fair, even-minded, honest hand, unvexed with desperate blots or skulking interlineations? Mind, I do not quarrel with the contents, or with the subject; what you tell me of others amuses me, what you tell me of yourself delights me—in short, as St. Paul saith, 'The spirit giveth life, but the letter killeth.' I know you can do this easily, and I know also you will do it cheerfully, because it will give me pleasure." Were a fast young lady of 1803 to receive such advice from her lover, notwithstanding the *bonne-bouche* at the end, we are afraid she would call him "a prig;" and yet, judging by epistolary appearances, we cannot think that many of our maidens would be the worse for being thus *hunted* up.

By-the-bye, what will rigid Sabbatarians say of Hunt's encouraging Miss Kent to indulge in letter-writing on a Sunday?—of his sending a French charade to Mr. Hunter, that the ladies

may amuse themselves by endeavouring to solve it on the day of rest?—of his— Well, we won't pause for a reply, for we don't care to know.

In due time, Leigh Hunt enrolled himself amongst the Benedicts; but we must not linger more over the events of his early manhood. The time of trial was not far distant; and, from February, 1813, to the beginning of 1816, our author was, for political reasons, kept in confinement in Surrey Gaol, where he wrote the "Story of Rimini," and other works of merit. After his liberation, he entered into correspondence with Shelley, Keats, and other celebrated men, whose own letters to him form not an insignificant, and not by any means the least interesting, portion of the volumes under review.

A letter from Lord Macaulay which is introduced shows rare wisdom on the part of the writer. Mr. Napier, the editor of the "Edinburgh Review," to which Hunt had contributed, had written to Hunt desiring him to avoid certain vulgarities and colloquialisms. Hunt, with sensitiveness hurt, applied to Lord Macaulay for advice. Writes the latter—"As to the tone of Napier's criticism, you must remember that his position with regard to the Review, and the habits of his life, are such that he cannot be expected to pick his words very nicely. . . . Of course, he has been under the necessity of very frequently correcting, disapproving, and positively rejecting articles, and is now as little disturbed about such things as Sir Benjamin Brodie about performing a surgical operation. To my own personal knowledge, he has positively refused to accept papers even from so great a man as Lord Brougham. . . . He conceives that, as editor of the Review, he ought to tell you what he thinks; and having, during many years, been in the habit of speaking his whole mind on such matters almost weekly to all sorts of people, he expresses himself with more plainness than delicacy."

The principal incidents of the journey to Italy are too well known to need recapitulation; the minor ones should scarcely occupy our space when the veracious chronicle of them has become a part of the stock-in-trade of the keeper of every circulating library. Neither can we make more than a passing allusion to Hunt's residence at Chelsea, Kensington, and Hammersmith. His was a heart which could weather a storm; his was a heart which could bow down, and not be broken; and, save when constitutional infirmity affected his better judgment, his was a faith which disdained to parley with despair; and, though poor, he did not suffer himself to be habitually unhappy.

If happiness has not her seat  
And centre in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.  
Nor treasures nor pleasures  
Could make us happy lang;  
*The heart ay's the part, ay,  
That makes us right or wrang.*

If Englishwomen have not already learned to admire him in the social relations of husband, father, and friend, they will do so after the perusal of his once private correspondence. If not, they must permit us to remark that they take a great deal of satisfying.

## THE GERMAN PRINCE AND ENGLISH PRINCESS.

IN an article on royal deaths, written for "Macmillan's Magazine" of last month, Mrs. Norton tells the sad story of the death of the Princess Charlotte. In connexion with the late loss the nation has sustained, she tells us that the death of the Prince Consort has its parallel—a parallel so close in all its details of suffering, that the wonder rather is, how such events, happening within the memory of living men, and having filled so many with wonder and anguish, should fade like a dream, and vanish like a sound. The loves of the Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg and his wife were perfect. When the weather or other circumstances kept them within doors, their employment was chiefly reading. Both took delight in studying the history and constitution of the country of which she might naturally expect to be one day the sovereign. In this study she is understood strongly to have imbibed those liberal principles which raised her family to the throne, and on which alone it can be properly supported. History was varied with poetry or miscellaneous subjects; and the princess appears to have taken peculiar pleasure in perfecting the prince in a complete and critical knowledge of the English language, which he spoke accurately, with more distinctness and deliberation than is usual with us.

The royal couple left Brighton and the brilliant festivities of the Regent's Pavilion in order to keep Prince Leopold's birthday in their tranquil home. On the birthday of the princess herself (the last that she was permitted to see), the humble inhabitants of Esher illuminated their village abodes in her honour. She kept that day by distributing a hundred pounds in charity, and passed most days in familiar intercourse with her poorer neighbours, while her wayward mother wandered to and fro on the Continent, seeking to fill the void of her wasted life with vulgar pleasures; and the profligacy of her father's tawdry court roused a just indignation among all the better thinking of his people. In illustration of the perfect matrimonial happiness of the young couple is recorded the gentle clerical jest of their chaplain, Dr. Short, who sent them a fitch of bacon on their marriage anniversary, suggestive of Dunmow and its time-hallowed custom. Little they thought that no other anniversary would find them together to share earthly joy or earthly sorrow. That pleasant May went by, and pleasant June, and the autumn found them still living the same life of serene contentment: doing good; striving by employment to lessen the depression of trade, and by charity to counteract the effect of "famine prices" consequent on the failure of the harvest. Tranquil, happy, hopeful, loving—a model home! The year before, they had been in London, at the famous "Nuptial Drawing-room," held in their honour, attended by nearly three thousand persons, many of whom,

despairing of getting early to their walk on the grass-plot in the palace, "such splendid dresses parading in the open air as probably had never been beheld there before."

They had attended theatres and operas in state, and heard the exulting cheers of a welcoming people. They had been called upon to receive and answer loyal addresses, amongst which was the memorable address of congratulation from the county of Kent, "signed by five thousand persons, and measuring twenty yards." But this year all was different. The princess "was taking care of herself," waiting for another precious life; waiting for the seal and fruition of love; waiting for her baby: all England waiting and hoping with her: the busy nurse gossiping and wondering at the love and simple habits of the royal pair: and the pair themselves taking their quiet walks and drives together; visiting the farm and overlooking improvements; till the last Sabbath the princess was permitted to see rose in brightness over Claremont, and late on Monday messengers were despatched in various directions to summon the proper officers of state to be present at the birth of a royal infant.

That infant was born DEAD! Every effort was made to restore it to life, but in vain. The young wife and new-made mother humbly said, "It is God's will" when the news was broken to her; and the young husband ejaculated with a sigh, "Thank Heaven, the princess is safe!" But soon a dreadful change became apparent: the nurse who had left the room in obedience to her kindly order, "Pray go and get your supper, you must be quite exhausted; Leopold will take care of me meanwhile," was recalled by Prince Leopold, saying he did not think the princess was quite so well; and in another hour the blue eyes, so full of vivacity and tenderness, fixed a dying gaze on her husband's face, and the hand pledged to him at the altar lay cold and stiff within his own.

The impression made on a people prepared only for exultation may be gathered from the accounts of the time.

"We were in the most awful suspense about the dreadful news," says one, writing from Bristol, "till the arrival of the London mail. I was on the Exchange when it approached: the sound of the horn seemed to strike terror into every soul. A great crowd was collected, who then instantly rushed round the mail, inquiring of the guard if the news were true? He replied, 'Both are dead.' 'BOTH are dead!' was reverberated by the crowd, and the flash spread like lightning. Dejection marked every countenance; and, I think it is not too much to say, that 'tears gushed into every eye.'"

Then came the wail of sorrow from a whole nation in bereavement; and the bulletins of a forgotten anguish appeared, as others have appeared this melancholy winter.

## THE FASHIONS.

To judge from the appearance of a few models we have been favoured with a sight of, MANTLES and PARDESSUS will not be worn quite so long as they were last season. For the mid-season, we have noticed several garments made in light grey cloth, as well as velvet mantles, not very thickly lined. The latter are profusely trimmed with lace, gimp, and embroidery; and at no previous season do we ever recollect velvet mantles being so elaborately ornamented.

Amongst the novelties in pardessus, we may notice one of light grey cloth, spotted with lilac, and bordered with lilac silk. It had two large pleats behind, and each of them was ornamented with a strap of lilac silk. The cloak was buttoned in front, and the sleeves were finished off with small, turned-back cuffs.

Another garment, called the Victoria Pelisse, was made of black silk, and had a double square cape of guipure, with ruffles. The sleeve was wide and gathered, and terminated in a small sabot, which fell over the hand. Small pockets were placed, in a slanting direction, in front, which were also trimmed with guipure and pleating.

Another mantle, of black silk, was ornamented with five straight rows of black and white trimming, and fastened up the front with jet buttons and pendants.

As a very useful article of dress for out-door wear, for between the seasons, we may mention the embroidered CASHMERE SHAWLS; some of these being trimmed with lace, and some with silk frills. Although these are not new, they will, this Spring, enjoy a degree of favour, on account of their being *light*, and yet sufficiently *warm*.

BONNETS, suitable for spring, are mostly composed of straw or drawn-silk, the former being profusely trimmed with flowers. We have remarked several bonnets trimmed with two different kinds of flowers, of good contrasting colours; in fact, some of the bonnets of the present day have literally the aspect of a flower garden in full bloom. In the manufacture of artificial flowers, steel has, of late, been much introduced; but it is scarcely in good taste, on account of its being so unnatural, and is, besides, so very common, that it can no longer be considered *distingué*. The shape of bonnets appears to be as large and as high as ever, some of them having almost a ridiculous appearance; but no lady of taste adopts these extremes of Fashion.

DRESSES are worn very long behind, and are much gored; and even evening dresses, of light material, are arranged in this manner. As the mode appears to be to lessen the width of the skirt at the top, it is absolutely necessary that the material be well gored, to give sufficient width to the bottom. These gored training skirts are exceedingly becoming to the figure, and in a drawing-room nothing is more elegant. It is a pity that this fashion cannot be confined exclusively to in-door toilets, and not adopted (as it too generally is) for walking. What can be more disagreeable than

to see a lady's rich silk skirt sweeping the streets as she walks? It is extravagant, inelegant, and exceedingly dirty. However, if ladies will be in the fashion, and wear trained skirts in the streets, in dirty weather, they may keep them in order by wearing them looped up over a pretty petticoat. The latter garments are being worn more elaborate, and of richer material, than ever; and it will soon be necessary to have the petticoat made as handsome as the dress—the fashion of looping up the dresses necessitating an elegant under-skirt.

We have remarked some charming PETTICOATS, made of bright-coloured French merinos, and trimmed with velvet and elaborate braiding designs; and we have even seen them embroidered. Two little fluted flounces, placed quite at the bottom, form a pretty finish, and are, besides, useful in assisting to keep out the bottom of the dress.

White petticoats, made with two little fluted frills at the bottom, are exceedingly comfortable wear for muslin dresses, and are much more *distingué* than the open embroidery, which, of late, has become so very general. The thick satin-stitch, or raised embroidery, is always in good taste, and it is now much used for under-skirts. Tabliers of this rich and handsome embroidery are frequently inserted in the front of the petticoat; so that if a morning dress, open down the front, be worn with it, the effect is very good.

Many of our readers have, no doubt, dresses lying by which are almost useless, and which, with a little ingenuity, may be turned to good account. We are speaking of the dresses made with two or three flounces—a fashion which is now obsolete, *excepting the cases where lace is used*; and deep lace volants are always in good taste.

Many styles have been invented by which dresses somewhat *passé* may be made quite *à la mode*. One of the difficulties to contend with is the narrowness of the skirts of dresses made some few years since, which, at the present time, are scarcely of sufficient width to go over a crinoline. To obviate this difficulty the skirts should have a *tablier* inserted in the front, or *small gores* let in between each seam, to the depth of about twenty inches; or bands of silk about four inches wide may, with advantage, be put between every width.

To enable our readers better to understand what we mean, we will describe how to remake a three-flounced dress. Between every width of the silk insert a gore, sixteen inches at the bottom, tapering to a point at the top, and about twenty inches deep. *Should the wearer be very tall, allow the gores rather deeper*. Ornament these gores with some of the *flouncing*, cut into narrow *frills*, and finish off the point at the top with a rosette of ribbon or ruffled silk, or some of the flouncing made into a rosette. This skirt will be found really elegant in its appearance, and sufficiently wide to be comfortable over a moderate-sized crinoline.

*To re-make a two-flounced dress.*—Insert pieces between every width of the skirt, the same as the preceding one, but make use of the deep flounce for the purpose. *A width of the flounce should be let in between the seams of the skirt, and the top of the flounces pleated in to form a kind of fan; these pleats being ornamented with a rosette.* The shape of the fan is very much improved by *slightly sloping* the flounce towards the top, as, by so doing, the material will not have such a *bunchy* appearance. This skirt, when finished, also has a very good appearance, considering the *old-fashioned* materials of which it is composed.

Before concluding our remarks on contriving to make *new* things out of *old* ones, we will mention another mode of widening plain skirts, such as those of brocaded silk, chine silk, or any material of that description. A straight band of black, or some coloured silk, to contrast nicely with the dress to be widened, should be let in between every seam; this band is perfectly straight, and looks nicely stitched on with white. Supposing there are but five widths in the skirt, then five bands of silk, each one six inches wide, will increase the width of the skirt nearly a yard. If there are six widths of the material, the band need not be so wide.

We noticed a very pretty grey mohair dress arranged in this manner, with bands of violet silk on the skirt, stitched on with white. This dress was made with a Zouave jacket and waistcoat, bound with lilac silk; and the sleeves (being for morning wear) were closed at the wrist.

In our walk westward we remarked some very stylish SHAWLS for evening wear, as substitutes for opera cloaks, and which any lady might very easily make herself. They consisted of squares of llama, edged with Maltese lace, headed with a tiny jet trimming. We noticed a scarlet shawl and a white one, both arranged in this manner, and the latter would answer extremely well for a stylish summer out-door toilet.

The Swiss cambrics and muslinettes are of more beautiful manufacture this season than ever. The favourite patterns appear to be rather small, tiny bouquets and sprigs being most general, and having quite a *chintzy* appearance. The cambric is so highly glazed, and so beautifully finished, that, before the material has passed through the hands of the laundress, dresses made of it have quite the appearance of silk. For children and growing girls, a tightly-fitting jacket, with a very long *basque*, and a skirt made of these beautiful cambrics, is quite sufficient dress for morning wear for the country or the sea-side. This, with a white straw hat trimmed with black velvet, forms an elegant yet simple toilet for young people.

Little children's dresses are now being made with a crossway band of velvet or silk *quite at the bottom of the skirt*, instead of above the hem. Pelisses are also trimmed in the same manner, the cape being arranged to correspond with the skirt. A pretty little pelisse, suitable for the spring, was made of a warm shade of grey merino, trimmed with a broad crossway binding of cerise terry velvet on the cape and at the bottom of the skirt.

Another little boy's dress, of blue and white checked poplin, was trimmed with blue velvet, turned up to form a hem; the body being composed of a series of pleats ornamented with velvet buttons.

If we may judge from many letters received during the last few months, the following list will not be uninteresting or useless to young wives and mothers elect:—

ARTICLES REQUIRED FOR A BABY'S LAYETTE.—12 little shirts, 6 plainly trimmed, and 6 more elaborately trimmed; 6 rollers; 8 long petticoats, 4 plain, and 4 with work and insertion at the bottom; 6 monthly gowns, variously trimmed; 8 nightgowns; 8 robes—6 would be found sufficient in many cases; 12 long pinafores for wearing over robes, when these are liked; 3 pairs of knitted woollen socks; 6 dozen diapers;  $\frac{1}{2}$  dozen quilted bibs, trimmed or not, according to taste; 3 day flannel petticoats, or blankets, as they are termed; 3 night ditto; 4 fine white flannel squares, bound with flannel binding; 4 day squares, made to draw up at one corner to form a hood (these may be made scarlet, pink, or blue, and may be embroidered, scalloped, or merely bound); 6 squares of Welsh flannel, simply hemmed, for wearing over diapers.

THINGS REQUIRED FOR A BABY'S BASKET.—A basket covered with muslin, muslinette, sprigged net, or any pretty light material, to be made with a pocket on each side; 1 pin-cushion; powder-box and puff; sponge; soft hair-brush; scissors, needle, and thread; flannel cap; flannel nursing-apron, and, if liked, a waterproof ditto; a diaper or linen bath-towel.

THINGS REQUIRED FOR A BABY'S BERCEAUNETTE.—Berceaunette and cover (this must be arranged according to taste and means, and ought, properly speaking, to match the basket); 2 mattresses; 1 pillow; 1 under blanket; 2 upper ditto; 2 coverlets; 4 pairs of sheets, the upper one of each pair trimmed with frilling; 4 pillow-cases, trimmed.

INFANT'S CLOTHING FOR OUT-DOOR WEAR.—1 hood; 2 caps; 1 cloak; flannels have been already mentioned; 1 white Shetland veil.

Full-sized patterns, tacked together and trimmed, of all the articles necessary for a Baby's Layette may be had of M<sup>rs</sup>. Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C. The price of the entire set, including seven articles, is 8s. 6d.; with cloak, 10s. 6d.; or the cloak separately, 2s. 6d.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PLATE.

FIRST FIGURE ON THE LEFT.—The bonnet is made with a drawn front of violet silk, and a soft crown of embroidered white tulle. The curtain is of violet silk, edged with a puffing of tulle; the strings are of broad white ribbon, and the bandeau consists of one large rose, ornamented on each side with bunches of wheatears. The pardessus is made of unlined corded silk, with a deep cape, and is trimmed with narrow Maltese lace and two rows of narrow black velvet. The garment is cut in slightly to the figure behind, but is straight in front, there being a pocket placed on each side of the front. The sleeves are of the deep bell

shape, trimmed round the bottom with a pleating of silk. The dress is of violet silk, brocaded with black, the colour of the dress exactly matching that of the bonnet.

**SECOND FIGURE.**—The bonnet is of white crepe, ornamented quite at the top with a large bunch of white ostrich feathers, and the *Bandeau Impératrice* is composed of one rose with leaves on each side. This mantle, which is quite circular, is made of plain glacé silk, trimmed with a broad gimp, whilst the neck is ornamented with a row of gimp, finished off with a tassel fringe. The dress is of drab silk, made with one flounce at the bottom, headed by two bands of silk of the same colour.

**THIRD FIGURE.**—*Summer Costume.*—This elegant costume, which is a charming toilet for a pic-nic, is composed of white muslin. The dress is made with a series of narrow flounces, all edged with narrow green ribbon. The burnous, also of white muslin, is trimmed with green silk ruching, and three handsome green and white tassels. The hat is composed of green silk, trimmed with a full plume of white feathers. This costume may be made more useful and durable by substituting white barège for the muslin, but in all cases (to look nicely) the cloak should be composed of the same material as the dress. White grenadine or llama might be used with advantage in this toilet, and the colour of the trimmings and hat might be altered to pink or light blue, suiting the colour to the complexion of the wearer.

**FOURTH FIGURE.**—*Seaside Costume.*—The Leghorn hat is bound on the upper part of the brim with black velvet, and is trimmed with a white ostrich feather. The dress and jacket illustrated in this figure are both made of the same material, either nankeen, buff piqué, or Victoria cord, the latter material being rather thinner than piqué. The coat is ornamented with a braiding design in black, the pocket, revers, and cuffs being trimmed to correspond. A costume of white piqué, braided in black, would be equally stylish.

**FIFTH FIGURE.**—*Little Girl's Costume.*—The straw hat is bound with violet velvet, and is trimmed with two white feathers, one lying on each side of the hat. The cloak is composed of silk, and is made with three single box pleats behind, attached to a neck-piece, the front being perfectly plain. No trimming whatever is required for this stylish little garment, with the exception of two rows of piping round the neck-piece. Black silk is, of course, the most appropriate material for a child's mantle; our illustration is coloured violet, to add to the effect of the picture, which would have been somewhat sombre were all the figures shown with black mantles.

Full-sized paper patterns, cut out in tissue-paper, tacked together and trimmed, of all the mantles illustrated in this plate, may be had of Madame Adolphe Goubaud, 248, Strand, London, W.C., at the following prices:—

First Figure.—Corded Silk Pardessus, with Deep Cape, 3s. 6d.

Second Figure.—Circular Silk Mantle, 3s. 6d.

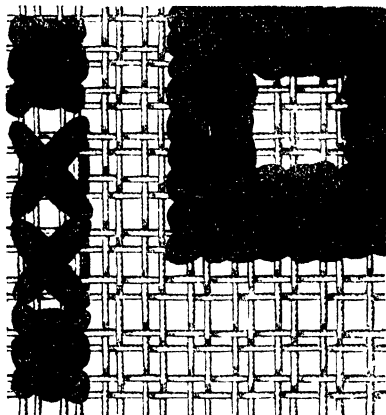
Third Figure.—Burnous Cloak, 3s. 6d.

Fourth Figure.—Piqué Coat, 3s.

Fifth Figure.—Child's Silk Mantle, 2s. 6d.

## DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED PATTERN.

**SOFA-CUSHION IN LEVIATHAN WORK.**—Materials required for one cushion are—Three-quarters of a yard of railway canvass, 2 ounces of bright scarlet 12-thread fleecy wool, half ounce of white ditto, half ounce of grey, half ounce of mauve, half ounce of yellow green, 2 ounces of blue green, half ounce of bright yellow, half ounce of bright blue, a few needlefuls of crimson, three ounces of black. The rapidity with which this work is executed, and the bold and handsome effect it has when finished, render it an exceedingly favourite style of Berlin wool embroidery, and it now ranks among the fashionable work of the day. Very coarse canvass, and 12-thread fleecy wool, are used for the purpose; and our readers will have some little idea of how quickly the ground may be got over by referring to our little illustration, which shows the full size of the stitches, as well as a few stitches in the course of progression. Our coloured pattern,



which, when worked in this manner, is sufficiently large for a full-sized sofa-pillow or footstool, is all done in the same stitch. We may here mention that, in working the stitch, great care must be taken not to draw the wool at all tightly, or the beautiful raised appearance which the work should possess will not be obtained; and all the stitches must be crossed one way. The stitch differs a little from the ordinary rug work, as each stitch is crossed three times instead of once, and covers four threads of the canvass instead of two. However, it will be needless to speak further on this subject, as our readers will, at a glance, see from our little drawing how to execute the work. Besides sofa-pillows and box-ottomans, fender-stools, chair-seats, hearth-rugs, &c., are now much in vogue, done in this fashionable work. The price of canvass and wools sufficient for one pillow is 6s. 8d.; for a fender-stool, 12s., which may be had of Mrs. Wilcockson, 44, Goodge-street, Tottenham-court-road. The fender-stool should be merely worked in the ordinary cross stitch, with the above wools and canvass.

## COLD MEAT AND FISH COOKERY.

## FISH AND OYSTER PIE.

*Ingredients.*—Any remains of cold fish, such as cod or haddock; 2 dozen oysters, pepper and salt to taste, bread crumbs sufficient for the quantity of fish;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, 1 teaspoonful of finely-chopped parsley.

*Mode.*—Clear the fish from the bones, and put a layer of it in a pie-dish, which sprinkle with pepper and salt; then a layer of bread-crumbs, oysters, nutmeg, and chopped parsley. Repeat this till the dish is quite full. You may form a covering either of bread-crumbs, which should be browned, or puff paste, which should be cut into long strips, and laid in cross-bars over the fish, with a line of the paste first laid round the edge. Before putting on the top, pour in some made melted butter, or a little thin white sauce, and the oyster-liquor, and bake.

*Time.*—If made of cooked fish,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour; if made of fresh fish and puff paste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour.

*Average cost*, 1s. 6d.

Seasonable from September to April.

## BEEF ROLLS.

s.—The remains of cold roast or boiled beef, seasoning to taste of salt, pepper, and minced herbs; puff paste.

*Mode.*—Mince the beef tolerably fine with a small amount of its own fat; add a seasoning of pepper, salt, and chopped herbs; put the whole into a roll of puff paste, and bake for half an hour, or rather longer, should the roll be very large. Beef patties may be made of cold meat, by mincing and seasoning beef as directed above, and baking in a rich puff paste in patty-tins.

*Time*, half an hour.

Seasonable at any time.

## BEEF RAGOUT.

*Ingredients.*—About 2 lbs. of cold roast beef, 6 onions, pepper, salt, and mixed spices to taste;  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling water, 3 tablespoonfuls of gravy.

*Mode.*—Cut the beef into rather large pieces, and put them into a stewpan with the onions, which must be sliced. Season well with pepper, salt, and mixed spices; pour over about  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of boiling water, and gravy in the above proportion (gravy saved from the meat answers the purpose); let the whole stew very gently for about 2 hours, and serve with pickled walnuts, gherkins, or capers, just warmed in the gravy.

*Time*, 2 hours.

*Average cost* exclusive of the meat, 4d.

Seasonable at any time.

## BAKED MINCED MUTTON.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of any joint of cold roast mutton, 1 or 2 onions, 1 bunch of savoury herbs, pepper and salt to taste, 2 blades of pounded mace or nutmeg, 2 tablespoonfuls of gravy, mashed potatoes.

*Mode.*—Mince an onion rather fine, and fry it a light-brown colour; add the herbs and mutton, both of which should be also finely minced and well mixed; season with pepper

and salt, and a little pounded mace or nutmeg, and moisten with the above proportion of gravy. Put a layer of mashed potatoes at the bottom of a dish, then the mutton, and then another layer of potatoes, and bake for about half an hour.

*Time*, half an hour.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 4d.

Seasonable at any time.

*Note.*—If there should be a large quantity of meat, use 2 onions instead of 1.

## MUTTON DORMERS.

*Ingredients.*— $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. of cold mutton, 2 oz. of beef suet, pepper and salt to taste, 3 oz. of boiled rice, 1 egg, bread-crumbs, made gravy.

*Mode.*—Chop the meat, suet, and rice finely; mix well together, and add a high seasoning of pepper and salt, and roll into sausages; cover them with egg and bread crumbs, and fry in hot dripping of a nice brown. Serve in a dish with made gravy poured round them, and a little in a tureen.

*Time*, quarter of an hour to fry the sausages.

*Average cost*, exclusive of the meat, 6d.

Seasonable at any time.

## MUTTON PIE.

*Ingredients.*—The remains of a cold leg, loin, or neck of mutton, pepper and salt to taste, 2 blades of pounded mace, 1 dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful of minced savoury herbs; when liked, a little minced onion or shallot; 3 or 4 potatoes, 1 teacupful of gravy; crust.

*Mode.*—Cold mutton may be made into very good pies if well seasoned and mixed with a few herbs; if the leg is used, cut it into very thin slices; if the loin or neck, into thin cutlets. Place some at the bottom of the dish; season well with pepper, salt, mace, parsley, and herbs; then put a layer of potatoes sliced, then more mutton, and so on till the dish is full; add the gravy, cover with a crust, and bake for 1 hour.

*Time*, 1 hour.

Seasonable at any time.

## CROQUETTES OF FOWL (AN ENTREE).

*Ingredients.*—3 or 4 shallots, 1 oz. of butter, 1 teaspoonful of flour, white sauce; pepper, salt, and pounded mace to taste;  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of pounded sugar, the remains of cold roast fowl, the yolks of 2 eggs, egg and bread crumbs.

*Mode.*—Mince the fowl, carefully removing all skin and bone, and fry the shallots in the butter; add the minced fowl, dredge in the flour, put in the pepper, salt, mace, pounded sugar, and sufficient white sauce to moisten it; stir to it the yolks of 2 well-beaten eggs, and set it by to cool. Then make the mixture up into balls, egg and bread-crumbs them, and fry a nice brown. They may be served on a border of mashed potatoes, with gravy or sauce in the centre.

*Time*, 10 minutes to fry the balls.

Seasonable at any time.

Mrs. Beeton's Household Management.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**NELLIE.** To raise the pile of velvet, hold it over a basin of boiling water, the wrong side of the velvet being next the water. To clean a silk dress, make the following mixture:—Two ounces of curd soap shredded finely, two ounces of salts of tartar, two gallons of water. Boil these ingredients together, and then add another two gallons of water. Wash the dress in the mixture, rinse in cold water, and iron as soon as possible.—**LILY OF THE VALLEY.** In No. 8, Vol. 2, a night-dress pattern was given.—**AMY.** Ross's Depilatory is considered the best.—**ELLEN.** The bouquet given with the January number is prettier and more fashionable than a wreath, and is *just the size*.—**NORAH CREINA** can have the "Christmas Annual" for either the first or second season by forwarding 1s. in postage-stamps. There are several kinds of washing apparatus, and we are not sure which is the best. No machine has yet been constructed to purify linen so well as that human machine, a pair of strong arms accustomed to the work of thumping, scrubbing, wringing, &c.—**LAURA S.** Send specimens of your work, and we will advise you thereupon.—**EDITH.** 1. Your handwriting is neat, but stiff. 2. This is a matter of opinion.—**MRS. STEWART.** These letters shall be inserted in some future number.—**JANEY MUIR.** The length of the veil depends on the height of the person for whom it is intended; it should reach to within half-a-yard of the bottom of the dress.—**VALERIE.** 1. The material used for the d'oyeys your name is satin jean, marked with good marking-ink. 2. The beads are threaded by machinery.—**A. G. P.** Your handwriting is very pretty.—**FLORENCE HELLEN.** The covers we sell for the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* are of green cloth, gilt lettered.—**ELKANOR.** The number of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* is in print, and you can have it from us on receipt of seven stamps.—**FLORENCE HELLEN.** For instructions in the art of making paper flowers, see "The Queen," Nos. 6, 13, and 15, price 6d. each, post free.—**A. CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.** The mulin collars and cuffs should have been in the green envelope accompanying the volume.—**S. A. E.** The cheques are printed on the green wrapper of the Magazine.—**ELSIE.** The lyte is represented in ancient illuminations and sculptures as being rested on the knee, held by the left hand against the shoulder, while the strings are swept by the right thumb and fingers. There are harps of somewhat similar shape to the sketch sent by *ELSIE* which are of very great antiquity.—**A. LADY.** We would recommend our correspondent to consult her medical adviser respecting the use of the Leamington baths in her severe case of rheumatic gout. No doubt, if it should be recommended, the desired accommodation could be found. We have, however, of late heard the German hot wells highly spoken of, both as regards their advantages in this trying complaint and the cheapness of apartments, attendance, &c.; and, in these railway and steam days, the journey is not so very difficult.—**A. M. HULL.** Six numbers of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE* make a volume. The volumes commence with the numbers for May and November respectively. If you order all the volumes of the Magazine, you would get the plates, &c., with them.—**L. W.** The postage of what you require is 2d. No extra charge for initials.—**BATHURGE.** Your writing is not good. As for reading by gaslight being injurious to the eyes, we should think it depended on the age of the person.—**LOUISA FARNLEY.** The Editors of the needlework department cannot promise the pattern you want for two or three months, but in some future number, no doubt, we shall be able to give it.—**FANNY MAXFIELD.** We think it would be better to purchase the varnish for ornamental leather work than to make it.—**ONE ANXIOUS TO LEARN.** A very good plan to

trace the patterns is to place the paper pattern on the muslin to be embroidered, to prick the outline of the design through both paper and muslin, and then to trace with a finely pointed black pencil over the pin marks.—**E. A. JONES.** We shall be happy to give a fringe for a counterpane in a future number.—**A. PURCHASER.** A very pretty pattern appeared for a braided tea-cozy in No. 9, Vol. II., New Series, of the *ENGLISHWOMAN'S DOMESTIC MAGAZINE*. A full description was given with this article, showing how it should be made.—**PENNER** and **JENNY.** Cigar-cases, slippers, cricket belts, smoking-caps, tobacco-pouches, and purses are amongst the articles that are suitable for working as presents for gentlemen.—**JOSEPHINE.** We know of no pomade that will answer your purpose.—**PARRIES.** The following is a receipt for French polish:—Shellac, three pounds; wood naphtha three quarts. Dissolve. Cost: shellac, 6d. to 8d. per pound; naphtha, 1s. 2d. per pint.

**LARGE.**—True West-Indian arrowroot is obtained from rhizomes or root-stocks of the plant *Maranta arundinacea*, and is one of the purest and best-known of the amylaceous substances. The name is derived from the fact of the bruised rhizomes of the plant being employed by the native Indians as an application to the poisoned wounds inflicted by arrows. The arrowroot we see consists originally of starch grains, which are produced in great quantity, before the season of rest, in the succulent rhizomes or root-stocks of the plants. These grains are separated from the cellular tissue, and often acid juices, by the simple process of washing the grated root-stocks. Arrow-root is frequently adulterated with potato-starch and refined sago-flour, sometimes with rice-starch, and the starch of common wheat flour. The granules of these inferior starches can readily be distinguished under the microscope by their different forms and sizes.

**RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.**—"Little Willie," in Two Parts; "Albert Emanuel;" "The Happy Babe;" "To our Queen;" "The Mischief-maker;" "A Christmas Reconciliation;" "A Hallow-E'en Adventure;" "The Throne of France;" "Miss Turpin's Sketch;" "How to Make a Locomotive;" "The Emigrants;" "E. Fenn;" "The Advertisement;" "A Few Words about Jersey;" "The Schemer Outwitted."

**OMNES.**—We have been asked so often upon what terms we bind our books, that we now insert a table containing full particulars:—

	Town.	Country.*
Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, s. d. s. d.		
Old Series 2d. Monthly	1 0	1 2
Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine, New Series. 6d. Monthly	1 6	1 10
Boy's Own Magazine	1 0	1 4
Mrs. Beeton's Book of Household Management	1 9	2 6
" " Half-calf	3 0	4 6
Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information. Yearly Vols	1 6	2 0
" Complete Vol.—A to Z	2 6	3 6
" " Half calf	4 3	5 6
Motley's Rise of the Dutch Republic	1 4	1 8
Abbott's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte	2 0	2 6
Wild Spots of the World	2 4	2 10

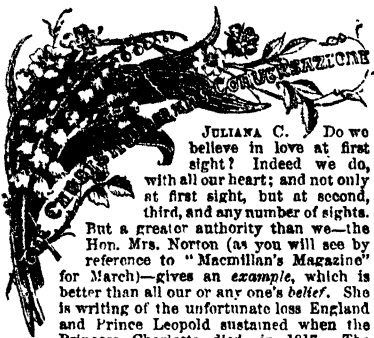
Subscribers must forward their Numbers by book-post (paid), with the ends of the packet left open, at the following rates:—

Not exceeding 4lb. ... .. 1d.  
4lb. ... .. 4d.

There being no 3d. rate, when the packet just exceeds 4lb., divide it into two—one under 4lb., the other under 1lb.

\* For the above-mentioned prices, charged to country subscribers, the books, when bound, are returned carriage free. All Volumes ready for delivery within 8 days after receipt.





**JULIANA C.**—Do we believe in love at first sight? Indeed we do, with all our heart; and not only at first sight, but at second, third, and any number of sights. But a greater authority than we—the Hon. Mrs. Norton (as you will see by reference to "Macmillan's Magazine" for March)—gives an *example*, which is better than all our or any one's *belief*. She is writing of the unfortunate loss England and Prince Leopold sustained when the Princess Charlotte died, in 1817. The Prince of Orange had originally been her suitor, but the match was broken off; for the Princess had seen young Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, and her love for him "had been love at first sight;" "*but*" (and mark the significance of the "*but*") "it was one of those cases in which a sudden choice was amply justified by subsequent happiness." Therefore, from all this we may take Mrs. Norton's opinion to be, that love at first sight may certainly be born of circumstances, but that sudden choice is not unfrequently followed by disastrous consequences.

**N. ASCITUR.**—Minstrels and minnesingers were so called from the German word *minne*, denoting a pure and faithful attachment or love. The former travelled, unmolested, from place to place, and were welcomed in the castles of the rich and noble. They would entertain the company in the evenings with recitals of deeds of arms, tales of love, and with songs, accompanying themselves upon the harp. The German lyric poets were called minnesingers—love being the chief subject of their poems.

**HERMITIQUE.**—The dodge called "The Cock-lane Ghost" was a deception by a young girl, in 1762, in Cock-lane, Smithfield. From the artful manner in which this affair was conducted, many believed in its truth, and a great deal of public excitement was created. A commission of inquiry, composed of clergymen and men of repute and eminence, of whom Dr. Johnson was one, held a court of inquiry, and by their means the imposition was soon laid bare.

**A. STRANGER.**—There is nothing new under the sun. Paracelsus, some three hundred years ago, discovered the philosopher's stone—which seems to us not to be of so much value, inch for inch, and ounce for ounce, as hearthstone—and the elixir of life. We don't know what the former was exactly to do. Whether it was to transmute all metals into gold, as is usually supposed, or only some of them, or some portion of some of them, is by no means clear. But the elixir was something. *That* was to lengthen life to any extent. Now, it seems to a moderate man that, if there were so very much gold, that same valuable representative would soon begin to lose its great hold on human nature. Ditto with life. If there were to be an over-supply of this, we don't think we should care so much about it as we do now, and as it is right and natural we now should.

**C. ATARINI.**—The name of Lord Monboddo's work was "The Origin and Progress of Language." It was published about ninety years ago; and the pleasant theory he holds is, that the human race has actually arisen from the very lowest stage—that of mere brutality. The author quotes several travellers to show that there were nations without laws or any of the arts of civilised life—without even language; and that some of them, to complete their relationship to the monkey tribe, had actually talked!

**A BOB MARROW.**—The market women of Jersey, Normandy, and, indeed, throughout France, are a

singularly picturesque and energetic body. Their clean caps, wonderfully "got up," and of graceful shape and quaint device, are productions of industry and art which always please and amuse all who see them for the first time. The *Dames des Halles* form among themselves a kind of corporation, and receive a sort of recognition on state occasions, and at public solemnities. The Emperor Napoleon III. granted them an audience not long since.

**ARTIST.**—Don't be dismayed at only getting half-a-crown a lesson. J. M. W. Turner, the great R.A., only received five shillings for his first lessons in water-colour drawing—then he had ten—and subsequently a guinea. His talent becoming known, he obtained more money by making drawings for a publisher. Then the "Oxford Almanac" published some views of his, for which they paid him well; and gradually he acquired a reputation which caused his drawings to be sought after, and noblemen and gentlemen were glad to see him.

**E. GRILL.**—The Quaker sect sprang up in England about 1836, under George Fox, and received their name from the peculiar shaking or quaking of their bodies while preaching. They went beyond the straightest Puritans in disregarding human authority when opposed to the teachings of the Bible, yet they were allowed full liberty of action during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. They denounced war, persecution for religious opinions, and, above all, the slavish idolatry demanded by rulers in Church and State of those under their control. They condemned all ordained and paid priesthoods, refused to take oaths, and thus struck a direct blow at the hierarchy. They differed from the Puritans in many things, and became noxious to them. They derived their system of morals and politics chiefly from the New Testament, while the Puritans took theirs from the more sanguinary and intolerant codes of the old dispensation. Laying aside the falsehoods of politeness and flattery, they renounced all titles, addressed all men, high and low, by the plain title of friend, used the expressions *yea* and *nay*, and *thee* and *thou*; and offices of kindness and affection to their fellow-creatures, according to the injunction of the apostle James, constituted their practical religion. Hildreth, an American writer of repute, says—"The Quakers might be regarded as representing that branch of the primitive Christians who esteemed Christianity an entirely new dispensation, world-wide in its objects; while the Puritans represented those Judaizing Christians who could not get rid of the idea of a peculiar chosen people—to wit, themselves."

**M. D. M.**—It is not possible for any one but M. D. M. to give herself "directions how to write a tale, corrected, and fit for publication." Neither can any one divine "by what monthly or weekly serial it would be most likely to be accepted." It would not be difficult, however, once having the name of the periodical that *would* accept the M.D., to know "how to inclose or address it to the said serial." M. D. M., and those who are like unto thee, have mercy on us and the rest of thy fellow-creatures.

This day is published, price 3s. 6d.,

**BEETON'S BOOK OF BIRDS:**  
Showing how to Rear and Manage them in Sickness and in Health.

#### CONTENTS.

The Blackbird, Blackcap, Bullfinch, Canary, Chaffinch, Cockatoo, Goldfinch, Goshawk, Great Shrike or Butcher Bird, Greenfinch, Hawfinch, Hawking Birds, Hobby, Jackdaw, Jay, Linnet, Lory, Macaw, Manx, Merlin, Mocking Bird, Noddy and Eggs, Nightingale, Owl, Parakeet, Parrot, Preparing Birds and Stuffing Animals, Raven, Redbreast, Redstart, Skylark, Skunk, Starling, Thrush, Titlark, Titmouse, Woodlark, Wren, Yellowhammer. With Six Coloured Illustrations and many Woodcuts.  
London: S. O. BEECH, 248, Strand, W.C.





